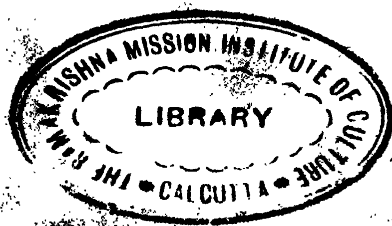
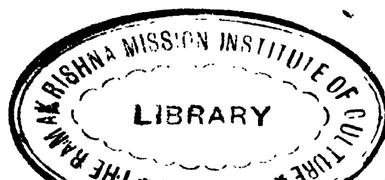
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Lord Inchcape, Sheriff, [illegible].

THE SHERIFFS OF FORT WILLIAM FROM 1775 to 1926

Their dealings with some of the Judges of the East India Company.

The old Jail at Calcutta.

Jurors, Constables, Public Meetings.

Early Municipal Elections, Doctors, Attorneys, Merchants, Barristers and other matters relating to the city of Calcutta during the past century.

BY

CHARLES MOORE



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INTRODUCTION.

From the intimate connection of the Sheriffs of Fort William with the early life of Calcutta and Bengal, a mass of documents has accumulated in the Sheriff's Office, which reveals, at first hand, much that may be of interest to those who are proud of Calcutta to-day, who feel the romance of her past and are hopeful of what she is yet to be.

Ere time or ignorance, and the thousand vicissitudes which overtake documents carelessly thrown aside and forgotten, should destroy such a record, it has been felt by many former Sheriffs that some account of what they contain should be preserved.

It has been put off from year to year, always discussed, never begun. But when in 1918 Mr. (now Sir Frank) Carter became the Sheriff he almost insisted on a start of some sort being made. To him therefore must be mainly due any credit which this performance may merit. The author would have been content to go on reading from year to year a record almost inexhaustible. He was not, and is not, remotely interested in instructing posterity. He was satisfied to have instructed himself, and that he has undertaken the task at all is due much more to a sense of duty than to any pleasure or profit which he is likely to derive from the labour expended upon it. Gibbon, in speaking of some

writer, remarks that "he had presumed to exercise the office of a historian." I trust this presumption will not be attributed to the writer, for had it been possible to find any one else to undertake the task he would have been glad to surrender to him the labour and the merit of such a performance. This work will lay no claim to be more than a survey of the record. The record itself is too vast to be dealt with in a single volume. The work of a lifetime could hardly do it justice or treat it exhaustively, and if this volume attracts other workers to this field they will find much to reward their labours and their researches.

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Mr. (now Sir) FRANK CARTER, *Kt.*, Sheriff, 1918.

The Sheriffs of Fort William

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SHERIFF.—ABSENCE OF RED TAPE IN THE OLD SUPREME COURT.—EARLY WARRANTS.—THE EARLY SHERIFFS.

The first Sheriff of Calcutta was Alexander Macrabie, the brother-in-law of Sir Phillip Francis. He came to this city in 1774 in the ship which bore his brilliant and versatile relative to his fate and to the arms of Madame Grand in Calcutta. Francis seems to have had an Irishman's or, perhaps, a Scotsman's instinct for taking care of his relatives, for when the Supreme Court was founded after the arrival of Impey and his colleagues in 1774, Macrabie was appointed the first Sheriff in December of that year. His term of office did not expire till the 19th December, 1775, so in the meantime he had the opportunity of conferring immortality upon himself by presiding at the execution of Nuncomar. There is no record of this execution in the Sheriff's office. It was not till about 1798 that warrants were sent to the Sheriff. He received previously a copy of the Sessions calendar which set out the name of the prisoner, the charge against him, and, in the opposite column, the sentence or discharge as the case might be.

This was signed by the Clerk of the Crown and was the Sheriff's authority for carrying the sentence into effect. This procedure continued so far as offences short of murder were concerned till about 1850. But about the year 1798 the necessity of warrants in capital cases had been discovered, and from then onwards they were regularly sent to the Sheriff. But those warrants, like most other things, were subject to the laws of evolution. It was not till after the middle of the nineteenth century that the present black-bordered death-warrant signed by the Judge came into existence. When death-warrants first began to be used they consisted of a plain sheet of paper with the seal of the Supreme Court, beside which was written by hand the crime, the sentence, and a direction to the Sheriff to carry it into effect.

This warrant was signed by the Clerk of the Crown. But in cases where the prisoner was tried at an Admiralty Sessions the warrant was signed by the Registrar of the Supreme Court. At each Sessions a manuscript calendar of the cases was prepared for each of the presiding Judges, who, on the disposal of each matter, wrote the sentence passed on the prisoner or recorded his discharge as the case might be. From these calendars another was prepared by the Clerk of the Crown. This was signed by each of the presiding Judges and filed, and it was a copy of this latter calendar, signed by the Clerk of the Crown, which was sent to the Sheriff



Shazadah MAHOMED FURRUCK SHAH, Sheriff, 1891.

as his authority and for his guidance in carrying the sentences into effect. Previous to the year 1803 a single Judge disposed of the petty cases, but sometimes two of the Judges sat together even in cases such as these.

During the same period, where the offence was one of murder, I have found no instance in which the trial was conducted by a single Judge. Occasionally two of the Judges presided, but generally all the Judges of the Court were present.

But if the Judges did not sign death-warrants most of the Civil orders and warrants were issued under their respective hands. Even in the case of affidavits, the Judges, including the Chief Justice, were the Commissioners before whom they were sworn. Nothing was too trivial to bring before the Court. Every man in Calcutta who had a grievance approached the Court for redress, which happily does not seem to have been bound by stamps and red tape. One man makes a petition to Sir John Anstruther that a "lanthorn" has been removed from his house by the Sheriff's people and the Chief Justice gravely writes upon it, "go to the Sheriff." The High Court, as the successor to that over which Sir John Anstruther presided, has travelled far since those days, and I think it would take something more valuable than a lanthorn to engage the attention of the Chief Justice to-day. As another illustration of the Supreme Court's untrammelled procedure, it was only necessary to impress the

Court of the urgency of the matter and the Court took a sheet of paper and with its own hand directed the Sheriff to arrest or release some one, and it was done. Seals were few, stamps did not exist, and there was none of the ornaments which embellish a modern legal document. But, looking at those old and faded writs, it is impossible to escape the feeling that those who wrote them were born to rule. Their very simplicity gives them a dignity and a strength which sealing-wax and revenue stamps could not impart. An order which could be so easily drawn, and as easily executed, was a very potent and simple instrument for bringing any one before the Court, whom the Court desired to examine or otherwise deal with. Warrants were not the terrible things, when the last century was young, which they are to-day. A man who lived for any length of time in old Calcutta and escaped arrest by the Sheriff must either have lived the life of a monk or a hermit, for all others—merchants, writers, soldiers, sailors, and even clergymen—seem to have had the distinction and the honour of being acquainted with the Sheriff. The Sheriff himself was not overlooked, and, on many occasions, when he did produce some one in Court when ordered to do so, the Court did not hesitate to issue a warrant for the arrest of the Sheriff himself.

A tribunal as impartial as this could not fail to make itself respected and felt. There is little doubt, Macaulay notwithstanding, that Impey and

his first five successors have done at least their share to make the British Dominion in India a solid and an honourable thing. For forty years or so after the establishment of the Supreme Court, most claims began, not by the issue of a summons, but by the issue of a warrant for the arrest of the debtor or the person sued. On arrest the defendant found bail that he would appear to answer the claim of the plaintiff on a particular day. If he did not appear the sureties had to pay. This accounts for the frequence of arrests in old Calcutta, and there were few Europeans who lived in the city, or in Bengal for that matter, whose names are not borne on the documents in the Sheriff's office. It is not clear if the Sheriff ever had the honour of looking after the comfort of a Baron or an Earl, but certainly Baronets and Knights had often been indebted to him for his hospitality.

The following were the first twenty-six Sheriffs of the town of Calcutta and factory at Fort William in Bengal:—

Alexander Macrabie, 1775.
Samuel Montague, 1776.
William Wodsworth, 1777.
Sir John Richardson, 1778.
Sir J. H. D'Oyly, *Bart.*, 1779.
Alexander Vanrixtell, 1780.
Hervert Harris, 1781.
John Hare, 1782.
Jeremiah Church, 1783.

Robert Morse, 1784.
Phillip Young, 1785.
Stephen Cassan, 1786.
Edmund Morris, 1787.
William Lawson, 1788.
John Wilton, 1789.
William Orby Hunter, 1790.
Charles Fuller Martyn, 1791.
Anthony Lambert, 1792.
William Smoult, 1793.
James Dunkin, 1794.
Levi Ball, 1795.
Ralph Uvedale, 1796.
Francis Macnaghten, 1797.
James Vanzant, 1798.
Walter Ewer, 1799.
James Brice, 1800.

Little trace remains of those early Sheriffs beyond the fact that most of them were officials and few were merchants. It is true that the merchant then, as now, was dear to the heart of a grateful country which he enriched while enriching himself. But certainly the Government of Fort William did not neglect its servants and officials, for it gave them all possible opportunities of reaping any profit or honour which might be attached to the office of Sheriff in Calcutta. It will be observed that the fourth Sheriff was a Knight and the fifth a Baronet. A long period was to elapse ere such titles were to

come the way of the Sheriffs again, for it was not until after a period of 107 years, *i.e.*, 1887, when Sir Alexander Wilson was Knighted at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, that another Knight appeared in the person of the Sheriff. It is possible that those responsible for the Government of India under the East India Company were too busily engaged in founding an Empire to have had time to bother about what we are pleased to call "honours." Hastings escaped them, and many of those able men who followed him.

The period from 1800 to 1840 may be considered the golden age of the Sheriffs of Calcutta. Britannia's star of Empire had now gained momentum and began to blaze across India with the speed of a comet. Life in Bengal was a gamble in which the stakes were heavy, for the wealth of a continent and the continent itself was waiting for any body of men strong enough to grasp it. The Supreme Court at Calcutta was supreme in fact as well as in name. All over Bengal "Impey's Catchpoles," as Macaulay has so poetically named the officers of the early Sheriffs, were treated with the deference and respect due to ministers of a Court, whose power to punish was equal to its power to do justice. Soldiers of all ranks from Colonels to Lieutenants, Judges, Magistrates, and merchants, big and small, borrowed and contracted debts as if there were no end to their means to pay, or as if payment would

never be demanded. But when faced with the inevitable in the shape of a writ they all seem to have bowed cheerfully to laws which they possibly esteemed and certainly respected. There was no attempt to evade them by force or fraud and Magistrates and Judges of the East India Company's service actually assisted in giving effect to the decrees of the Supreme Court. In short, the British were founding an Empire in India.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN OLD CALCUTTA A PERPETUAL GAMBLE.—LARGE SUMS OF MONEY LENT AND BORROWED.

There is much evidence in the Sheriff's record that at the close of the eighteenth and in the beginning of the nineteenth centuries British tradesmen and mechanics carried on a large business and worked at their trades in Calcutta. Of coopers there were many, shoemakers were to be met with by the score. Tailors, carpenters, coach and shipbuilders were very much in evidence, and that such staunch British workmen should indulge their British-tastes taverns were as plentiful around Lal Bazar and Old Court House Street then, as jewellers' shops are to-day. Our friend the merchant sailor was also a person who loomed large in old Calcutta and did much to keep alive that venerable British institution, the "Public House." Here we find many of his bills and letters, here the names of the crews of many ships, and here again documents empowering their friends to draw their prize money. So far as this city itself was concerned, it seems to have been a miniature London at the time of which I am speaking. The same tavern life existed here as there. All those old letters and documents speak in the same tone and of the same thing that one would expect to find in similar letters written in England. The East is

entirely absent from them, for evidently the Briton of humble origin at that time in Calcutta had not yet begun to develop those oriental feelings which afterwards found expression in many of the sons and grandsons of those who lived in the City of Palaces about the year 1800. I believe it is commonly supposed that at this period Calcutta was a young, a small and a scattered infant settlement. This was by no means the case, for the lure that emboldened Europeans to brave the dangers of the stormy Cape, as it attracted a later generation to the gold mines of California and Australia, had already furnished Calcutta with a population respectable in honour, in talents, perhaps in genius, and certainly in numbers.

In a return made by the Sheriff one hundred years ago to the Justices of the Supreme Court on the eve of the sitting of the Sessions Court, he gives the names of four hundred gentlemen as Justices of the Peace for the settlement of Fort William, at the head of which stands the name of the Most Noble Francis, Marquis of Hastings. The list includes four Baronets and many members of the prolific families of Barwell and Plowden. With the list also go the names of seventy-four Jurors summoned to attend that particular Sessions, and as all these Justices of the Peace and Jurors were born in the British Isles, the European population of Calcutta in 1818 must have consisted of large numbers and of every walk in life. I have said



Rai Sitanath Roy Bahadur, Sheriff, 1898.

that life in the settlement appears to have been a gamble. Borrowing, lending and speculating seem to have been as prevalent as if a Bengal South Sea Bubble was always in progress. This seems to have lasted till about 1840, when the great commercial crash of that period put an end to the old style of existence which had prevailed so long. The gold mine was exhausted, the Baronets and the Barwells had departed, and henceforth Calcutta was to be a place of labour and no longer a valley of diamonds and dreams.

To-day, if a man is indebted to another for a few thousands of rupees, he begins to regard the matter as being sufficiently serious to engage his most earnest attention. Some years ago when it was proposed to found or establish a city Civil Court in Calcutta with jurisdiction up to rupees ten thousand, it was very truthfully contended by those opposed to the measure that to establish such an institution would be to put an end to the Original Side of the High Court. In other words, there are now so few suits filed on the Original Side of the High Court where the claim is beyond rupees ten thousand that this Court would, for lack of employment, seldom have to open its doors if the lesser jurisdiction were taken away.

To some of our friends who sleep in Circular Road and in St. John's Churchyard, such a state of affairs would have savoured of the dull monotony of a mediæval monastery. The man who did not

owe rupees ten thousand in old Calcutta must have braved the terrors of the ocean and the tropics for pleasure.

Fortune could not have been the goddess which beckoned him to this fair land, and unless he happened to be the Governor-General it is doubtful if he would ever have found his name amongst the Justices of the Peace for the settlement of Fort William.

Some of these were Judges (not of the Supreme Court), many of them were heads of Government Departments, but that did not in any way prevent their plunging into the stream of life as they found it, and swimming along with a tide which bore them to a world of which their successors can know but little.

In a land familiar with Mogul Emperors and Arabian Nights, where a present of a lakh of rupees was always to be expected by those who had any sort of patronage to bestow, it was to be presumed that money would be borrowed and lent on a large scale, and so it was. Claims by the hundred for large sums are to be met with, ranging from thousands to sixty lakhs of rupees, for money lent or advanced in the course of trade. Money was easily made, debts were easily contracted, there seems to have been no end to the number of people willing to lend or give credit, and in such a happy state of society there were sure to be unlimited numbers ready to borrow and to spend. The Court for the relief of Insolvent

Debtors was not yet in being. A debtor with means could be quickly made to pay, the legal machinery for compelling men to do so being quick and effective. Or where he had no visible property he might be arrested and kept in jail so long as his creditor was willing to pay the sum of Rs. 4 per month for his board and lodging.

Considerations such as these may have made the inhabitants of Bengal more willing to lend than their successors are to-day. But possibly in most cases from the rapid circulation of money the majority who borrowed would be able and willing to pay. I suppose in all ages creditors have objected to their debtors becoming rich at their expense.

In most cases if the debtor was really bankrupt and unable to pay, his creditor would probably stay his hand. In old Calcutta I do not think there was any way of becoming rich by borrowing and defaulting. For, as I have remarked, there was then no Insolvent Court in existence, and the absence of this institution was all in favour of the creditor, and of the debtor being made to pay if he could. The ease with which money may be recovered will mainly determine the readiness with which it will be lent. And certainly the early lenders in this city could have had little to complain of in the machinery which was at their disposal to make an unready debtor disgorge all of which he was possessed. It was not by way of satire that the

Anglo-Indian of a century ago was dubbed a Nawab. I believe this title as applied to Europeans connoted a rich man with a diseased liver, who lived lavishly and spent or wasted his money with all the airs and indifference of an oriental potentate. Whether the livers of these gentlemen were usually good or bad I am unable to say, and will neither affirm nor deny this part of their claim to the title. But certainly, so far as the possession and the spending of money was concerned, they were clearly entitled to a distinction which seems to have been universally conferred upon them. All that Lucilius might have been expected to do, they did, with a lavishness which the Roman might have envied had he succeeded instead of having preceded them on the march along the highway of eternity. A man who has drained the cup of every pleasure which the world of his time has to give might be expected to close his eyes in the final hour and pass on without a single regret. But his admirers, the epicures of succeeding ages, who have regarded him as the personification of all that was lavish, luxuriant and splendid, would have regretted for their idol's sake, had they known how poor his exploits and his pleasures would one day appear when contrasted with those of the European Nawabs of Bengal.

Did these men deserve what fortune or accident had bestowed? Splendour is no more incompatible with the life of a philosopher than it is with that of a tyrant. Julian may have despised the luxury

and splendour of a vile court in a degenerate age, but Marcus Aurelius could lead the life of a philosopher while wearing the purple among surroundings equally splendid and almost as corrupt. From the time of Clive till about 1830 the Nawab possibly deserved his fortune. During that period the Nation, of which he was a very creditable part, having by the most colossal act of folly of all the ages lost an Empire in the West, was hard at work laying the foundation of others in the East and in the South.

And our Nawab triumphed as much by his force of character as by the valour and success of his arms. Empire-building was in his blood and in his dreams. He went forward from conquest to conquest among a corrupt and a feeble mass of humanity who welcomed while they feared a master whose justice neither bribes nor resistance could turn aside.

These men, the early Nawabs, infused life, activity and hope into a people whom centuries of tyranny, ignorance and official corruption had degraded to the level of soulless slaves, and possibly the Nawabs deserved their hour of triumph and what it brought.

With them came a new era of social as well as political hope, and all that India ever gave them will never compensate for the justice which followed, and was the chief ornament in the conqueror's train.

CHAPTER III.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, JUDGE OF BEHAR.—HIS CONTEMPT OF THE SUPREME COURT AND THE SHERIFF'S "CATCHPOLES."

In the year 1815 no less a personage than Mr. Alexander Mackenzie of the Honourable Company's service held the office of Judge and Magistrate of Behar. This gentleman deserves to be immortalized, since it was in his person that the Supreme Court for the first time encountered an individual who treated its writs and its minister with physical as well as with legal contempt. He, incidentally, fought as a valiant soldier in that war with the Judiciary at Calcutta which his predecessors began and his successors maintained,—a war in which numbers were actively engaged till the Original Civil Jurisdiction of the Court was confined to Calcutta in 1862. Mr. Mackenzie, if not a Nawab himself, was at least one of their heirs and successors and sought to carry out the traditions of those famous Exarchs. He is described as "going about like a petty King, surrounded by about two hundred Burkundazes and Chaprasis," and, that nothing might be wanting on his part in following faithfully in the footsteps of his predecessors, he became indebted to one Ram Chunder Bannerjee in the sum of rupees

thirty-seven thousand. Bannerjee obtained a decree against him in the Supreme Court for this sum, by which he became the unconscious agent that kept in motion the war mentioned above.

Behar was farther from Calcutta in 1815 than it is to-day. But there was a dâk service that carried letters all over the British portion of India, by which Mr. Mackenzie was no doubt informed of the trouble that was being prepared for him at the presidency. I suppose his creditor or his creditor's solicitor respectfully requested an order—as cheques, like the Insolvent Court, were still in the womb of the future—on his agents in Calcutta in discharge of the decree. Had he discharged it we would not to-day be trying to picture what kind of a man he was. However, he remained in his kingly isolation up in Behar and a Sheriff's officer was sent to arrest him. Kings are proverbially dangerous persons to approach, unless one brings a tribute or a peace-offering in one's hand. The writ of a mere Court of Justice is not the best weapon with which a visitor should be armed on such an occasion, and so the Sheriff's officer found on arriving in his honour's domains.

An ordinary man, even if he were a Judge in the service of so great a Company as that which governed India, might hesitate when faced by a writ issued by a Court which derived its authority from the King. But Mackenzie was no ordinary man as the sequel will show, and had he blessed

Behar with his presence eighty years later, he might reasonably have expected that his views on how a District Judge should act in certain eventualities would have entitled him to the Lieutenant-Governorship of that sacred province. Offence has always been considered the best defence in war or in any situation in which force is the determining factor. In Behar this force was certainly for the moment on the side of the Judge. He did not hesitate to use it, for when the officer of the Sheriff arrived he and his party were set upon by Mr. Mackenzie's Burkandazes and Chaprasis and scattered to the four winds of Behar. There is a fine flavour of irresponsible brigandage about the acts of these old satraps. The wonder is that some of them did not, like the Pizarros in South America, attempt to carve out kingdoms for themselves in India. Mr. Mackenzie was certainly of the type that would have attempted it, were it not for the proximity of certain units of the British army—a force over which he had no control and which might be expected to interfere with any ambitions of his that went beyond certain bounds.

It must be said to the credit of that army that although hundreds of its officers were arrested for debt, and many of them confined in jail, I have not discovered in one hundred years a single instance in which any officer ever offered or countenanced, by himself or on behalf of others, the slightest resistance to the execution of the law. Indeed, but



Nalin Bihari Sircar, c.i.e., Sheriff, 1904.

for the army it is doubtful if the Supreme Court could for long have enforced its decrees outside Calcutta, for all down the first half of the century we find the Commanding Officers at different stations being called upon to assist the Sheriff in carrying out the orders of the Supreme Court, not against declared outlaws and brigands, but against the passive or active opposition of the Honourable Company's servants. In due course the news of Mr. Mackenzie's interpretation of how writs of the Supreme Court should be treated reached Calcutta, and the Government were moved to lend their aid to trap this Highland lion.

William Butterworth Bailey, Secretary to the Government of Fort William, promptly responds; orders are sent to General Wood, Commanding the troops in the District of Behar, to support the Sheriff in carrying out the orders of the Court, and in due time another bailiff fares forth to settle with Mr. Mackenzie.

This time, however, the positions were reversed, for now the element of force is on the side of the Sheriff in the persons of a military guard. It appears that, after all, the Burkandazes were not very formidable, or perhaps the limit of their valour was not demanded by their master.

In any case he seems to have been captured very tamely and in a manner that sadly belied the promise of his previous exploit. He came to some sort of a settlement with his creditor and there his

relations with Babu Ram Chunder Bannerjee came to an end. It might have been expected that after this escapade the orders of his masters would have prevented his activities bringing him into contact with the Sheriff again. But far from it, for in 1821 we meet him once more with the same old determination to treat with contempt any laws except those administered by himself.

By 1821, his progress had brought him to Dacca, and here we find him as Judge and Magistrate of that place. This time he is not the defendant in the case, but his friend, Mr. A. C. Barwell of the Honourable Company's service, is. Mr. Barwell is his guest with several others. They have been out shooting for four days and are in no mood to attend to such trifles as the payment of debts, even at the instance of the Supreme Court. Six years have now elapsed since Mr. Alexander Mackenzie last came in contact with the Sheriff. In the interval he does not seem to have lost any of the old fiery recklessness which made him famous in 1815, for when the Sheriff's people presented themselves to arrest Barwell, Mackenzie, cudgel in hand, received them at his door, and with the aid of his never-failing Burkandazes scattered them to the winds of Dacca as he had formerly scattered them to the winds of Behar. It might be supposed that on this occasion a troop of dragoons at least would have been sent to settle with the Judge and Magistrate of Dacca. But no: changes had taken

place since May 1815, the Impey tradition was dying out fast, Napoleon lay dead at St. Helena and was no longer a menace to England or India. A period of relaxation might now begin in which the administration of the law would be a matter of minor importance. There is, therefore, no further attempt made to deal with Mr. Mackenzie. The Judge and Magistrate has grown too strong to be dealt with in the old peremptory way and, in Dacca at least, he might henceforth regard himself as a man who had established his right to reign supreme and alone.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. William Wright, Judge of Furruckabad.—His dealings with the Sheriff.

The next gentleman who claims our attention in the progress of resistance by the Judges of the Honourable Company's service to the execution of writs of the Supreme Court, is Mr. William Wright, Judge and Magistrate of Furruckabad.

Five years have elapsed since Mr. Mackenzie's final victory over the Sheriff's "Catchpoles," and Mr. Wright is now in 1826 about to carry the resistance a step further and release by force a gentleman who has been arrested by the officer of the Sheriff.

This gentleman was Nawab Montuzum O'Dowluh Mirza Mehendee Ulla Khan Bahadur, a nobleman of the Court of Lucknow and certainly a person of much importance at Futtygurh, where he resided. He was arrested at the suit of one Mr. William Morton, who seems to have been a member of one of the big Calcutta houses. The debt was small, rupees six thousand, and this sum was tendered by the Nawab to the person who arrested him and by the latter declined, on the ground that there might be other detainers against the defendant, and that until he had enquired regarding this it was beyond his power to set his

prisoner at liberty. On Mehendee Ulla Khan's people learning of his arrest, about five hundred of them surrounded the house in which he was confined and threatened to release him by force if they could not release him in any other way. The Magistrate and the Officer in Command of the troops were written to by the bailiff for assistance, but this they were not disposed to grant. Instead, Mr. Wright sent his Nazir accompanied by a crowd of our old friends the Burkandazes and Chaprasis, who promptly made prisoners of the Sheriff's men and released Mehendee Ulla Khan. Mr. Wright then proceeded to enact the farce of summoning the Sheriff's officer, Mr. Morgan, before him to exhibit his writ and show cause why the defendant should not be admitted to bail, although, as we have seen, he had already released the defendant by force. In the proceedings which followed we find that Mr. Henry Newnham, Collector of Furruckabad, is one of Mehendee Ulla Khan's sureties and another is Mr. Henry Solomon Reid, gentleman, of the same place. A rule was obtained against Mr. Wright and was disposed of by Sir Charles Edward Grey, the then Chief Justice. But like most other rules it ended in smoke. Both parties to the proceedings seem to have been held to blame; the officer for not accepting the decretal sum, and the Magistrate for forcibly releasing the defendant. However, Mr. Wright still continues to hold the office of Judge and Magistrate of Furruckabad and

Mr. Morgan still continues in the service of the Sheriff. It is not surprising, but it is significant, that we never find these worthy Judges and Collectors straining or opposing the law in the service or in the interests of obscure debtors.

Where they fail or refuse to aid the Sheriff the defendant is always a man of position in his district. The smaller fry are left to the mercy of the law until well into the nineteenth century, when it seems to have become a sort of out-of-door pastime on the part of the Magistrate to harry the myrmidons of the Supreme Court. Mr. Wright in 1826 had succeeded in rescuing by force a person arrested under a process of the Supreme Court, without any serious consequences to himself, and it was only natural to expect that his successors would be pleased to follow his worthy example in baiting and thwarting the servants of a Court which, according to that historical romancer, Macaulay, was the terror of the peaceful citizens of Bengal. The student will seek in vain for those citizens who regarded the Supreme Court with other feelings than those of the deepest veneration. From now onward rescues and obstructions become the ordinary events which follow the attempted execution of writs of the Supreme Court outside the city of Calcutta. Bands of armed men will be found opposing the people of the Sheriff, many of whom were drowned or maimed. The execution of the law has become a matter of strife and bloodshed, while



Mr. (now Sir) Ernest Cable, *Kt.*, Sheriff, 1905.

such forces as the Magistrate possessed stand idly by, afraid or unwilling to aid a Court which they no longer respect and have ceased to fear. The Sheriff "was impeded in everything he attempted to do in the Mofussil and set at defiance by those who as ministers of Justice ought to give him every assistance." Those haughty ministers, jealous of any authority but their own, are no longer the humble and willing servants of the law. They have discovered how impotent that tribunal has become before which their predecessors bowed.

The tradition of Impey was dead and despised, chaos had taken its place, and the impotent and arrogant satraps of an effete and soulless Company were contributing more than their share in preparing the materials for that monument of folly and disgrace which arose in the blood and in the tears of the Indian Mutiny.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEYS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE EARLY SHERIFFS.—BOUNDARIES OF CALCUTTA.—THE SHERIFFS FROM 1801 TO 1835.

In their perambulations in quest of debtors the officers of the Sheriff journeyed from Meerut to the confines of the Presidency of Madras. Where possible the rivers were the highways along which they travelled, and where rivers were no longer serviceable these journeys of hundreds of miles in extent were performed in that ancient and then universal Indian conveyance, the palanquin. It served as a carriage by day and as a house by night. With these men of the Sheriff went many followers besides the palanquin-bearers, who were armed with the ordinary weapons then in use, for travelling was dangerous anywhere beyond the cities where the troops and the different Government officers were stationed. Europeans had early penetrated all the various parts of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and sugar, indigo and silk factories were to be met with in large numbers. Each factory was a small world in itself and provided for its own defence against the surrounding hordes. To many of these the Sheriff's people journeyed, for, like all other Europeans in India, the factory-owners borrowed and spent money by the thousands with the resulting

troubles which seem to have followed the borrowing of money in every age and in every clime. India was then, as it is now, a lean country. Such food as Europeans might eat was scarce and had to be carried from place to place.

In 1826 Mr. William Wright, of whom I have already spoken, explains that if he had not released Mehendee Ulla Khan, he (the Magistrate) "would have insisted on being allowed to take steps for escorting him safely beyond Illahabad, for there were certain rumours of an extraordinary nature in circulation which rendered it expedient that his person and life should be guarded against any attacks which might be made by the subjects of the King of Oudh during the progress of the prisoner down the Ganges."

Many of the Sheriff's men complain that for days they endured starvation with little or nothing to eat and a palanquin placed under a tree was their only place of habitation. On occasion their funds would be exhausted and their resources at an end. To enable them to go forward they sold any articles of value which they might possess, and often when other means failed they borrowed small sums of money from any Europeans with whom they came in contact to help them on their way to some town or city to which funds could be sent them from Calcutta. Amongst those whose generosity enabled these men to live and travel, I am pleased to find the names of a few Magistrates. The East India

Company's service was not notorious for the production of geniuses and philanthropists, but its servants or masters were not all Mackenzies. Had they been so, the Indian Mutiny might have taken place twenty years earlier; but had those servants been endowed with that sense of public virtue which considers the interest of self as nothing when compared with the interest of the commonweal, then it is more than probable that the outbreak would never have taken place at all. In the execution of writs of the Supreme Court it was reckoned that the expenses came to one rupee a mile, and as hundreds of miles had often to be traversed by the Sheriff's men there were occasions when the cost of executing the writ totalled a sum equal to that of the decree. In 1824 several merchants of Cawnpore wrote to the Sheriff, pointing out the heavy cost of sending men from Calcutta to execute writs in the Upper Provinces, and requested him to increase his staff and station three or four men up-country to whom the writs might be sent by post, as had already been done since 1823 at Benares and Patna.

An officer was accordingly sent and stationed at Agra and this arrangement continued till 1862, when the Sheriff's activities were henceforth confined to the city of Calcutta. A few years ago when the old Presidency Jail was demolished the question of the local jurisdiction of the High Court came up for discussion and settlement, since it was evident that the Sheriff could not take a prisoner

out of his jurisdiction even to escort him to a jail which had been brought within the local jurisdiction of the High Court, if the intervening lands and streets beyond Lower Circular Road and the Alipore Jail (now to become the Presidency Jail) were under the jurisdiction of the authorities of the 24-Pergunnahs. The boundaries of Calcutta which had been fixed in 1794 had not been altered since. The northern boundary was declared to begin from the corner of Col. Robertson's Garden on the left bank of the river across which an imaginary line was to be drawn to the opposite side where it would meet the "brook called Chitpore Nullah." The man who could not find a more suitable description for that filthy canal than to call it a "brook" was just the sort of person whom one would expect to be the best fitted to arrange the boundaries which Calcutta possesses. These boundaries were not to be marked by such a natural thing as a canal so far as this would serve the purpose or when this bent to the east by a line drawn south at a respectable distance from the city as it then existed, to allow for the expansion which even those who fixed the boundaries must have known would have taken place as time went on. No metes were to be fixed along what is now known as Circular Road on its eastern and southern boundaries, for to have gone farther east or south would have been to remove the jurisdiction of the Mackenzies and the Barwells farther from Calcutta than they wished. A column

to Clive or Hastings would have been a fitting mark to point the city's boundaries in the absence of such natural things as rivers or mountains, and although the Hughli does form Calcutta's western boundary we find Major Kyd's Garden at one end and Col. Robertson's at the other. Not very exalted boundaries certainly for a city which was to become the capital of an Empire and possibly the greatest town in Asia. But, perhaps, the insular influence of Britain was strong upon the man to whom those boundaries were due. Like the savage with a diamond of price in his hand, he may have been ignorant of the value of the pearl to which he was giving bounds and subconsciously felt that it was some petty village in the British Isles which was to be confined within the gardens of Kyd and Robertson and the " brook " of Chitpore.

When Calcutta's southern boundary was again adjusted in 1913 to bring the old Alipore Jail within the jurisdiction of the High Court, we find the spirit of 1794 as strong and active as ever. The obvious thing to have done was to take in the block between Russa Road, the Jail and the Maidan. But this would have been much too simple for those who believed that the whole art of government consists in doing the opposite to what everyone else believed should be done. So the " metes and bounds " are trotted out once more and only the road leading from the south-east corner of the Race Course to the Alipore Jail is declared to be within the

jurisdiction of the High Court and not the land or buildings on either side. Along that road the curious may see a number of little iron posts marked from 0 to 69 and, lest in their ignorance they should conclude that those little posts were put there as supports for telegraph wires or to mark a conservancy area of the southern Municipality, it will be necessary to inform them—they may doubt it—that these are the tiny metes and bounds which, in their mute and humble way, say to the High Court and all its power "thus far," etc. From the point of cost I suppose it will be conceded that these metes are cheaper than Columns, Ways, Monuments, or other works which associate themselves with the gratitude, the civilization and the genius of an Imperial people. But looking at these mean and contemptible objects of incompetence and jealousy, it is hard to conceive that they were put there by men who had some claim to be considered the representatives of an intelligent and progressive race.

Most of the early "Catchpoles" of the Sheriff were men who had served in the British army as sergeants. From their dealings with the Judges and Magistrates of the Honourable Company, it was clear that they were men of spirit and resource. Had they been otherwise, a decree of the Supreme Court would have been a very worthless thing to a creditor in quest of his money. From a debtor's point of view it was perhaps unfortunate that these

men had such a keen sense of public duty, and that they were not as sensible of the Magistrate's exalted dignity and sense of justice as they should have been. But, however that may be, those who sought their help in persuading reluctant debtors to fulfil their obligations do not seem to have had any fault to find with the way in which that duty was discharged.

From 1801 to 1835 the following held the office of Sheriff in Calcutta:—

Edward Thoroton, 1801.
Henry Stone, 1802.
Edward Benjamin Lewin, 1803.
Richard Fleming, 1804.
Stephen Lapramaudye, 1805.
Henry Churchill, 1806.
Jas. Archibald Simpson, 1807.
William Fairlie, 1808.
Jas. Archibald Simpson, 1809.
Robert Cutler Fergusson, } 1810.
Patrick Moir, } 1810.
Josias Dupre Alexander, 1811.
John B. Birch, 1812.
George Saunders, 1813.
J. H. Fergusson, 1814.
Charles D'Oyly, 1815.
J. W. Fulton, 1816.
E. C. Macnaghten, 1817.
G. Temple, 1818.
Patrick Maitland, 1819.



One of the things which mark the Southern Jurisdiction of the High Court.

Herbert Compton, 1820.
George Warde, 1821.
James Calder, 1822.
William Hay Macnaghten, 1823.
Robert McClintock, 1824.
William Hay Macnaghten, 1825.
William Prinsep, 1826.
Trevor John Chichley Plowden, 1827.
Browne Roberts, George James Gordon, } 1828.
James Calder, 1829.
Thomas Bracken, 1830.
Nathaniel Alexander, 1831.
William Melville, 1832.
George Money, 1833.
J. Higginson, 1834.
William Hickey, 1835.

Of these, Edward Thoroton was the Chief Magistrate in Calcutta. Henry Stone was the Secretary to the Board of Revenue, and Richard Fleming and Stephen Lapramaudye were merchants. Henry Churchill was Marine Paymaster and Naval Store Keeper. James Archibald Simpson was an Advocate of the Supreme Court and later held the office of Clerk of the Crown. William Fairlie was a merchant, as was Patrick Moir, while Robert Cutler Fergusson was an Advocate of the Supreme Court. Josias Dupre Alexander was a merchant, John B. Birch a Magistrate, George Saunders was

the Mint Master, and J. H. Fergusson another Advocate of the Supreme Court. Charles D'Oyly was Collector of Customs and the son of that Sir John Hadley D'Oyly, *Bart.*, who held the office of Sheriff in 1779 and whom he afterwards succeeded in the title. J. W. Fulton was a member of the firm of Mackintosh & Co., E. C. Macnaghten an official of the Supreme Court; G. Templer and Patrick Maitland, merchants, and Herbert Compton yet another Advocate of the Supreme Court. But the days of the officials and the Advocates are drawing to a close; in a few years they will disappear to return no more, the Victorian period will have begun and henceforth the merchant will have undisputed possession of the office. George Warde was also Secretary to the Board of Revenue, James Calder was another member of the firm of Mackintosh & Co. William Hay Macnaghten was the Registrar of the Sudder Dewany Adallut and afterwards the British Envoy at Kabul, where he was assassinated in 1840. Robert McClintock was a merchant, as was William Prinsep who was a member of the firm of Palmer & Co. John Chichley Plowden was a servant of the East India Company and the head of the Salt Department at Howrah. Browne Roberts and George James Gordon were two other partners of James Calder in the firm of Mackintosh & Co., while Thomas Bracken and Nathaniel Alexander were members of the firm of Alexander & Co. William Melville

was also a merchant, while George Money was the Master of the Supreme Court, and although I am not aware what profession or business J. Higginson followed, he is always styled "Captain" when addressed as Sheriff. William Hickey was an Attorney of the Supreme Court and with him we will pause for the present. Of all those who held the office James Calder is more in evidence in the Sheriff's record than any of those who preceded or succeeded him. His firm was one of the great Calcutta houses which, with Palmer & Co., Alexander & Co., and Mackillip & Co., failed in 1839 for the respectable sum of about sixteen millions sterling. Calder seems to have been an extremely charitable man, at whose hands prisoners, churches, hospitals and needy individuals of all kinds seem to have benefited, and when the crash came that sent him into obscurity I hope he had the satisfaction of reflecting that, like the Roman, he "had not lost what he had given away." William Hay Macnaghten began his career in India as a member of the Madras Army and later entered the Bengal Civil Service. He joined the Political Department during the administration of Lord William Bentinck. In 1837 he was Lord Auckland's Secretary and in 1838 went to Lahore to negotiate the Triple Alliance with Runjit Singh. He accompanied the Afghan Expedition as Political Envoy, was made a Baronet in 1840, and perished at Kabul in December of that year at the hands of

Akbar Khan and his barbarous associates. He was a brave, a brilliant, and an amiable man, and it must be still an honour to hold an office which that gallant gentleman once adorned.

CHAPTER VI.

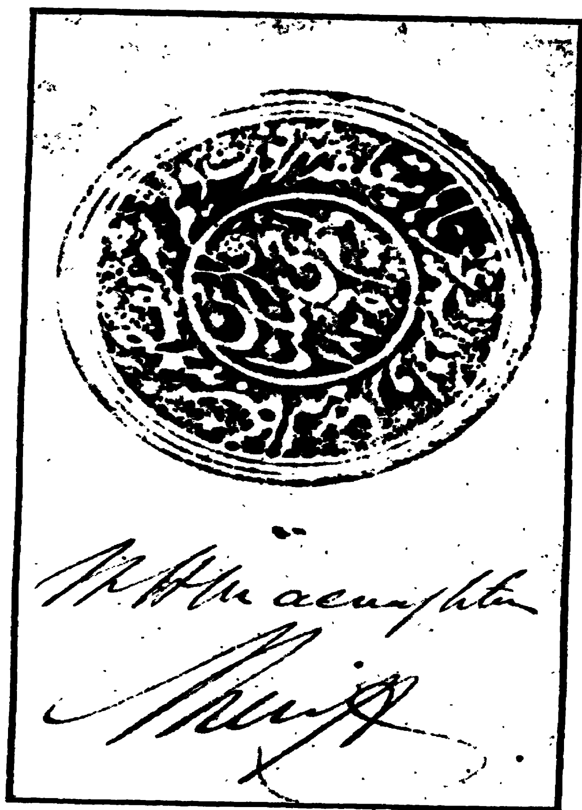
THE JAIL AT CALCUTTA.—THE OLD JAIL.—THE JAILORS.—MILD IMPRISONMENT.—THE JAIL A ROMANTIC INSTITUTION.

For many years after its establishment as a Jail, the building on the Maidan, which has lately been demolished was more than ample to accommodate the prisoners, the guard, and the Jail officials. By 1799 the Hurrin Baree was in a bad state of disrepair and the respectable sum of Rs. 34,000 was spent on a thorough overhauling of the old building and in the construction of two small new ones. From now onwards money begins to be spent lavishly on the institution. One building after another arises around the old structure till finally in 1858 the Jailors' house at the main gate is completed which in 1919 is still standing, a melancholy memorial of the buried hopes and agonies of other years. Whatever else the Government of Bengal in the early nineteenth century might be accused of, it certainly could not be charged with parsimony where the erection of Jails was concerned. It gave freely for this purpose on every request, but that it was less generous to those whom these structures were to house we shall see later on. There was a large tank to the south of the main building which was

probably dug when the building was erected many years before it became a Jail. It was from this tank that the drinking water for the inmates of the Jail was drawn, and it seems to have enjoyed a good reputation till 1858, when it became so bad that not even the prisoners were able to drink it.

To the west of the Jail, beside the Race Course, there was another tank, and it was from this that the inmates of the Jail henceforward drew their drinking water till the tank in the Jail received something like a thorough cleaning and was again in a condition to nourish or poison the prison inmates.

In 1794 it was found that the Jail must have a second tank. Debtors and criminals, it seems, did not get on well together. They quarrelled when they met at the tank, and to keep them somewhat more apart in future a new tank was dug at the north-west of the Jail compound for the use of the criminal prisoners alone. The convicts were located on the ground floor; the State prisoners and the debtors on the two floors above. The convicts' compound was to the north of the building, the debtors' compound was to the south. Till 1803 the prison is spoken of as the "New Jail" and sometimes as "the Jail and Hurrin Baree"; later it is known as the "Calcutta Jail," and by 1828 as the "Great Jail"; after 1850 it again becomes the "Calcutta Jail," and so continues till it passes out of the hands and the control of the Sheriff. It was



The Official Seal and Signature of WILLIAM HAY MACNAGHTEN, the Sheriff in 1823 and in 1825.

also occasionally described as "His Majesty's Jail," which no doubt it was, and, like most other things belonging to His Majesty, we find quite a number of people interesting themselves in its government—not always perhaps for its welfare.

The early Jailors were men of some importance and would probably blush to confine, or come in contact with, the ordinary debtor or criminal of to-day. When the decision of the sword went against an Indian potentate at the close of the eighteenth century, he did not escape with a cross, iron or otherwise, and the payment of an indemnity. No, he paid the penalty in full and his descendants went to swell the number and the respectability of the inmates of the Hurrin Baree and incidentally to add to the importance of the Jail and the Jailor. Of these Jailors, Robert Rishton seems to have held the office from the time the prison came under the control of the Sheriffs till about 1789. He was succeeded by John Bowbear, who died in 1799, and he was succeeded by Adam Gordon, who till 1815 was the keeper of His Majesty's Jail at Fort William. More fortunate than his predecessor, Gordon did not die a Jailor. He retired with some of the grace which he may have acquired from the polished inmates of the Hurrin Baree, and drifts out of the Sheriff's record into the placid and eternal realms of the unknown. John Collier follows Gordon and disappears in 1817 to give place to Richard Storey, who in turn makes way for George

Higginson two years later. Higginson, like Storey, after two years has had enough of the Calcutta Jail and its inmates and retires to become an Attorney of the Supreme Court, where we meet him for many years after. For the following three years the office of Jailor is jointly held by W. Wrainch and D. Calder, and these depart in 1825 to make room for David Pearson, who in turn retires in 1834.

Next in order comes John King, who continues at the head of the Jail till about 1848. In 1845 the title of "Governor" is conferred upon him and it is as Governor of the Jail that his brother, Jeremiah King, succeeds him. The latter directs the destinies of the institution till 1864, when Mr. M. Fitzgerald becomes Governor, and this gentleman, incidentally, is the last Governor with whom the Sheriff has any concern.

In its early days the Jail seems to have been a very small establishment. In 1802 it contained forty-six debtor and twenty-six criminal prisoners, thirteen of the latter being soldiers under sentence of transportation to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales.

Each of the European prisoners, debtors and criminals alike, received the sum of rupees four a month for their food and maintenance, while the Indian prisoners of both classes had to get along as best they could on the sum of rupees two for a like period. By 1830 a generous Government increased these sums to rupees eight and four

respectively, and at these figures they remained till 1855, when the Government abolished the system of giving money to prisoners and undertook their maintenance instead. The gulf which separates a debtor and a criminal prisoner to-day may not be wide, but in 1800 in Calcutta it was much broader than the Hughli. The Hurrin Baree could boast that it sheltered and confined soldiers of all ranks from Colonels to Ensigns, Merchants, Doctors, Clergymen and a host of others whose position and dignity seemed to be in no way affected by a temporary residence in that popular institution.

Your Military Officer of that period was not infected or inspired by the spirit of democracy which was still young in Europe and was not to extend its travels to India till a century later.

He was the purest blend of an aristocrat to whom the commands and orders of " our Sovereign Lord the King " were matters of daily and ordinary occurrence. But even he need not have blushed to acknowledge his companions of the Calcutta Jail, since amongst others it numbered such personages as the Nawab Shams-ud-Dowlah and Prince Mouz-ud-Din, the son of Tipoo Sultan.

To these and to the debtors generally the Jail was merely a prison in the sense that they were confined to its spacious quarters and surroundings. Beyond this, they lived as they pleased, were waited upon by their own servants, had their food supplied by the local hotels and on occasions entertained

their friends to the best wine and the best music that the city could afford. Those who had families were free to bring them to share their imprisonment. No restraint whatever was placed on a debtor's relatives or connections; they came and went as they pleased, and that nothing might be wanting to complete the entire freedom of the debtor, his mistress was as free to share his captivity and his love as the wife or the daughter of his neighbours. There was no pretence and no disguise about the matter; the thing was open and usual.

I do not know if a man's domestic pets also followed him to the Hurrin Baree, but certainly his horse did, if its master so desired. The Sheriff "could see nothing opposed to the Jail rules," such as they were in permitting Captain Stewart's pony being brought to him at the Jail, morning and evening, that the gallant Captain might take as much exercise as he deemed was necessary for the preservation of his health. Skipping ropes were also in evidence as a means by which the debtors might be kept healthy. Nor were they the whim of the debtors themselves. They were gravely prescribed by a doctor who rejoiced in the designation of a Presidency Surgeon. He was evidently a man ahead of his time.

But the feature which is most in evidence throughout the whole Jail record is the eternal flow of brandy. One is apt to associate temperance of all kinds with prisoners to-day. But in 1800 the

prison reformer was a person yet to be. Man, relying on his instincts and experience only, as he had been doing for thousands of years, cherished the absurd delusion that brandy was something which was both good and necessary for his health and for his welfare. The chemist and the specialist had not yet shown him what dangers lurked within its deceitful brilliance, and so the European in India drank it with the old zest and carried his love for it to the Hurrin Baree. Here he might buy and drink it to the extent of his means and the capacity of his head and his stomach.

Like the autocrat that he was, he ordered it with the munificence of a king and was pleased to see it stored in his room to soothe the hours of his mild captivity, not merely in bottles, but in cases. It has often been alleged, perhaps with some truth, that the action of alcohol on the human brain will at once differentiate the savage and the philosopher. On the former it will expose the wild beast that lurks within, in the latter it will bring to the surface those latent qualities of kindness and generosity which are the crown and the end of human culture. Judged by this test, the inmates of the Calcutta Jail must be assigned a high place in the ranks of culture and philosophy.

Apart from setting fire to the Jail or killing a fellow-debtor, there was no restraint; and although the former of these contingencies did almost arise, it was not till 1855 that it did so, when I think your

Captain was no longer the poet and the philosopher of 1800. But in the eye of the modern one grave fault will be attributed to him. He never from experience discovered, what his grandchildren were to learn from the scientist, that the brandy which he loved was in truth the most deadly enemy that the human race had yet encountered, while he had died believing it a gift of some benign god. And yet his belief may have had some reason to support it. His ignorance of alcohol may not have been so profound as his critics would have us believe. Philosophers sometimes think, and thinking begets conclusions, right or wrong, from which a man will continue to pursue or will change a particular course of conduct or habit. Our philosopher of the Hurrin Baree must have observed, in the mass of meek and feeble slaves by whom he was surrounded, the effects of long ages of temperance so far as alcohol was concerned, and he may have remembered that more than one Asiatic prophet and law-giver had preached this temperance as the cardinal rule of life.

He saw its consequences on the people of the East and he may be given the credit for wilfully persisting in a course of life contrary to theirs.

He may also have reflected that alcohol had played an important part in impelling his countrymen Eastward to the conquest of ancient wealthy cities and decaying civilizations. Westward it impelled them to the conquest of the virgin forests

of the New World, amid which they were to lay the foundations of a civilization that was afterwards to influence the destiny of the entire race. Those Portuguese and Spanish rovers who preceded, accompanied, and followed Columbus in the discovery and conquest of more worlds than one were all accompanied by this potent spirit. It was, in short, the great incentive to action or movement, without which man becomes a mere human vegetable. Going backward he saw that all the great nations of antiquity were wine-drinking in some form or other and that wine-drinking had nothing to do with the causes which led to their decay and extinction. He may also have reflected that it was those races who had discovered wine in its most potent state (brandy) who began the march of modern civilization—a march in which no water-drinking people have ever joined. Were our philosopher of the Hurrin Baree a Scotsman, he may have contrasted his own spirit-loving people with the mild water-drinkers whom he encountered on the banks of the Ganges.

And, however well he may have been disposed to respect the Hindu's mental speculations, he could hardly have been willing to accept his ideals either for himself or for others in whom he had a national interest.

Were life a matter of dreams instead of being what it is, a matter of strife, water would then be the element on which alone man should live. But

as the law of the jungle is likely to prevail as long as man exists, it will always lead him to that last court of appeal—the battlefield—on which the water-drinker will as surely perish in the future as he has perished in the past, notwithstanding the League of Nations, Prohibition, and all other visionary panaceas lately born in a world suffering from a surfeit of blood, and agony. Nature will heal the wounds of to-day as she has healed those of the past. The generations of the twenty-first century will forget the sorrows which afflict the generation of to-day.

Many Williams of Hohenzollern will yet be born and on the battlefields of the future, as on the battlefields of the past, man will continue to bleed and die. It is a destiny from which there seems to be no escape, except for those who in the progress of their civilization and decay are willing to accept the chains and the labours of slavery in exchange for the sword and the agony of the battlefield. They will do so when they have reached the water-drinking stage.

Having strayed so far from the Calcutta Jail the reader must, like the writer, consider it time to return to the Hurrin Baree.

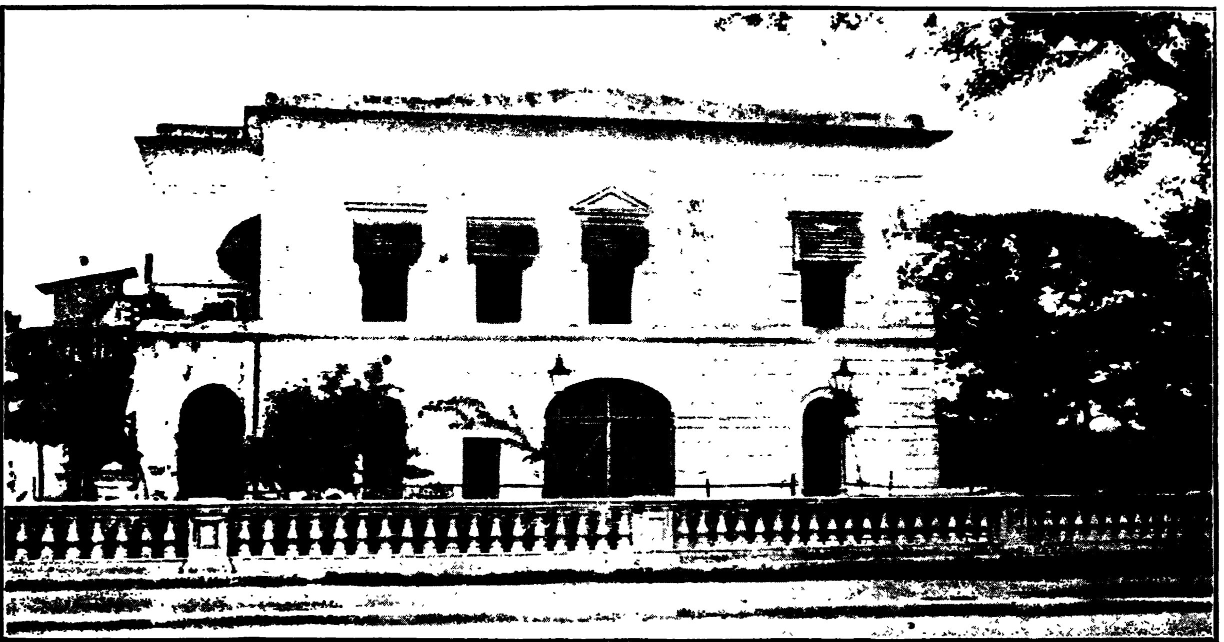
CHAPTER VII.

Brandy in the Jail.—It is limited for the first time by Jeremiah King, the Governor in 1852.

It would hardly be expected that brandy could be so common an article of every-day consumption in the Jail without its leading on occasions to scenes and acts which one would hardly expect to meet with in such a place. But the Jail at Calcutta was, like all other things connected with the British in India at the period of which we are writing, something flavouring much more of romance than of reality.

Here, for instance, in 1806 we find Captain Allingham attempting to outrage certain young ladies who were his next-door neighbours. The threat of the Jailor to stop the noble Captain's brandy was sufficient to bring him to his senses and to make him offer a suitable apology to the young ladies. In the Jail they quarrelled about their wives, their daughters and mistresses, who were as much the cause of the Jail's social troubles as other ladies were and are of the troubles in the large world beyond the prison's walls. But all their quarrels or escapades always seem to have been forgiven by the Jailor and the Sheriff, on the person concerned giving his word of honour that he would

not be guilty of similar conduct in future. Around the large tank to the south of the Jail they took their evening walks and amused themselves till sundown, and here it was that many of the quarrels arose. Then the roof of the Hurrin Baree served as a place on which a merry and cheerful evening might be spent till fatigue and the effects of their beloved beverage drove them to a land where there are neither debts nor debtors. These gentlemen exacted the most scrupulous deference from all with whom they came in contact. And that deference was also admitted and was always paid by the Sheriff and the Jail officials and all others in speaking of or dealing with them. Mr. Lee in 1813 had a quarrel with Mr. Patten. The Sheriff Mr. George Saunders, after an enquiry, decided that Mr. Lee was to blame and should tender an apology. Mr. Lee was unwilling to do this. His relatives in England had sent him money. He was about to discharge his debt and obtain his release. He addressed the Sheriff and informed him that, being dissatisfied with his decision and being about to leave the prison, he proposed sending (in a few days) his friend to wait on the Sheriff and claim that satisfaction which one gentleman was at all times entitled to demand from another. George Saunders and Mr. Lee do not seem to have met on the field of honour, but the incident is illuminating in showing what was possible in Calcutta one hundred years ago



The last of the old jail built in 1858.

Have we travelled backward or forward since then? It would seem that the rooms on the upper storey of the Jail were those most in favour with our gentlemen debtors and were monopolised by the most aristocratic of them. Lt. Gould in 1811, who occupied a room in the middle floor, complained to the Jailor that his companions were always bothering him for liquor, in consequence of which he desired to be allowed to remove himself to one of the rooms above. The Jailor informed him in reply that personally he had no objection to his doing so, but that the consent of the gentlemen above must be first obtained before he could be permitted to shift his quarters.

This consent on Lt. Gould's application was given in due course, and he joined those above who were in a position to provide their own brandy and wines. Are debtors to-day allowed to choose their companions? I wonder, but our civilization having moved forward I doubt it. A romance of any kind is not complete unless it includes gold and pearls, and although neither gold nor pearls are to be found in the Sheriff's record in a concrete form, they are there in the shape of paper and ink. In 1813 the Indian debtor prisoners sent a petition to the Sheriff, stating that for certain maladies to which they were subject their doctor had recommended that gold and pearls should be mixed with certain medicines which he had prescribed for them. They further state that they are too poor to purchase

those expensive articles, and entreat the Sheriff to buy and send them a supply. It is probable that the Indian doctor of 1813 believed, like the debtors, that pearls and gold possessed certain curative properties; but I believe our debtors had to get better without them in this case, for although the record is silent regarding the reply which the debtors received, I think the supply of gold and pearls to debtors was something even beyond the generosity of the early Sheriffs of Fort William. Here again this incident reflects much light on how mild and tolerant must have been the imprisonment in a Jail where a petition of this kind was possible. It savours very much of Haroun-al-Raschid and Baghdad twelve hundred years ago, and is not the sort of document that one would expect to find in the records of so prosaic and grim an institution as a Jail.

It is doubtful if in any age there has ever been so romantic a conquest as that by the British in India. Most others have been preceded by slaughter, followed by plunder, and then by oppression and exterminations that have destroyed peoples and civilizations, and turned fertile countries into deserts. But here we have a few individuals, half traders and half sailors, setting out from the cold inclement regions of the North, who in their search for trade discovered a derelict continent. They fix themselves in the midst of an ancient, a wealthy, a highly civilized, and perhaps a

degenerate people. They gradually burrow their way into the vitals of Hindusthan; there is little slaughter in the process; there may be some plunder, but there is no extermination. The world that Columbus discovered was barbarous and barren, and lacking in all for which he sought. But here our traders, factors, and sailors found themselves in the midst and in the possession of a vast and wealthy land. Their importance increases with their conquest march to the south, to the north and to the west. They don the cool refreshing silks and muslins of the East. They smoke the pipes, in which the princes and noblemen of Hindustan indulge; and, while they slumber, are fanned by obedient slaves with an ornamented leaf of the palm. In all their pomp and parade it is the East and not the West that is present. They sit upon their elephants with all the grace and dignity of an oriental sovereign, and probably in no age has the transition been so marked and so complete as that which the Briton underwent when he exchanged his wet and gloomy home for the sunshine and the gorgeous pomp of India. To some the change must have seemed like a vision or a dream; but unfortunately for many the vision would soon vanish, the dream would fade and leave behind little but regrets. They found the climate of India was not at all suited to their Northern constitutions, and that the heat of her burning summer was something which all the palm leaves that waved and flourished

in this tropical land could neither lessen nor dispel. But for this, they had discovered the Promised Land. Everything except the cold refreshing breezes of the North was here in abundance. Not all the wealth and glittering stones of a thousand Indias could compensate for the absence of this. Like Ponce-de-Leon, they had voyaged and toiled in vain. Mixed with all the grandeur around them was that feeling of languor which blunts the edge of every interest and of every pleasure. There were times, we know, when they might indulge in all the so-called pleasures that life can give, and on occasions they indulged them to the full. But yet they found the Promised Land was still beyond the mountains and never could be reached by way of Hindustan. Among such people it is not surprising that their Jail at Calcutta was very different to anything of its kind which had ever been erected for the custody and the punishment of men.

The flow of brandy continued uninterruptedly till 1852. King, who was now the Governor of the Jail, does not seem to have been as tolerant of drinking as his predecessors had been. Perhaps the times had changed in many ways, and were ripe for a change in the Calcutta Jail as well. The occasion, the reason, or the excuse, to make it was certainly a good and a valid one, for it was no less than this. Captain May and his friend Mr. Butten—both debtors—were "making a night of it" in

Captain May's room, with the result that Captain May overturned a lamp, set fire to his bed and other furniture, and nearly set fire to the Jail. One would expect the consequences of this would be serious both for Captain May and his friend. They were, and in a measure were serious for the other debtors as well, since, for the first time in the Jail's history, steps were taken to regulate and limit the flow of that tide of brandy which had swept through the Hurrin Baree for nearly a century. It was decreed by the Sheriff, on the advice of King, that henceforth debtors should be limited to this allowance of brandy, wine or beer—of brandy one pint, of beer two quarts, and of wine two bottles per day. To the European in India at the present time a pint of brandy every day would be more than a generous allowance. It would probably be the cause of his death, or retirement in a very few years. But although the Briton of 1852 could hardly be compared as a spirit-drinker with his grandfather of 1800, still, only a pint of brandy daily must have been a real hardship to him, and in the Jail was probably considered—what it was meant to be—something of a punishment as well as a reform. Beyond the reduction of their brandy neither Captain May nor his friend were awarded any penance or censure. They seem to have been men who were not afraid to tell the truth, for when called upon to explain their conduct they informed the Governor of the Jail that they were so drunk on

the night in question they had no recollection of what had taken place. For a time at least the reduction of the debtors' brandy did not turn out as bad as they had anticipated; 1852 saw in the Calcutta Jail a type of European who would have been regarded as abnormal in 1800. It saw, in short, Europeans who did not drink either brandy or wine. These in the interest of their friends claimed their pint of brandy daily, which they generously or foolishly gave to those who were more fond of the spirit than themselves.

So the debtors still continued to get drunk in spite of King's restrictions. He discovered later on the reasons for this, and although he seems to have done his best to prevent the abuse of the rule against excessive drinking, it is doubtful if he ever succeeded in making the debtors more sober in Jail than they would be were they not under his control and care. King was undoubtedly a temperance reformer. In 1857 he again desired the Sheriff to reduce the debtors' daily supply of liquor by one-half, but the Sheriff does not seem to have agreed to the proposal, and the allowance of 1852 was allowed to continue as before.

King was the only Governor or Jailor who gave himself any trouble about drinking in the Jail. Those who preceded him seem to have regarded the matter as a thing of course. Let the debtors get drunk as they might, or do what they would, there was no question of limiting the general supply

of brandy. An Englishman in 1800 and for some time after was expected, even when drunk, to conduct himself as a gentleman. That most of them did so is a tribute to their culture and their brains. Besides, getting drunk was much more fashionable a hundred years ago than it possibly was in 1855 and than it certainly is at the present time. For an example our Briton of the early nineteenth century need not have gone beyond the younger Pitt and his colleagues.

The example which they set him was perhaps a national failing or a national virtue at the time, but it does not seem to have interfered with their ability to deal successfully with such men as Napoleon and Talleyrand, who must, I think, be acknowledged the equals at least of any continental statesman with whom our British ministers have had to deal during the past few eventful years: Those who follow fifty years hence will be able to compare the respective values of the treaties which settled or marred the peace of Europe in 1815 and in 1919. From the comparison they may be able to deduce how far the cocoa-drinking statesman of 1919 has surpassed the wine and brandy-drinking ministers who confronted and opposed Napoleon. The comparison might be carried to the armies of Napoleon's wars with those armies which have lately been engaged in the World War of 1914–1918. But the writer will for the present resist the temptation of trying to imagine what conclusions



our philosopher of fifty years hence would draw from his reflections. There is much more to be said of the Hurrin Baree and the Sheriffs; so we will return to them.

So far we have only dealt with the debtor prisoners of the Calcutta Jail. Before we speak of the criminal prisoners, let us see how the Mysore Prince Mouz-ud-Din fared in the Hurrin Baree. Over Rs. 320 a month was spent for his bazar expenses alone. He was waited upon by many servants, including washermen and tailors. His clothes were purchased from the leading firms in Calcutta. He slept in a bed which cost four hundred rupees, and every article which a rich man could desire was purchased for him without stint or limit. Cashmere shawls, cut-glass mirrors, and chandeliers are all to be found in his apartments in the middle storey of the jail.

Guards and screens ensured his privacy when he did not wish to be disturbed. For his companions he had the dashing officers of His Majesty's army, some of whom may have assisted in overthrowing the kingdom of his father, Tipoo, if they did not actually assist in terminating his life. Were freedom not the precious jewel which it is, Mouz-ud-Din might have been content, if not happy, in the Calcutta Jail.

All that was possible seems to have been done to render his imprisonment mild and tolerable. In an age when the loss of a kingdom in Asia usually

meant the loss of the lives of the king and his sons as well, those responsible for the imprisonment of Mouz-ud-Din need not have blushed for the manner in which the captive prince was treated by the Government and the Sheriffs of Fort William.

This part of the record may be fittingly closed by the petition of Rowland Scott, whose case was the saddest of any that we have discovered in connection with the Calcutta Jail.

To

The Hon'ble Sir JOHN ROYDS, *Kt.*, one of His Majesty's Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal.

The humble petition of Rowland Scott, debtor prisoner.

Most humbly sheweth,

That your petitioner with due submission humbly begs leave to state to your Lordship that your petitioner is in confinement now eighteen years at the suit of Mr. Charles Cockerell, for the sum of Sicca Rupees 9,107 charged in execution for the same by his attorneys, Messrs. Hickey and Turner.

That on the day your petitioner came into Jail, the 13th August, 1795, Mr. Cockerell got from your petitioner the sum of 313 gold mohurs or Sicca Rupees 5,008 on a note which your petitioner granted to the firm of Messrs. Paxton Cockerell and

Delisle for 4,000 Rupees borrowed from that firm; although Mr. Cockerell got this sum from your petitioner, yet on the same day he put in a detainer against your petitioner for the 4,000 Rupees and after two years he with some trouble got your petitioner charged in execution for the sum above mentioned.

The particulars would be too long and tedious to state in a petition to your Lordship.

That your petitioner frequently applied to Mr. Cockerell for the said 313 gold mohurs, your petitioner could get no answer from him, your petitioner afterwards was compelled to bring an action before your Honourable Court against Mr. Cockerell for the recovery of the sum and the papers of a house, deposited by Mr. Edward Gardner in the absence of your petitioner from Calcutta, when Sir Robert Chambers was Chief Justice; the Court was pleased to decree in the month of February 1797, that your petitioner should immediately receive the money and the papers of the house from Mr. Cockerell; the papers of the house were delivered up to your petitioner's attorney, Mr. John Duffin Williams, but the 313 gold mohurs was kept; Mr. Cockerell wrote to your petitioner's attorney that he would not give him the money, and said he may bring another action for the recovery of the same when he pleased.

That your petitioner, not possessing funds sufficient to contest the matter with Mr. Cockerell

a second time, thought it advisable to remain quiet, supposing Mr. Cockerell would accept of the 313 gold mohurs and liberate your petitioner; applications to him on the subject have frequently been made by your petitioner in the most humble and submissive manner and by others on the part of your petitioner without avail; he continues inflexible to the present time, as appears from his letters to his agent, Mr. John Palmer, received by the latest ships of the season from England.

That your petitioner has to receive from Mr. Cockerell, 313 gold mohurs or 5,008 Rupees, with interest from the 13th August, 1795, to the 13th instant, a period of 17 years 4 months, at 10 per cent. per annum, amounting to principal and interest Sicca Rupees 13,688-3-5, from which sum deduct the execution 9,107 rupees—leaves a balance in your petitioner's favour of Sicca Rupees 4,581-3-5.

That your petitioner is exceedingly sorry to state to your Lordship that Mr. Cockerell, a Baronet of England and a Christian, should think of keeping a poor old man in confinement all the days of his life, be his crime what it may; that your petitioner is near sixty years of age, afflicted with the gravel complaint and besides suffers under other chronic disorders, he therefore prostrates himself before your Lordship for mercy to be relieved from such cruel oppression.

That your petitioner lastly states that your Lordship will be so graciously pleased to take your

petitioner's lamentable case into your Lordship's humane consideration and that your Lordship will be further pleased to recommend such steps to be taken in the matter as in your Lordship's wisdom shall seem meet for the relief of your distressed petitioner, and that your Lordship may be so good as to recommend your petitioner to Mr. Carcraft *in forma pauperis,* as your petitioner is unable to employ an attorney to do the needful in procuring your petitioner's enlargement in this suit, for which act of benevolence your petitioner as in duty bound will ever pray.

ROWLAND SCOTT.

CALCUTTA JAIL:
31*st December,* 1812.

CHAPTER VIII.

Criminal prisoners in the old Jail.—Transportation to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.

The nineteenth century was well advanced before the number of criminal prisoners in the Jail exceeded the modest number of fifty. Occasionally there was an influx of military prisoners from all parts of India on their way to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, but the permanent population, the criminal prisoners of Calcutta, remained small in numbers for many years and were still under one hundred in 1858. On the small sums which these men received to support themselves most of them seem to have led a life of semi, if not of actual, starvation.

In 1800, in Calcutta, two annas a day would not have enabled an European to emulate the luxuries of his countrymen, the Nawabs, nor would one anna for a like period have been sufficient to permit of Ram Chunder Dutt emulating his wealthy countrymen of Bengal. A sum of rupees six hundred a year was allowed for the clothes and bedding of the prisoners, and this sum was contributed by the Sheriff, and a fund left for this purpose by Claude Martin, in equal parts. It is obvious that so small

a sum would not go far in clothing even the scanty criminal population of the Jail, and we find, as might be expected, that most or many of the Europeans were in a perpetual state of nakedness.

The record abounds with petitions from these men to the Governors, the Judges, and the Sheriff, for the means to purchase clothes. Occasionally sums are paid by the Government to the naked prisoners in response to these petitions, but there is no system adopted for clothing them and the prisoners are left to struggle along as best they can.

As an institution the Jail was a great deal more in evidence a hundred years ago than it is to-day. It had no rivals in the shape of Hospitals, Cinemas, Theatres, the Band at the Eden Gardens, and the hundred-and-one public attractions that exist in Calcutta to-day. A large number of the population of the city had been to the place either as debtors or visitors, and were probably well acquainted with the conditions prevailing there.

For years it was the custom of many wealthy people to visit the Jail while taking their evening drive around the Maidan, and to present the Jailor with various sums of money for the relief of the distressed inmates.

There was no work done by the prisoners till after 1840. Their treatment was as mild and humane as was consistent with their safe custody. An Indian convict wore an iron ring on his right ankle from the time of his conviction till he left the



Walter Kingsbury Dowding, Sheriff, 1910.

Jail; but in no case were irons put on a European unless he was a violent and dangerous person.

Even in the case of the European criminals total abstention was not enforced while they were of good behaviour. They might purchase one dram of liquor a day from their allowance. But this allowance was so small that there was little fear of drunkenness on the criminal side of the jail. Still, as in the case of the debtors, there were other means of obtaining liquor of which the Jailor was ignorant.

Criminals were not prohibited from having their food sent to them by their friends outside. It was mainly with this food that the liquor was smuggled into the Jail.

Mahommedans formed the Jail guard till 1857, when they were replaced by Hindus. The prisoners, knowing the aversion of the guard to the flesh of the pig, were in the habit of having pork chops sent to them on hotwater plates. But the plates did not contain water, they contained brandy instead. The guard would scarcely glance at anything holding a part of the unclean animal, and thus much more liquor found its way into the Jail than the Jailor was likely to be aware of. When he discovered one means of transport, another was resorted to, but the traffic was never large and never seems to have affected the discipline of the Jail.

An Indian criminal, being a member of a sober race, was not permitted to indulge in any liquid more

potent than that which was drawn from the Jail tank. Other means of intoxication were, however, at hand, and in the opium of India the Indian found a drug more powerful than any blend of liquor that had accompanied the Briton in his travels Eastward. But, unlike the compelling power of brandy, opium was but a poor material for the making of history. Its votaries were only active and constructive in dreams. It led the mind to the clouds while the body lay like a log on the earth. All its activities belonged to the mental and not to the physical world. But to a prisoner it possessed the great merit of containing in a small compass the power to send him to the skies or to eternity. It also possessed the further merit that it was not likely to be discovered while being brought into the Jail.

But to men with few friends and fewer means of obtaining money the opium habit could not have been general, but its influence evidently pervaded the Jail, for it is the rarest thing in the record to come across a case of a criminal nature amongst the convicts while in prison. Most of the Indians were in Jail for offences against that sacred thing, property. In the Hurrin Baree they would have little inducement to indulge this weakness since there was nothing to steal, little to destroy, and no opportunity to commit either forgery or fraud.

Europeans sentenced to short terms of imprisonment were confined in the Jail. Those

who had been convicted of serious crimes were usually transported to New South Wales or Tasmania, as were hundreds of British soldiers, for offences which, however grave in the eyes of discipline, do not appear very heinous to the eye of the civilian a hundred years after the event. Being "drunk and abusive to his superior officer" was a certain passport, for a British soldier, to Botany Bay for a period of seven years.

But those British soldiers were made of tough material and had to be treated with severity for their own sakes as well as for an example to their fellows.

The art of all Government, civil and military, was much more simple and direct a century ago than it is to-day, when one of its chief arts seems to consist in trying to persuade the mob, after it has held up the city for days, to be good, to listen to reason, and to go home like good obedient citizens and to resume their peaceful crafts and labours. I do not know if the residents in the vicinity of Church Lane and Circular Road have heard any rumblings in those localities lately. It would not be surprising if they had, for to the spirit of the British administrator of 1819 the happenings in India in 1919 must be something not only to make him turn in his imposing tomb, but to quit it forever.

It would seem that the European doctor in old Calcutta was as much convinced of the virtues of wine for his patients as his Indian colleague was of

the potency of gold and pearls. Six glasses of wine per day was the amount that was usually prescribed for a prisoner by Mr. Surgeon Grand in 1808 and for some years later. It would seem that wine and brandy were regarded as things essential to health. It was the practice to send soldiers from Bombay and Madras to Calcutta to be sent on from the latter city to New South Wales. These soldiers were usually removed, from the ship in which they came to the Hughli, either at Diamond Harbour or Garden Reach.

The constables whose duty it was to take them from the ship to the Jail always seem to have provided themselves with a supply of brandy for the convicts. This was given to them as a matter of course, with their food and was regularly paid for by the Sheriff and ultimately by the Government. Many of these soldiers possessed no clothing beyond the rags in which they stood; but clothing was a matter of minor consideration only to be obtained by a petition and a long period of waiting.

The trade between Calcutta and the Australian Continent seems to have been very small and very irregular in the early part of the last century. Most of the ships which went there from this city were the property of Calcutta merchants. Messrs. Palmer & Co. owned several, and it was in these ships that the Indian military convicts were sent to swell the population of Botany Bay. The owners of these vessels were not all anxious to be carriers of such

doubtful passengers. They accepted them as a matter of public duty, since the poor convict was regarded as a nuisance by those commercial princes and their servants.

In the early days of the settlement at Port Jackson Rs. 200 per head was charged by the shipowners for the transport of each man from Calcutta to New South Wales; later the charge was raised to Rs. 300.

For this, they merely carried the convict to Australia. The Bengal Government had to provide bedding, clothing, food, and even water for the prisoners. Our Indian merchant was above making money in such a trade. The convicts tainted his ship and he seems to have desired to have as little as possible to do with them.

Many of these soldiers were men who had taken an active part in extending the British Dominions in India. But this was possibly unknown to our merchant, and in any case would have been a matter of indifference to him. The time had not yet come when the soldier's heroism entitled him to any prospect beyond the gutter or the workhouse. By every ship that left Calcutta for New South Wales there always went a batch of military prisoners. There were more convicts than there were ships to take them away. On many occasions soldiers had to remain in Calcutta Jail for three years awaiting a passage to the land of the Southern Cross. They were not despatched in the order in which they were

convicted, or reached Calcutta; but in the order in which the Government chose to send them. For even here, as in kissing and other things, favour seems to have often determined who should, and who should not, go.

It is pathetic to read the letters of some of these men to the Sheriff, informing him month after month, and year after year, that such a ship is about to sail for New South Wales; and imploring him to secure a passage for them in her. They were as eager to depart as the freest and the most hopeful youth setting forth in quest of beauty and fortune. But alas! there were many who were never destined to behold the southern continent; many who when they reached the Hurrin Baree had reached the limit of their earthly travels, and who now sleep as peacefully in Bhowanipore as the President of the Court Martial who sent them to Calcutta sleeps (wherever he be), or the merchant whose ship they would soil, but whose dust at the present moment is of no more value than theirs.

Till about 1830, each convict when about to set out received a sum of rupees sixty for clothing. The Government provided his bedding, utensils, food and water, and these commodities were sent on board with him when the ship was about to heave up her anchor in the Hughli.

It was found later that all the sixty rupees did not go for clothes in every case, that some of it went for brandy; and so it was decreed by a progressive

and enlightened Government that their Naval store-keeper would, in future, provide each man with an outfit. He did; and here is what our convict got:—

Flannel shirt ..	.. 1
Duck frocks ..	.. 2
Duck trousers ..	.. 3
Blue cloth jacket ..	.. 1
Black silk neck-cloth	.. 1
Red caps ..	.. 2
Mattress ..	.. 1
Pillow ..	.. 1
Straw hat ..	.. 1
Shoes ..	.. 2 pairs.
Green tea ..	.. 10 seers.
Sugar ..	.. 1 maund.
Teapot ..	.. 1
White basins ..	.. 2
Country soap ..	.. 2 seers.
Needles ..	.. 3 dozens.
Sewing thread ..	.. 16 balls.

It will be observed that there are no blankets in this list, but there is a black silk neck-cloth and a maund of sugar. The sugar was certainly a generous allowance, and the neck-cloth would enable our convict to appear in New South Wales with a dignity befitting a person who had come from a rich and wealthy country in which silk and gold mohurs were as common as rum and tobacco at Port Jackson. Rum was for years accepted as currency in New

South Wales, and was in greater demand in exchange for commodities than either gold or silver. Indian convicts were also sent forth in large numbers from Calcutta. There seems to have been plenty of shipping for them, as they were mostly sent to Akyab, Moulmein, Prince of Wales Island (Penang), and Bencoolin—with which ports much of the trade of Calcutta was then carried on. On these convicts the Government of Fort William did not waste much silk or sugar. Nor did their outfits give the Naval store-keeper much trouble, since they were sent forth with just "two pieces of coarse cotton cloth" to serve their modest needs, and without any of the luxuries which our soldier convicts took with them to Botany Bay.

It was not, I suppose, because the Indians could not eat sugar that it was not sent with them. They were probably far greater sugar-eaters than the soldiers, who would have regarded the ration as more suitable to their needs had there been less sugar and some rum.

No, it was simply because the Indian at that period was a person of no importance; whether he was a prisoner or not made little difference. He had learned during long ages to subsist on little, to bow down before the tyrant who for the moment held the sword; and be he what he might, the servants of the Honourable East India Company, though they treated him with less harshness, regarded him with as much contempt as the tyrants

whom they had conquered and displaced had always done.

That transportation to New Holland was very popular with the British soldiers in India, is beyond a doubt. This popularity may account for the frequency with which these soldiers are found getting drunk and abusing their superior officers, and for their extraordinary good conduct in Jail while awaiting shipment. King in 1844, in answer to a communication from the Government with regard to the conduct of prisoners and the means taken for their safe keeping, says, amongst other things, of the European convicts:—"There is no record of a European convict trying to escape from the Jail, as the prospect of going to New South Wales is more desirable than military service in this climate."

When New South Wales at length resolved that it had quite enough convicts to last the colony for the rest of its life, our soldiers from India were sent for a time to Swan River, Western Australia and Van Diemen's Land. But the traffic was dying fast; there was no longer the old life and the glamour in it that there was when the country was young. Soon that glorious land in the Southern Ocean would be closed to convicts altogether, and our Governors in India would have to find some other place to which they could send any soldier who forgot the laws of discipline and propriety so far as to get drunk and abuse his "superior officer."

Well, they found another land, and that land was England. What a pity it was that the slopes of the Himalayas were overlooked and forgotten! There was quite enough room here to establish a colony that might have been productive and useful from the beginning, and might in after years have become a real source of value and protection to the British Power in India. But no, they must be sent to England, where there were lots of convicts already, and where our soldier from India could be of no use, but of much harm. This sort of thing and others of its kind is what for years has been called "Government" in India and in England. Under their benign rule such as it is, the unfit and the degenerate multiply, like the flies that came to bring Pharaoh to his senses.

Those who might in coming years be of some use and assistance to their country are not encouraged to increase the Anglo-Saxon race; particularly if that racial stream has been mixed with the blood of the East. The official and the Englishman in general in India will be pleased to take a fatherly interest in the increase of everything in the shape of a human being around him, except those who may be related to him in blood. For them he seems to have a repugnance impossible to explain and more impossible to defend. There has possibly never been a people but the British who have refused to encourage and protect the offspring of their own countrymen.

Schopenhauer very justly says that you never hear a man boasting of his strength, but always of his weakness. His strength, be it what it may, is natural and he is unconscious of it. But his weaknesses are always before his eyes; it is of them he boasts; or, in other words, he strives to be regarded as something which he is not. In this way the Briton has always boasted that he was the greatest colonist in the world, when as a matter of fact the opposite of this was, and is, the truth. For years before the outbreak of the late war, the German Professor preached, "England's empty colonies are a standing menace to the peace of the world," and although the cry may only have been raised to justify the attempted spoliation that was to follow, yet the cry was true in this instance although a German preached it.

The intelligent reader will contrast the rate at which the population of the United States has increased during the last century as compared with that of Australia during the same period. For many reasons Canada may be left out of this consideration; chiefly for those of climate and her proximity to the United States. But Australia contains some of the fairest spots on the globe, and possesses a climate in which the European may not only live, but improve in stature, perhaps in intelligence, and certainly in generosity. When allowances are made for her distance from Europe, and for the competition of America in the quest of

emigrants, it is deplorable to reflect that the United States to-day is peopled by one hundred millions of robust children and adopted children, while the noble and splendid southern continent can only boast a population smaller than that of Belgium,—a country about half the size of Scotland.

This, after more than one hundred years, In short, the Briton seems to encourage and labour for the expansion of every people but his own. That he does his best to secure a generous share of any trade or money that may be going need not be doubted, but where the increase and stability of his race is concerned he has been a hopeless and a miserable failure. Well, our convicts in future were to be sent to England.

The year 1862 finds them a group of most important men. For whereas before, a warrant signed by one of the Secretaries to the Government of Fort William was a good authority to speed a convict on his way to New South Wales, now that he was bound for England, the warrant was signed by these—

B. Peacock,
Elgin and Kincardine,
R. Napier,
J. Lang,
H. B. Harington,
W. Grey,
Cecil Beadon.

Here we have the Chief Justice, the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief—afterwards Napier of Magdala—the Adjutant-General, two of the principal Secretaries of the Government of India, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Certainly a very formidable group, and one that could not be found together on any documents in India save on these warrants. How long this continued we do not know, for the Jail passed out of the control of the Sheriff shortly afterwards, and his connection with convicts, civil or military, came to an end. But it was by no means rare for the Governors of Bengal to interest themselves in such matters. In 1817 the Marquis of Hastings sent a warrant direct to the Jailor, under his own hand, ordering him to imprison certain soldiers who were sent with the warrant, and later the Marquis of Dalhousie could find time to sign warrants directed to the Sheriff for a similar purpose. Besides the official letters and orders of the early Secretaries, the record contains numerous letters from them to the Sheriff, of a private nature, which show them as men who took a general and kindly interest in the affairs of the city, and particularly in the affairs of the poor and the unfortunate.

The members of the Government at that time were men of flesh and blood; men who could be seen, and men who could be found and spoken to. They were possibly as well aware of the conditions

prevailing in Calcutta as the head constable himself, and few events of any importance took place in which they did not take an interest and a part.

It might have been well for India had their successors followed their sensible example and ruled the country from its centre and not from one of its remote fringes. In removing to Simla they seem to have been bewitched by the genii of the mountains, who have turned these erstwhile robust Britons into Llamas, and their official buildings into monasteries. That these Britons appear to their friends and countrymen what they have always been may be a trick of the mountain sprites to deceive both our Government and the world. But whether this be in truth the case or not, there can be little doubt about the monasteries, for it would be difficult to convince any one who has ever had dealings with the Secretariats at Simla that they could possibly be anything but places devoted to slumber and to the calm contemplation of distant things which borders on that happy state.

If the influence of the genii be not admitted, how is the removal of the capital of India to be accounted for? In every State, and in all times, when people set about shifting their capital, the object is to get to the sea and not away from it. When Delhi was the capital of India, India's outlook was Persia and the nations to the North. Akbar's predecessors and successors did not trouble themselves about the ocean nor anything connected with it. India's



Robert Holmes Arbuthnot Gresson, Sheriff, 1912.

outlook since the establishment of the British Power in this country has been the sea, and with the rise and commerce of Japan, China, and the Western States of America, it tends to become more so every year. That a maritime people should therefore desert their capital on the Hughli and set forth to construct a new one in an Imperial graveyard remote from the sea, beneath the shadow of the Himalayas, is something that cannot be explained by the folly of a few men. The laws of ordinary human motives cannot apply to an event like this. It is either the genii or madness; folly, however great, cannot explain it.

The trade in Indian convicts though it has survived the trade in convicts to Australia by more than seventy years, is also to be brought to a close, and the long line which reaches from Captain David Dundas of the Brig "Favourite" in 1808 to Captain R. M. Dooley in the S.S. "Maharajah" in 1922 will be wound up for a few hundred thousand million years, till the happy hour when this old exhausted earth again stumbles into the embraces of its parent the Sun when she will be reborn and in her mists will lie floating material for future convicts and future convict ships. Here is hope for more voyaging, and I may again accompany Captain Dooley and a batch of convicts in the "Maharajah" to the Andamans, and there admire, the ease and skill with which that noble and generous animal man converts the paradises which nature

has so patiently and laboriously constructed, into something resembling his own impressions and conceptions of purgatory or hell.

I may again stand on the solemn and gloomy spot at the evening hour, where Mayo fell, and looking back half a century behold them bearing the dying Chief to his ship, and speculate on how remote his death and his entourage seem, after a brief period of fifty years. Convicts it would seem are not good associates or people to visit and their number might be diminished without endangering the welfare of the race. As there are too many policemen and not enough soldiers, it would be well if there were fewer Jailors and more headsmen—hanging too is troublesome—employed in attending to the welfare of those who are sent to Penal Settlements, and what is known as "Society," and the convicts themselves, would possibly benefit by the change.

Before we return to our convicts, let us take a glance at some of the Sheriffs who followed William Hickey after 1835.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHERIFFS FROM 1836 TO 1866.—FAMOUS OR INFAMOUS CONVICT SHIPS WHICH VOYAGED FROM CALCUTTA TO AUSTRALIA.—THE BARQUE "LADY MUNRO" WRECKED ON THE ISLAND OF AMSTERDAM IN 1833.—THE BRIG "FAVOURITE"—CAPT. DAVID DUNDAS.

Richard H. Cockerell, 1836.
Thomas Holroyd, 1837.
James Young, 1838.
James Young, 1839.
Thomas Bracken, 1840.
William C. Braddon, 1841.
W. H. Smoult, 1842.
Adam Frere Smith, 1843.
James S. Stopford, 1844.
John Beckwith, 1845.
J. P. McKillingen, 1846.
Adam Frere Smith, 1847.
Charles Hogg, 1848.
Robert Stopford, 1849.
James J. Mackenzie, 1850.
R. M. Reddie, 1851.
John Defell, 1852.
F. Bellairs, 1853.
Thomas Caird, 1854.

R. S. Palmer, 1855.
John Huchinson Fergusson, 1856.
Henry Edward Braddon, 1857.
John Huchinson Fergusson, } 1858.
Henry Dundas, }
William Fairlie Gilmore, 1859.
George Brown, } 1860.
Claude Hamilton Brown, }
John Cochrane, 1861.
David Cowie, 1862.
Stuart Gladstone, 1863.
John Phillips Thomas, 1864.
Henry Dundas, 1865.
Seth Aratoon Apcar, 1866.

The further we come down the nineteenth century the fainter become the traces of the Sheriffs in the record. But as we propose dealing with this at the close of the work, we will refrain from discussing the reason of it at present. Richard H. Cockerell was a merchant and possibly a relative of that Baronet Charles Cockerell who kept Rowland Scott in prison for nineteen years. I have neither the curiosity nor the leisure to determine this, but the name is not one quite so common as Smith, and much more suggestive of relationship than a more common name would be. Of Thomas Holroyd, I have discovered nothing beyond his name, but James Young was, I believe, a member of the firm of Palmer & Co., and in his day one of the leading

men of the city in whose affairs he took a leading and general interest.

Like Warren Hastings, he escaped Knighthood. But had Young lived to-day, with such a record as his, I do not see how anything could have saved him from the stream of K.C.I.E.'s, O.B.E.'s and other things of this kind which like a torrent have swept over the land and have been so universal that few have been able to escape them. The coarse leather apron of the blacksmith who saved his country (Persia) is studded with diamonds and other precious stones when that country is on the brink of defeat and dissolution; while its children in the progress of "honours" have become the brothers of the sun and the sisters of the moon. The rude and ignorant Scandinavian Pirate becomes a Jarl. He is later found in England as an Earl with a belt and some fantastic decorations on his head, which attest his barbarous origin and his present decay. Our merchants are now coming to their own. Thomas Bracken who follows James Young is of that useful and profitable calling, as was his successor, William C. Bradden. W. H. Smoult was an attorney of the Supreme Court who acted as Deputy for many former Sheriffs and was either the son or the grandson of that William Smoult who was Sheriff in 1793. The next five Sheriffs in order were merchants, of whom Adam Frere Smith, like James Young, seems to have played a leading part in the life of Calcutta in

his day. In his second term of office he was succeeded by Charles Hogg, the last attorney of the Supreme Court to hold the office. The servants of the Honourable East India Company have disappeared with Trevor John Chichley Plowden, in 1827; the officials, barristers and attorneys of the Supreme Court have reached the end of their civic progress with Charles Hogg; and henceforth, with the exception of a doctor, a Nawab, a few Princes of the House of Mysore, and a few Maharajas, the merchants will have undisputed possession of the office of Sheriff of the town of Calcutta and Factory at Fort William in Bengal.

The next nineteen Sheriffs were, I believe, all merchants. Like Thomas Holroyd, they have left nothing behind but their names; and these even would not have survived but for the industry of those who have succeeded them.

Seth Aratoon Apcar was the first of the non-European Sheriffs, and was possibly the head of his community in his brief day. The writer must regret that these Sheriffs did not leave behind them instruments with which something of their careers might have been dug from the oblivion which surrounds, and must ever surround, them now. But men engaged in the accumulation of money have little time for preparing the materials of history. We can only regret the silence of these Sheriffs in the record and return to the Jail, where we will find

all the material we may require for our present purpose.

Like the celebrated slave-ship " Brookes," there were a few Calcutta ships that were famous or infamous for the number of European convicts which they carried to New Holland.

Foremost among them were the ships " Frederick " and " Eliza," the barque " Lady Munro " and the brig " Favourite." There must be many people in Australia to-day to whom these ships played the part which the " Mayflower " played to our Puritan American friends of the New England States. Our Australians would possibly not be so anxious to claim relationship with the " Favourite " as the Eastern Americans have been with the " Mayflower." But their reasons for not doing so we should regard as the weakest sort of false modesty, since a great number of those who made the forced passage to New South Wales in these ships were men who had something more and better behind them than the wretched religious squabbles of the cruel and gloomy fanatics who landed on Plymouth Rock from the " Mayflower."

An American has very wittily remarked that " it might have been well for America had Plymouth Rock landed on them." Private soldiers and poor civilians had by no means a monopoly of the convicts' part in this trade. Occasionally a doctor, a woman and a few officers found themselves on their way to the southern continent as convicts.

But rank or caste being a strong social instinct in the early nineteenth century, our officer convict fared a good deal better than the private in the same position, on the passage to Port Jackson, or Port Phillip.

Here are two officers, Messrs. Mosely and Grant, transported to New South Wales in 1809. From the following letter of one of the owners of the "Favourite" to the Secretary of the Marine Board, it would seem that, though convicts, our officers had not lost the status of gentlemen.

They are styled such in more than one official document relating to them, and though no longer addressed by their military rank (Lieutenant and Cadet) they are always referred to as "Mr." when being spoken of.

To

JOHN SHORE, ESQ.

My Dear Sir,

In agreeing to allow Mr. Mosely and Mr. Grant to go as passengers on our brig the "Favourite" to New South Wales, we wish to stipulate—

First. That they be satisfied with the accommodation that Captain Dundas can give them, which will be room to hang their cots in the steerage, but neither of them can have a cabin.

Second. That they conform in every respect to the orders of the Commander of the vessel, whose endeavours will be to make their situation as comfortable as the vessel will admit, and that if necessary he shall be at liberty to enforce obedience to his orders.

Third. That they shall not be allowed to carry on board arms of any description, neither will they be allowed to carry any sealed letters from any person whatever, or any letters or papers but what shall be submitted to the inspection of Captain Dundas.

Fourth. They will fare the same in point of eating with the Commander and his officers, but it may be proper (with one of these persons in particular) to limit their allowance of liquors, not from its value but from the consequences that might result from excess; and we therefore propose that each of them be allowed a pint of Madeira and a bottle of Beer per day, but no spirituous liquors on any account whatever, and we would wish that it might be officially communicated to those persons that this allowance and the restriction

respecting spirits has been ordered by Government.

We shall leave it entirely to the Board to allow what may be deemed reasonable for the passage of these persons to New South Wales, having only to observe that nothing but a desire to meet the wishes of Government would have induced us to allow them to proceed on the brig, and therefore that any pecuniary advantage to be derived from their passage money is with us no object whatever.

The vessel will drop down on Tuesday next at least below the Fort, where we wish Mr. Mosely and Mr. Grant to be sent on board, and as there will be no sepoys or armed persons in the vessel, we should be glad if a small guard were ordered to attend the vessel to have the charge of the prisoners till leaving the Pilot, with whom the guard might be directed to return to Town.

Yours, etc.,

J. SCOTT.

21st January, 1809.

Mosely and Grant set out in due course and were well down the river by the 5th of February, on which day the military escort bade adieu to the "Favourite" with a letter from Captain David

Dundas, informing the Sheriff that he had received the abovenamed gentlemen and was on his way to sea.

The " Favourite " arrived at her destination no doubt all well, for we meet her often again in Calcutta, and possibly our gentlemen convicts after a few years' hard labour in Australia would be granted tickets-of-leave and proceed to take their places in building up the infant Commonwealth.

Possibly their descendants are to be found in Australia to-day, but, as I have before remarked, they would not be likely to lay claim to the honour of having sprung from the passengers of the " Favourite." Had either of these men stolen a continent or killed a million of their fellow-beings, the matter would have been somewhat different. The extraordinary thing about theft and murder is that, as the offence increases, the crime is lessened till the point where the offence becomes great is reached, then the perpetrator ceases to be a criminal, becomes a hero, and incidentally the idol of those who have benefited by his robberies and his slayings.

Certainly, he requires the help of others to perpetrate those acts on a large scale, and it may be here that we find the distinction between robbery and victory. Robbery is usually committed by one or a small group of individuals. Victory is attained by many, and may extend to the whole nation. But, nevertheless, thousands are killed, cities are pillaged, territories are occupied and general

devastation is spread all around. When this point is reached there is no talk of robbery by the vanquished, they unfortunately are unable to send their enemies to Botany Bay.

The barque "Lady Munro," 250 tons, came to a sad and an untimely end, at the Island of Amsterdam, on the morning of the 12th October, 1833, at about 1 A.M. She left Calcutta on the 27th June with some passengers and three convicts for Tasmania, *via* Madras and the Isle of France. At Madras she picked up other passengers and seven convicts (all soldiers), and when she left Port Louis, had on board ninety-seven persons all told.

On the night of the 11th of October the barque was running along at the rate of nine knots an hour, with all sail set and a strong wind on the quarter. The night was cold, dark and rainy, and although the Captain (Aiken) expected to pass to windward of the Island about thirteen miles at 2 A.M., yet neither he nor either of his two European officers were on deck after midnight, the barque at that hour having been handed over to the Serang. McCosh, one of the passengers, and an Assistant Surgeon in the service of the East India Company, who survived and described the wreck, says that when he went on deck at 12-30 he found the Serang in charge of the ship and asked him if he had seen the land. The Serang replied that he had not, but that he was looking for it. He found it about half an hour later, for the barque, rushing along with every sail

drawing, ran right on the lower rocks of the Island in a heavy and terrific surf and was rent to pieces in a few minutes. All the passengers except McCosh were asleep at the time, as was the watch below.

McCosh had just time to make his way to the top of the poop ladder, when the ship went to pieces under his feet, and he found himself in the breakers amidst a lot of wreckage with which he was thrown on the rocks, when he managed to crawl clear of the water. A few minutes afterwards he discovered an individual who had also been washed ashore, but who seemed from his conduct to have lost his reason.

He proved to be one of the convicts, named James Boyle, whom we discover in the record as one of the three sent on board the ill-fated barque at Calcutta.

The following morning McCosh discovered other survivors of the wreck, which including the Chief Officer (Evatt), another European convict (Forsyth) from Madras, four native servants, and fourteen lascars, amongst whom is the Serang who was in charge of the ship when she went ashore. The total number of survivors was thus twenty-two, which leaves a total of seventy-five who perished with the ship. McCosh's narrative of the wreck is probably long since forgotten, so it may not be out of place to give his list of those who lost their lives in the catastrophe.

They were:-

Captain Aiken and brother (second officer) ..	2
Mrs. Aiken (the Captain's wife) and child ..	2
Mrs. Mountford and Miss Hazlewood of Madras	2
Mrs. Captain Brown and four children (H. M. 57th Regiment)	5
Captain and Mrs. Lardner and three children (50th Madras Native Infantry) ..	5
Captain and Mrs. Knox (6th Madras Cavalry)	2
Lieut. and Mrs. Farmer and one child (H. M. 39th Regiment)	3
Lieut. Clarke and two boys (H. M. 62nd Regiment)	3
Quarter-Master Lloyd (H. M. 30th Regiment)	1
Mr. Lawrie of Calcutta	1
Mr. Monteith of Madras	1
Mr. Fisher of Sydney	1
Eight European convicts and four European servants	12
Nine native servants and twenty-six Lascars ..	35
	75

In speaking of the convicts McCosh says: "Not one of the convicts was encumbered by irons or under any restraint at the time; they were all stout, able-bodied men." It may be sufficient to add that Boyle died on the Island the following day, having drank a whole bottle of brandy (at one

draught) which was picked up from the wreck and given to him by some of the other survivors. McCosh and the others, except Forsyth, were taken on board an American schooner and carried back to Port Louis. Forsyth stayed behind on the Island, with some of the crew of the schooner who had been left to capture seals and fish till the vessel the "General Jackson" returned from the Isle of France.

Rajchunder Mozumdar
Sheriffs writer
&c &c &c

Sir

I have got the accompanying Receipts Repaired, but Mr. Jones was so Drunk & abusive that he spoiled one, I was therefore obliged to make another which I have Sent you and Jullar sent the one he spoiled, he says he Does not want Clothes that he wants the money I am Your

Calcutta
24th Sept. 1816

Most Obedt &
Humble Servt
John Collier
Jailor.

Rs. 40/

Received from John Williamson Fulton Esquire Sheriff of Calcutta the Sum of Sicca Rupees Forty for my Clothing Dated this 23rd day of September [illegible]

Witness

Mr. Jones was a Military convict on his way to Australia. These documents are too eloquent to need comment. A people whose convicts could get drunk in Jail must have had an easy task in overturning the old effete Kingdoms of India.

CHAPTER X.

THE PILLORY.—WAS SET UP AT THE CROSS ROADS AT LALL BAZAR AND CHITPORE ROAD.—THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.—GIBBETS AT MELANCHOLY POINT.—INSANITARY CONDITION OF THE JAIL.—ITS GOVERNMENT.

Where the cross roads meet at the corner of Bentinck Street, Bowbazar Street, Chitpore Road and Lall Bazar, the Pillory was set up for the public punishment of criminals. In its earlier days this was built to hold three convicts, but later, these gentry increasing in numbers, it was enlarged to hold five. The punishment of evil-doers in old Calcutta lacked nothing in point of severity and diversity, for, if the crime was a serious one, the punishment included branding on the hand, whipping through the streets on more than one occasion, exhibition in the Pillory for hours, and imprisonment in the Jail for years. Let us take a few of those sentences at random and see what they were.

Name	Offence.	Sentence.
(1) Chrishnamani	Larceny	Let her be burnt in the hand and let her be imprisoned in the House of Correction without bail or mainprize for the space of three months and during that time to be kept to hard labour.

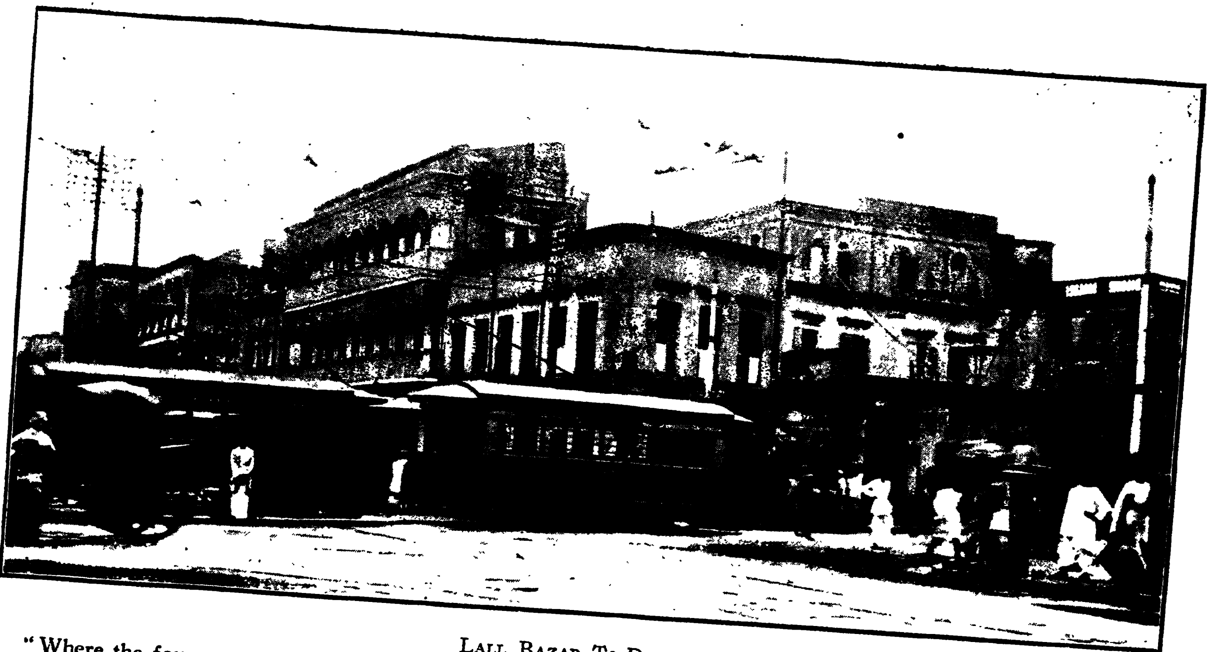
Name.	Offence.	Sentence.
(2) Ramjoy Ghose	Guilty of stealing of the value of ten pence.	Let him be imprisoned till Monday the twentieth day of this present month of January 1793 and let him on that day be carried to Burra Bazar between the hours of ten in the morning and two in the afternoon and let him be whipped from the south end to the north end and back again from the north end to the south end thereof and then be discharged at Chitpore Bridge.
(3) John Gale	For murder.	Let him be taken from here to the Common Jail of Calcutta and there imprisoned until Friday next the fifteenth day of December instant and on that day let him be taken between the hours of eight in the morning and twelve at noon to the place of execution (which place of execution the Sheriff is hereby directed to prepare at the south end of the Chitpore Road in Calcutta where the four roads meet) and let him be there hanged by the neck until he is dead.

SECOND SESSIONS 1797.

Name.	Offence.	Sentence.
Nobby	For murder	Let him be taken from hence to the Common Jail of Calcutta and there imprisoned till Friday the twenty-second day of December instant and on that day let him be taken between the hours of eight in the morning and twelve at noon to the place of execution (which place of execution the Sheriff is hereby directed to prepare on the spot of ground in Calcutta where the Old Court House stood) and let him be there hanged by the neck until he is dead.

FIRST SESSIONS 1795.

Name.	Offence.	Sentence.
Antonio Buafas Ram Mohan Lall Jaze Incil Mathew Cazanavic Ram Mohan Lall	Burglary	Let them each and every of them be taken from hence to the Common Jail of Calcutta and there imprisoned till Monday the tenth day of August next and on that day let each and every of them be taken from the said Jail to the place of execution (which place of execution the Sheriff is hereby directed to prepare as near the house of Chaitan Seal in Calcutta as conveniently may be) and there let them the said Antonio Buafas, Francisco Blanc, Jaze Incil, Mathew Cazanavic and Ram Mohan Lall and each and every of them be hanged by the neck until they and each and every of them are dead.
Radha Monee	Perjury	Let him be imprisoned in the Common Jail of Calcutta until Friday next the fourteenth of December instant and on that day let him be taken to the Lall Bazar in Calcutta where the four roads meet and there placed in and upon the Pillory for the space of one hour (and let the Sheriff at the same time affix on the Pillory a paper writing in the country languages expressing the name of this Radha Monee and the offence for which he is punished). Let him then be again imprisoned in the said Jail until Monday the seventeenth day of December instant and on that day let him be taken to the Burra Bazar in Calcutta and there whipt from the south end to the north end of the said Burra Bazar and back again from the north end to the south end of the said Burra Bazar and back again. Let him then be again



LALL BAZAR TO-DAY.

"Where the four cross roads meet." Where the pillory was set up, and where executions took place in old Calcutta.

FIRST SESSIONS 1795—*contd.*

Name.	Offence.	Sentence.
		imprisoned in the said Jail till the seventeenth day of January next and on that day let him be again taken to the said Burra Bazar and again there whipt from the south end to the north end of the said Burra Bazar and back again from the north end to the south end thereof. Let him then be further imprisoned in the said Jail until the eighteenth day of February next and on the said last mentioned day let him be again taken to the said Burra Bazar and again there whipt from the south end to the north end of the said Burra Bazar and back again from the north end to the south end thereof. Let him then be carried to the House of Correction in Calcutta and there imprisoned without bail or mainprize and kept to hard labour for the space of two years to be counted from the said eighteenth day of February next.

It would seem that those were burnt on the hand, who had committed such offences as theft and manslaughter. Perjurers, of whom there were many, were always placed in the Pillory and, as we have seen, were whipped along the streets on their way there. Another famous route for those whippings was from the tank along Lall Bazar "to the house of Mr. Willoughby Leigh in Bow Bazar." The paper writing which was hung on the Pillory recounting the prisoner's crime was couched in

these terms. So and so " stands here for the crime of," which is then set out, " and his further punishment is," then follows the rest of the sentence.

This Pillory was a wooden structure, which was stored away when not in use, as was the gallows, which was shifted about from place to place as occasion required. We find that for many years previous to and down to 1820 these, and the prisoners' cart, were set up and removed by one Joseph Simpson, a contractor. The prisoners' cart was some sort of a primitive structure drawn by six bullocks, and was always accompanied in its progress from the Jail to the Supreme Court, and from the Court back to the Jail, by a guard of Sepoys.

Its progress was slow, but it was sure, and was quite rapid enough for the times till 1850, when the first van to be drawn by horses was provided at a cost of six hundred and fifty rupees by a generous Government. In that year the Government also invested in a new gallows, the drop of which cost one hundred and four rupees, nine annas and two pies. It appears that although Calcutta was, in 1850, a city far ahead of Madras in commerce, in wealth, and in all that these things beget, she was yet a long distance behind the southern city in her arrangements and appliances for the execution of criminals. It was from the Sheriff of the latter city that the plans were sent for the new gallows

at Calcutta, for if Madras was lagging behind in other matters she was the foremost city in India where hanging was concerned. I trust the citizens of Calcutta were duly thankful for being put in the way of sending their criminals to a better world without delay or pain. Their thanks should have been all the more sincere since they were not likely to envy Madras her pre-eminence in the grim and gloomy matter.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

Busteed speaks in his work on old Calcutta of the place of execution of Nuncomar. It is quite clear from the Sheriff's record that executions took place in many parts of the city till about 1800, and in many cases the object seems to have been to execute the criminal as near as possible to the scene of his crime.

Where this is done, the place is always indicated in the sentence; where no particular spot is named, the Sheriff is directed to carry the sentence into effect at "the usual place of execution." After 1800 we find no further mention of particular places. All criminals are then executed at the same place, and this "place" till 1825 was "near the Coolie Bazar."

We find in all the Sheriff's communications previous to 1825 to the Town Major, the Magistrates and the Constables, when informing them officially of an execution, that he always speaks of the sentence

being carried into effect, "at the usual place of execution near the Coolie Bazar." After 1825 the official communications speak of "the usual place of execution immediately to the south of the Jail," which had been fixed upon as the place of execution in that year. If this evidence goes for anything in a city where criminals were hanged everywhere, we think with Busteed that it is certain that it was near Coolie Bazar that Nuncomar was executed.

There is much evidence in existence to show that it took place somewhere to the south of the Fort, and Busteed with this evidence before him concludes that it was at Coolie Bazar that the execution took place. The Sheriff's record, so far as it goes, agrees with this conclusion. If we consider further the practice of executing criminals at cross roads, it is almost certain that Nuncomar was executed at some spot at or near the cross roads to the north of the present Kidderpore Bridge.

Those whose offences were committed at sea, or below the port of Calcutta on the river, had another place of execution to themselves, which was at Melancholy Point, below the Botanical Gardens.

They were taken there in a barge on which a gallows was erected and at the Point in question were duly hanged till quite dead. Ashore on the Point was a fine display of Gibbets to which the dead bodies were removed after execution had been done upon them, and lest there should be any doubt

as to the security of the bands that were to bind the bodies to the Gibbets, it was always carefully provided that these bodies should be hung on the Gibbets "in chains."

That these Gibbets were a source of importance, if not of pride, to the Marine officials of the Government is clear, for we find Mr. Naval Store-Keeper Eliot, in 1814, in a private letter to the Sheriff informing the latter that on his (Mr. Eliot's) journey up the river from Diamond Harbour he observed "all the Gibbets are in danger of falling into the river if measures are not taken by you to remove them further off the river-side." No doubt the Sheriff was duly thankful for the information, and proceeded at once to adopt the necessary measures to preserve these interesting emblems and instruments of Government and Justice. For what city with any pretensions to civilization could have got along in the year 1814 without these interesting landmarks? They were just in the right position to greet the mariner on his return from the battles of the stormy seas; and to remind him that a stern justice awaited the nautical evil-doer who had transgressed the benign laws which a wise and grateful country had forged in the interests of commerce and the security of property and life at sea. That commerce and those ships of a hundred years ago were not the mere chattels and things of traffic which they are to-day. The burden was laden upon the good ship "in the name

of God," while the ship herself was dedicated to the same Almighty Power when she was sent forth upon her voyage. That power was finally invoked to bring her safe to her port of destination, for the benefit, perhaps, of many in whom the Almighty could have had but little interest, since the many included those who had grown rich and fat on the tears and the sweat of their more honest but less cunning brethren.

This ship, however, did not always arrive safe. Sometimes she perished by the way, and when she did, it is more than possible that those interested in her reaching port safely were too surely conscious of their own shortcomings to enter anything like a protest against the power which had so far neglected their prayers and dedication as to allow the good ship to beat herself to pieces on the iron teeth of Amsterdam, or founder amidst the gigantic and bitter combers of the stormy Cape.

We are unable to discover anything further about the Gibbets after 1820, nor can we tell at what period the practice of hanging dead bodies upon them came to an end.

Later, the opposite practice to hanging on the Gibbets seems to have been adopted, for the dead body was now removed after execution and sunk in the river off Prinsep's Ghat. We find this being done as late as 1855, but the bodies thus disposed of do not seem to have been those of persons convicted of offences at sea. These unfortunates

were probably those who had no friends or relatives to claim the body and dispose of it in the ordinary way by burial or burning. For we find that while some were sunk in the river, others at the same time were buried, but why, the record does not tell us.

The present Superintendent of the Alipore Jail, Lt.-Col. Mulvany, I.M.S., wrote an article or read a paper lately on the mortality in the early Indian Jails. If sanitation were an exact science, and if microbes and germs were half as deadly as they are credited with being, it would certainly be astonishing, not that so many died in those old Indian Jails, but that any group of men could ever have survived in them at all. In our own particular Jail, the Hurrin Baree, which might be considered as the chief of all those in India, some of the cesspools were not cleaned out more often than once in nine years. And not then, unless they became so offensive that neither the Jail authorities nor the prisoners could endure them any longer. When this condition had been reached something had to be done, but there were no means at hand to do it, and relief had always to be sought from outside. Fort William in Bengal seems to have enjoyed an unenviable reputation in this direction, and even in this year of strife, 1918, appears to be in many ways what it was in 1840.

It always possessed an army of scavengers who were careful to make their presence felt by those

who had the misfortune to live in this place of arms, and it was always to these scavengers that the Jailors had to turn when matters in the Hurrin Baree had reached the limit of human endurance. But these scavengers were men whose services were always required at night in the Fort, and if the Jail cesspools were to be cleaned at all, they must be cleaned during the day.

No less a place than Tolly's Nullah was the spot into which all the refuse of the Jail was thrown. As this refuse amounted to many tons when it was dealt with, it is not hard to imagine the state and the smell along the road from the Jail to the Nullah at the time of this decadal cleaning.

This cleaning was no trifling matter; all sorts of people had to be informed of the time when it was to take place, while the Police were directed to keep the roads clear, and not to interfere—nor allow others to do so—with the scavengers from the Fort.

To get these men to do the work the Jailor had to arrange to give them a certain sum for the whole task. It is amusing to reflect how these Jailors were performing the duties of a sanitary board, for what reason and for what remuneration.

It only remains to add a few remarks on the government of the Jail and we have done with this branch of the record. I have remarked before that the Jail at Calcutta was also known as "His

Majesty's Jail," and it would seem that every official who could lay claim to be in any way connected with His Majesty might also claim to have something to say or do with the Jail. To begin with, the Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Deputy Governor, the Judges, the Secretaries to Government, the Magistrates and the Town Major were all interested in this popular institution.

The Sheriff was nominally the person in charge and responsible for the Jail administration. He paid all the expenses connected with the Jail, which were afterwards repaid by Government. Occasionally he made rules and regulations for the prison, while the Jailor was a person of his own choice, but who was at the same time in the service of Government. There was also a European Jail Sergeant employed in the Jail. This officer was appointed by the Town Major and sometimes by no less an official than the Deputy Governor. The Sergeant, not being dependent on the smiles of either the Sheriff or the Jailor for his appointment, treated them with as little courtesy as was consistent with decency. Then there were some servants and Burkandazes who were directly under the control of the Sheriff and the Jailor, and lastly there was a Military guard of Sepoys with whom the Sheriff and the Jailor were instructed not to meddle in any way. This guard resided in the Fort, was under the control of the Brigade or Town Major and merely did duty at the Jail in turns.

By the side of the Jail was located the House of Correction, which was under the direct control of the Chief Magistrate. The Sheriff also paid the monthly expenses of this establishment, beyond which he had no connection with it. Sometimes the Jailor was also the Keeper of the House of Correction, sometimes he was not. The Chief Magistrate was also a person always consulted by Government on all things relating to the Jail. On Sundays the European prisoners from the House of Correction were brought into the Jail to attend church or chapel, as it was in the Jail that these places of worship were situated. In this divided control there was plenty of scope for disagreement, with the result that wranglings and quarrels take up half the time of the persons concerned. It leads to lots of writing, plenty of opinions, but never to any progress in the administration of the affairs of the Jail. Your Briton of the Mutiny period, besides being the greatest of colonists, was also a great administrator, since he was not the man to so arrange anything that the possibilities of quarrels and friction might be lessened, for he seems to have regarded any system of control as imperfect which did not contain within itself the seeds of future trouble for all concerned. Lest the reader should think this a piece of sarcasm or a jest, we will bring this part of the record to a close with a quotation from a letter of the Governor of the Jail to the Sheriff in 1851, when it might be expected the

machinery of the Jail administration would be in smooth working order, having been running for over three-quarters of a century.

King has been asking the Sheriff for an increase to the sum advanced monthly for feeding the prisoners and concludes: " And for the last month (August) alone the diet bill stood at Rs. 711-5-0. And that to be incurred for the current month will probably exceed this sum. The result is that I have become pecuniarily involved inasmuch as I have been constrained to draw on my own limited resources for the benefit of the public service in advancing diet money for the prisoners."

Comment would only spoil this complaint. So we will leave the reader to amuse himself in drawing conclusions as to what it reveals. We will now pass on to consider another part of the record, but before doing so we may fittingly take a glance at a few more of our Sheriffs as we come down the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER XI.

SHERIFFS FROM 1847 TO 1890.—AGE OF SLEEP AND STAGNATION.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE AT ITS LOWEST EBB DURING THIS PERIOD.

Following Seth Aratoon Apcar in 1866 were these:—

Henry Crooke, 1867.
Charles Frederic Burgett, 1868.
James Rome, 1869.
Phillipus Astwachuttor Cavorke, 1870.
James Richard Bullen Smith, 1871.
John Cowie, 1872.
Thomas Maltby Robinson, 1873.
Manakjee Rustomjee, 1874.
Digumber Mitter, C.S.I., 1875.
James Richard Bullen Smith, 1876.
John Francis Ogilvy, 1877.
William Joseph Curtoys, } 1878.
Edmund Charles Morgan, }
Edmund Charles Morgan, } 1879.
Elias David Joseph Ezra, }
Robert Steel, 1880.
George Francis Mewburn, } 1881.
Walter Ewing Crum, }
Durga Churn Law, 1882.
Robert Miller, }
Nawab Syed Ashgar Ali } 1883.
Khan Bahadur, C.S.I., }

Henry William Irvine Wood, 1884.
George Elphinstone Keith, 1885.
George Yule, 1886.
Sir Alexander Wilson, *Kt.*, 1887.
Mahendra Läll Sircar, M.D., C.I.E., 1888.
Joseph Elias David Joseph Ezra, 1889.
Henry Blois Hawkins Turner, 1890.

These twenty-eight Sheriffs beheld the gradual decline and almost the extinction of what had been for a century an important and an honourable office. They beheld their jurisdiction confined to the City of Calcutta, many of their sources of revenue cut off and diverted to other channels, and, as usual, arrangements made which were sure to bring trouble and confusion to their unfortunate successors.

This age of sleep and stagnation was broken only by an occasional Commission which would have been much better employed in any other task or amusement than that on what it was now and then engaged. They had muddled through the Mutiny and might henceforth see to it that 1914 was made sure and certain for their successors. How well they performed their task we, to our sorrow, know. There was probably little to choose between the Anglo-Indian and the British official during this stagnant period. They had both sprung from the same source, their methods were much the same, and both slept on in that placid ignorance

from which neither warnings nor forebodings could or would awake them. If we look back beyond the time of the Babylonian Empire and picture the decay and extinction of all great states from then till now, we will observe that these states were all, with the exception of Babylon itself, subject to periods of youth and progress, maturity and strength, and finally age, decay and extinction. These periods in many instances embraced centuries, for nations seldom pass away in a day. The British Empire in 1914, if measured by the lives of Empires in general, was merely in its youth. What its people were as compared with their fathers of the past two centuries we need not now enquire, but they certainly had not reached that state of decay which would ensure the dissolution of the state when the first storm of adversity overtook it.

And yet the danger in 1914 was imminent and appalling, not so much because of the German Power as of the hopeless state of chaos into which the nation had drifted.

With everything in the world by which a state might be made great and strong, the storm when it came found the people of the Empire a disorganised, unconscious multitude, with a Government almost as incapable of action as themselves. They possessed but one attribute, courage, and it was to this alone that the state owed its salvation. On that eventful day or night in 1914, when the war-lords



Sahebzadah Gholam Mohammed Shah, Sheriff, 1913.

of Teutonia resolved on war, the possibilities for Britain were deadly in the extreme. Here, but for an accident, extinction was certain and sure; and for the first time in a period of two thousand five hundred years, the world might have beheld again a wealthy and a reputed potent Empire pass away in a night.

The administration which made this danger possible has been called "statesmanship." The bones of Peel, Russell, Palmerston, and Disraeli, with their dead colleagues and successors, have not been torn from their graves and scattered to the winds of the North Sea. Perhaps, they were not more guilty than most of their compatriots.

The period from 1862 till 1890 is a blank so far as our Sheriffs are concerned, and he who would know who and what they were must seek for information in some quarter outside the record of the Sheriffs.

It is only necessary to distinguish H. B. H. Turner, the Sheriff in 1890. He was a member of the firm of Messrs. Turner Morrison & Co., and his Shrievalty was memorable from the fact that in his year of office the institution had reached the limit of its downward progress, become bankrupt and was unable to pay its way. Our oriental Disraelis were slumbering along their path of progress and things were going merrily for the confusion of all around them.

CHAPTER XII.

Jurors in old Calcutta.—Few Europeans escaped service.—Anglo-Indians permitted to serve on Juries, 1828.—Fate of the Adelphi Hotel.—Jurors entertained at the Town Hall.—Sheriff's return to the petty Jury, 1803.

Nothing in old Calcutta so intimately concerned our worthy British citizens as the system of trial by Jury. It pervaded the whole social life of the city. Few were exempt from its operation, and few crimes were committed with which the Jury did not deal.

For about the first twenty-five years of its existence the Supreme Court conducted its affairs as if Impey, his colleagues and successors were under the impression that the administration of justice was of more importance than money-making or personal convenience. In consequence, they were not slow in endeavouring to persuade any citizen, who thought otherwise, of his error; and that they succeeded in doing so is beyond a doubt. It appears the first qualification of a Juror was that he had been born in the British Isles, the second that he professed the Protestant religion, and the third that he was twenty-one years of age. With these qualifications and advantages, he was fit to start upon his career as a Juror; a career that was to

last till he had attained the age of sixty years, joined his fellow Jurors in Circular Road, or taken his departure from Calcutta.

The legal net devised for the capture of Jurors was closely woven and was widely thrown. Its meshes would hold every qualified Briton in Calcutta, from the Secretary to the Government, the Judges of the Sudder Dewany Adalut and Magistrates to the shoemaker or the cooper in Cossitollah. No favour was shown, for all were compelled to serve. It was not till about 1800 that exemptions from service began, and only then, and for many years afterwards, of the principal Secretaries to Government and some of the Judges of the Sudder Dewany Adalut; but these exemptions were allowed not under any existing rule of law but by the grace of His Majesty's Judges of the Supreme Court.

The Grand Juror who failed to attend the Sessions was fined the modest sum of five hundred rupees, while the Petty Juror was compelled to part with two hundred sicca rupees for a like disregard of his public duty. Lest the matter should be forgotten no time was lost in enforcing payment of the fine, which was done by a warrant directed to the Sheriff to arrest the Juror concerned and keep him (in jail) till the fine was paid.

Many years have passed since a Juror was last arrested by the Sheriff. Not because the Juror of to-day is more mindful of his public duties than was

the Juror of a hundred years ago; but because the warrant is too sharp and too direct an instrument to be used at present by a tender-hearted Judge on the delicate person and feelings of the modern individual who wilfully or otherwise neglects to play his part in the scheme of society as he finds it.

Your modern merchant and tradesman has grown too soft and tender to bear such direct and effective treatment, and your modern Judge is possibly not so cold-hearted as our philosophic Impey, prone to believe that arrest would be good and salutary for the education and character of the Juror, since it would teach him, in a manner admitting of no contradiction, that life is not all sunshine and roses and that the man who refuses to obey the laws in a virtuous state of society is a fool. The writer is reminded that a Juror was arrested by order of Mr. Justice Rankin in 1919. Being a person of unsound mind he received the sympathy of the Court and was forthwith released.

From the following names and callings of Jurors taken at random from the early records it will be seen that the Briton has changed his occupation and business a good deal during the last century in Calcutta. To-day he is mainly a merchant, merchant's assistant or a clerk. Then he was anything from a Judge to an undertaker, and was to be found in every trade and profession which he would have been likely to practice had we met him in London instead of in Calcutta.

Richard John Edward	Horse Jockey.
Thomas Colvin	Coach Maker.
James Armitage	Tailor.
William Bastard	Ship Builder.
John Pearson	Punch House Keeper, Bow Bazar.

James Board ..	Lodging House Keeper.
George Chinnery ..	Portrait Painter.
Francis Agar ..	Watch Maker.
Robert Allen ..	Mariner.
William Bell ..	Europe Shop Keeper.
Thomas Baker .	Livery Stable Keeper.
Henry Brown ..	Tide Waiter.
William Castleman ..	Scavenger.
William Coomb ..	Undertaker.
John Richardson Camp ..	Wine Dealer.
John Duckett ..	Carpenter.
Richard Frederick Crow .	Sworn Broker.
William Dunlop ..	Captain.
James Draper ..	School Master.
George Mitchell ..	Cooper.
Peter Marshall ..	Tavern Keeper.
Thomas Taylor ..	Seal Engraver.
Alexander Watts ..	Shoe Maker.
William Wallaston ..	Carver and Guilder.
Henry Mansell ..	Dancing Master.
James Mackenzie ..	Painter.
Thomas Shutter ..	Dentist.
Thomas Thomkins ..	Tanner.

Charles William Lewis	..	To be heard of at the Custom House.
John Jennings	..	House Builder.
Alexander Burn	..	Cabinet Maker.
Francis Harvey	..	Musical Instrument Maker.
Thomas Morris	..	Miniature Painter.
William Smith	....	Hair Dresser.
Robert Dickie		Captain of a Ship.
John Brown	....	Country Captain.

It will be observed that George Chinnery, the celebrated painter, figures in this group.

Shop-keepers, merchants and their assistants figure by the score in these lists. All the trades and crafts seem to be represented and each has numerous followers. Where a person is described as a cooper, for instance, the description does not mean that he employed people to make barrels, but means that he made the barrels himself. This is equally true of the other trades, for our European had not yet discovered that Calcutta was much too warm a place in which to indulge in any physical exertion.

A man, of course, may engage in a game of football in Calcutta in the months of May or June, and, while doing so, put forth as much physical energy under very violent conditions as would enable him to make many barrels, cabinets or musical instruments, if that energy was used to

construct these useful articles. But sport is sport, a thing more sacred than trades or crafts, so a man must not be expected to do as much hard work in the interests of his bread and clothing as in those of sport and amusement. Our European craftsman has certainly been eliminated from the life of this city, although he seems to have got on very well a century ago.

A very few survive to-day, and those few are surely as happy and prosperous as they could reasonably expect to be, were they employed at their trades in any street in London or Northampton instead of being employed in Hastings Street, Calcutta. Their elimination was, of course, due to " economic laws " which so readily furnish complete and unanswerable reasons for the extinction of any class in the social life of a people who still regard Smith and his followers as holy and unerring economic prophets. Other nations may have regarded those prophets with contempt, and by their commercial, scientific, and other achievements shown how justified they were in doing so. But these achievements would not be likely to impress or convince a people who, with a depopulated Empire extending over one-fifth of the globe, still regard themselves as the greatest colonists of all time. Calcutta will bear witness to this greatness at some period in the remote future when the British Empire will have been numbered with those of Alexander and the Cæsars. Then the

antiquary, groping and digging amidst the ruins of this once mighty city, will lay bare the outline and the majestic proportions of our Public Bath on the Strand Road, and amidst the ruin of its fallen splendour will sigh to think that such an Empire could ever pass away; an Empire which on the banks of the Hughli constructed so noble an edifice of public utility that the Baths of Caracalla were dwarfed in comparison.

Were economic laws the sole cause of our craftsmen's disappearance from this city? Can it be that our Empire-builders, who have shown their competency in the preservation of the unfit, have acted a principal part in the elimination?

In that part of Calcutta which lies adjacent to and eastward of Government House, there existed some time previous to, and some time after, 1891, a hotel which was in many respects one of the principal institutions of its kind in this city. The house in which the business was carried on was a large three-storied building replete with all the conveniences that could make it a place of luxury and comfort. Had the building been erected on Chowringhee Road or in that part of the city beloved of our local aristocracy and known as "South of Park Street," it might have contributed in deserving for Calcutta its title of "The City of Palaces." The clientele of the place was composed of many of the principal men of business in the town, particularly those with a weakness or a taste for

sport and racing. These brought in their train all the trainers and jockeys in the city, and to add to the gaiety and life of the place our breezy and sociable sea Captains came there in scores. The place was renowned for the number and beauty of its barmaids, who, like their sister butterflies of the summer gardens, came and vanished after having for a short season shed their fragrance on the tropical air of Calcutta. Its halls and bars were the scenes of mirth and revelry at all hours, but particularly from early night till early morn. All the emotions and passions of which man is capable were surging here, like the breakers on the windward side of the Island of Amsterdam. Love, hatred, hope and despair jostled exaltation, generosity or avarice as these were incited by the brandy, the wines and the influences of the varied throng. Presiding over or sitting enthroned in the midst of these festivities, inciting the love and hope of some, the despair of others, were those magnificent Anglo-Saxon and Celtic sirens, who in another sphere might have had their names and charms emblazoned on their country's roll of beauty, or have borne sons to wear the fantastic ornaments of the British Peerage.

Those revellers have passed away; those sea Captains have long since sailed on their last voyage, and the butterflies have taken wing to fulfil their destinies in the scheme of life and eternity.

The city by the Hughli has not yet reached the age nor the decline of Nineveh or Luxor, and this lofty building still rears its substantial proportions amidst Calcutta's sunny skies. But its halls and bars are silent and deserted now; given over to the emblems and the instruments of mortality and the grave. Where our citizens revelled a hearse now stands, and where our starlings preened their wings in the hour of their glory and their triumph the marble cross, the tombstone, and the cypress wreath stand ready, to mark the last resting-place of a future tenant in the cemetery in Circular Road.

In a sentence, this famous hotel has become the business premises of an undertaker. I do not know if anything could better illustrate the direction in which the European in India is progressing.

The reader in his musings may possibly discover a connection between the fate of this hotel and the laws—human, racial and economic—which have disposed of our British craftsman in this city.

While the roll of the Jurors was confined to Protestant British-born citizens, every class in Calcutta was clamouring to be permitted to discharge the honourable office of a Juror. The Anglo-Indians presented a monster petition to the Court in 1828 to have this civic privilege extended to their class, but even at this early period there were all sorts of opinions as to how that class should be named. A mixture of any kind is difficult

to describe in terms of race or colour, and although there were many of those petitioners whose percentage was as English as that of Hastings himself, yet the fact that they had first beheld the light in India was sufficient in the eyes of their Western kinsmen to stamp them as inferiors and to include them in the comprehensive title of "half caste" which seems to have been applied to any man born in India whose blood was all or partly European. The petition was conceded, the Anglo-Indian would in future be entitled to discharge the duties of a Juror, and his entry into the legal arena made way in a few years for the entry of Indians, Armenians, Portuguese, and Jews. But for some years the Jury panel carefully set forth those who were British born, and those who were not. In time this distinction was also abolished. Our British Juror of Norman or Saxon origin was at length confounded with those of Asiatic descent, whose fathers had wandered from the Aegean Sea to the south-western shores of the Bay of Bengal, and in whose refined and temperate veins flowed the blood of ten thousand slaves. I know not if our modern Indian is in search of a Magna Carta to inspire him as he pursues the rough and thorny road that leads to self-government and national emancipation. If he is, here is one ready to hand, since it was possibly in this concession to the India-born Europeans in Calcutta that the first step was taken on that long march towards an Indian Parliament,

which stretches from Sir Francis Macnaghten in 1828 to Mr. Montagu in 1919.

Ninety years of service on Juries has cured or abated the ardour displayed in 1828. To-day the privilege is not, to serve, but to be exempt from service, with the result that hundreds are exempt, where few should be allowed to escape this public duty.

In old Calcutta the liability to serve as Jurors was often used as a personal excuse for remaining in the city, by Magistrates, Judges and other servants of the East India Company who desired for private reasons to prolong their stay at the Presidency. The arrival of one of the Company's ships from England was then an event that concerned many men whose ordinary place of residence was perhaps hundreds of miles north or south of the Maidan. They came to the city to meet the ship which brought a wife, a child, or some other relative; the ship was not so punctual as a modern liner. There were no wires or wireless to announce that she had passed Saugor on her way up the Hughli, and it might be weeks, possibly months, beyond the time of her expected arrival when she dropped anchor at Garden Reach. The period of leave granted might expire while a man who had travelled far to come to Calcutta was awaiting the coming of the ship. In such a contingency he might solicit the Sheriff to summon him to serve on the Grand Jury. This being done, he was bound to

remain in Calcutta till the Jury was discharged. Perhaps, his wife arrived during this period Certainly the Government considered his being summoned to serve on the Jury at the Supreme Court a valid and sufficient reason for his being absent from his district in Patna or Behar. That Government does not seem to have written the Court of Directors complaining of the manner in which the Supreme Court was abusing its power in needlessly detaining the Honourable Company's servants in Calcutta. No, strange to say, it seems at that period to have regarded the Court's right to administer the laws, such as they were, as something proper and usual.

But then the Company Bahadur was merely engaged in the simple task of founding an Empire. While the number of Jurors empanelled to try a case consisted of twelve, from 1774 till after 1862, the Jurors, from the time the case was opened till they returned their verdict, were kept in the custody of the Sheriff and the constables. That they were well provided for is evident; that their labours did not interfere with their appetites is equally certain, as will be seen from this bill.

The Sheriff of Calcutta...............Dr.

July 2nd, 1814—

To Dinner for 12 Jurors at Rs.	4-0—	Rs.	48	0	0
„ 6 Bottles of Madeira „	3-0	„	18	0	0
„ 3 Bottles of Port Wine „	3-0	„	9	0	0
„ 2 Bottles of Brandy „	4-0	„	8	0	0
„ 6 Bottles Claret „	4-0	„	24	0	0
„ 1 Bottle of Gin „	1-8	„	1	8	0
„ 8 Bottles of Beer „	1-8	„	12	0	0
„ Dinner for 3 Constables „	2-0	„	6	0	0
„ Supper for 12 Jurors „	2-0	„	24	0	0
„ Supper for 3 Constables „	1-0	„	3	0	0
July 3rd, 1814—					
The use of my room, wax candles and oil		Rs.	12	0	0
			165	8	0
To Breakfast for 12 Jurors at Rs.	2-0	Rs.	24	0	0
„ Breakfast for 3 Constables „	1-0	„	3	0	0
„ 1 Bottle of Brandy „	4-0	„	4	0	0
„ 1 Bottle of Gin „	1-8	„	1	8	0
			32	8	0
		Sicca rupees	198	0	0

Received payment.

W. J. Summers.

Calcutta, 1*st August,* 1814.

Let the Under Sheriff assess the amount of what was properly expended for the decent and reasonable accommodation of the Jury.

E. H. East.

2nd September, 1814.

When this bill was presented to the Sheriff he seems to have been of opinion that Mr. Summers had been too lavish with his beer, wines and brandy. And he could not believe that twelve good citizens engaged in the serious task of determining whether Ram Kumar should be despatched to a better world or not, could have so far forgotten their public duties as to drink so much, as if the matter on which they were enjoined was one of mirth and not of death.

Foolish man, this was not an age of temperance societies and maudlin sentiment!

Mr. Summers promptly laid his case before the Chief Justice, Sir Edward Hyde East, whose remarks appear at the foot of the bill.

In the end Mr. Summers received payment and proceeded as usual to treat the Jurors in a way which they at least seem to have appreciated. The next time on which it is discovered that the Jurors are receiving too much consideration or that the caterer is charging too much for their entertainment, is in 1851. At this period and for some years previous, the Jurors are being entertained at the Town Hall. Mr. Spence sends in a bill for

Rs. 505-6-6, which ultimately reaches the Government and brings His Excellency the President in Council on the scene. It is then discovered that, instead of previous objections having led to the reduction of these amounts, they had the contrary effect, as the scale on which the Jurors have been entertained has been rising in this way. In 1830 the charge was Rs. 90. In 1842 it has risen to Rs. 101, in 1844 to Rs. 146, and in 1851 to Rs. 168 per day. There was a good deal of needless luxury concealed in this bill, and His Excellency resolved that in future the charge for entertaining the Jury must in no case exceed the sum of Rs. 80 per day.

The tide of temperance had evidently begun to make headway by now in India, for although His Excellency leaves the charge for food very much where it was, he is careful to order that in future the sum of one rupee daily, and no more, is to be allowed to each Juror for beer or wine.

Ten years later, in 1861, we have further objections raised about these entertainments, and it is becoming evident that the period of luxury for Jurors in general is drawing to a close.

The sum fixed in 1851 has not been exceeded, but what was then the minimum has now become too much. The era of Financial Commissions is not far off. Every self-respecting Government must see to it that no man shall be permitted to grow drunk or fat in the public service, and these tasks accomplished it is fitting that all should draw

their administrative mantles around them and prepare for that long official and national sleep which was to last till 1914.

In 1861 Mr. Brown has succeeded Mr. Spence. He is at a loss to understand how his modest bill could be objected to, for not only does he provide the Jurors with the old luxuries, but since the coming of the Indian Jurors, whose presence he deplores, he has been compelled to provide these very fastidious individuals with hot water baths. So far as food is concerned, our Jurors are not neglected. He gives them "mutton chops, beef-steaks, fish and round of beef to breakfast, and a dinner that any nobleman might not be ashamed to sit down to."

There is a strong flavour of your genial English Boniface in the latter part of this letter and Calcutta evidently has not in 1861 ceased to be a suburb of London. But you plead in vain, Mr. Robert Brown, both you and all you stand for are doomed to extinction. The struggles of a hundred years are past; your Government and your administrators have earned their rest, and when that rest is at length disturbed, little trace will remain that such as you have ever played a part in the life of this city of hopes and tears. Could you have drawn aside the veil of the future and beheld the slopes of the Himalayas in the year of bloodshed 1916 or thereabouts, you would have had before you a scene as startling to you as a sight of modern Egypt would

be to Rameses II, could this potent monarch revisit that favoured land to-day.

The scene which you would have beheld would have been the opening of a hotel in the shadow of Mount Everest. But not a hotel in the sense in which you understood it. There might be some mutton chops and beef-steaks, but these would be merely matters of secondary consideration, for the chief feature of the new caravansary would be imported music, with the tango and the fox-trot. Your humble labours, whatever may have been their public utility, could have brought you but little profit and less honour or notoriety. But behold what your successors have achieved! The elite of Bengal's summer capital have assembled to grace the occasion and no less a person than His Excellency the Governor does not consider it beneath his dignity to honour the occasion with his presence and wish the place all sorts of long life and prosperity. You, my good British Boniface, may have been an honest man, but you were a poor judge of human nature.

Had you or your like opened a hundred hotels in India you would have waited long ere a Governor arrived.

But the children of those slaves, who had wandered from the Aegean to the Temple of Juggernath in search of personal security, had inherited the wisdom which their parents had learned by the way.

They knew that honesty and utility are poor weapons to wield in the battle of life. They understood your countrymen better than you have ever done; and they know that if the chief could be persuaded to lend his countenance to their undertaking, the herd would follow as a matter of course. Unlike our Boniface, they were not ignorant what a small part beef and mutton plays in the affairs of life.

Amusements so-called in which the modern man and his women can display their vanity and their folly are the things that make for profit and progress, and the oriental hotel-keeper has had the wisdom to ensure that those glittering creatures were provided with the means of indulging and exhibiting their folly to the utmost. There may be a lesson here for those Governments which are alarmed when the crowd takes to politics. Free tangos and football might serve as antidotes. The serious things of life are always handicapped in competition with the frivolous, and a game of football would break up any political meeting from Birmingham to Hong Kong.

It was not only in criminal cases that our early citizens figured as Jurors; Calcutta by 1785 had acquired some sort of a land acquisition law styled "a Rule ordinance and Regulation for the good order and Civil Government of the United Company's settlement at Fort William in Bengal duly registered and published in the Supreme Court

of Judicature at Fort William aforesaid and with the consent and approbation of the said Court," under which the Commissioners, Justices or the Magistrates were empowered to acquire land or houses for the improvement of the city.

If the Justices and the owner after consultation agreed about the price for the premises,—well and good, the price was paid and the matter ended there. But, as sometimes occurred, if the owner wanted too much or the Government wanted to give too little, which came to the same thing, then the Sheriff was directed to summon twenty-four persons from which a Jury of twelve were selected to determine the matter in dispute.

These trials were held at various places. The first of which there is any record, in 1785, took place at the house of Hugh Honycomb, gentleman, clerk to the Commissioners. Later, those Commissioners are styled "Magistrates and Justices," and were no doubt the ordinary Magistrates of the city.

It was provided that where the property to be acquired belongs to an Indian, Indians were to be included in the Jury. Jurors were likewise summoned to enquire into questions of alleged insanity when such arose. We find them sitting in 1787 to determine if Mr. William Robertson, Second Officer of the "Walpole," East Indiaman, was or was not a lunatic.

After 1830, as we have before observed, all Calcutta's inhabitants of certain degree were eligible

to serve as Jurors either at the Supreme Court or before the Justices.

Here, in the case of our Jurors, evolution has played its part. It was more than fifty years after Impey's arrival in Calcutta that Indians were permitted to discharge the duties of Jurors. The Grand Jurors were still British to a man. In due time the Grand Juror was merged in the Special Juror and our Indians and others took their places in that exalted body.

Later, our native has grown to be an Indian, but not an East Indian observe, for that title is still reserved for men who do not sit on the Special Jury.

In former years it was invariably the practice amongst a mixed Special Jury to select one of the Europeans present as the foreman. That practice no longer obtains, for where, as is often the case, the Indians form a majority of the Jury they now select as the foreman one of their own countrymen.

In such cases the European Jurors, if they be men of reflective minds, will have something more than the evidence in the case from which conclusions might be drawn. Other things, besides straws, may indicate the direction in which the wind is blowing.

With the passing of the Jury of twelve and the coming of the Jury of nine, the Sheriff is no longer required to extend his hospitality to them at the Town Hall nor anywhere else.

The Common Juror of to-day may find his food where he likes and at his own expense.

His Government will only demand his services during the day—he may go where he pleases at night. He will be allowed a period to eat his lunch between two and three o'clock, if he so desires, and to render him a good citizen and to remind him of the virtues of ancient times he will be compelled to render his services and discharge his public duties absolutely free of any charge whatever. The Special Jurors being of superior social rank and education need no lessons in ancient public virtues. They may safely be indulged in such luxuries as the Chief Caterer of Calcutta can supply, with whose luncheons few could be found to find fault.

The Jury system to-day is too well known to make it profitable to describe it, or offer any comments upon it as it stands.

It may be sufficient to say that as compared with what it was one hundred years ago it has grown mild and obliging.

The Court is always ready to excuse a Juror from present service, if his business be urgent, on condition that he serves at some other time convenient to him.

Service on the Common Jury is a rare event and as the selection is determined by ballot a person may be on the roll for years and never be summoned for service.

This part of the record is rich and varied with letters from the early citizens, from Dykes, Stuart, Jessop, and that "poor devil a stable-keeper named Cook," to R. Scott Thomson and C. Lazarus.

Here is the Sheriff's return for the Petty Jury First Sessions of 1803:—

"In obedience to the annexed writ I do hereby certify that I have caused the under-mentioned persons to be duly summoned to come before His Majesty's Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal at the day and place and for the purpose mentioned in the annexed writ.

I have caused due notice to be given to all the Justices of Fort William aforesaid and have done in all respects as by the said writ I am commanded. Dated this 10th day of June, 1803."

His Excellency The Most Noble Richard Marquis Wellesley, Knight of the Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, &c., &c.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General Gerard Lake, Commander-in-Chief, &c., &c.

George Hilaro Barlow, Esq.

George Undy, Esq.

Jacob Ryder, Esq.

Thomas Pattle, Esq.

Shearman Bird, Esq.

Francis Gladwin, Esq.

Christopher Keating, Esq.
William Augustus Brooke, Esq.
Thomas Graham, Esq.
John Mackenzie, Esq.
David Burges, Esq.
John Haldane, Esq. (Dead.)
Joseph Bernard Smith, Esq.
John Taylor, Esq.
Robert Bathurst, Esq.
Robert Gregory, Esq.
Joseph Sherburne, Esq.
Phillip Coales, Esq.
Arthur Hesilrige, Esq.
Francis Mure, Esq.
Mathew Leslie, Esq.
William Archibald Edmonston, Esq. (Dead.)
William Farquharson, Esq.
John David Patterson, Esq.
James Wordsworth, Esq.
John Addison, Esq.
John Wilton, Esq.
John Hall, Esq.
Richard Rocke, Esq.
James Edward Colebrooke, Esq.
John Melville, Esq.
David Vanderleyden, Esq.
John Lumsden, Esq.
Burrish Crisp, Esq.
Samuel Middleton, Esq.

James Beachcroft, Esq.
Thomas Brown, Esq.
William Armstrong, Esq.
Thomas Philpot, Esq.
John Neave, Esq.
Archibald Seaton, Esq.
Jonathan Court, Esq.
George Thompson, Esq.
Thomas Brooke, Esq.
John Fendall, Esq.
Robert Grant, Esq.
Peter Fanchet, Esq.
George Purling, Esq.
Simon Ewart, Esq.
Edward Fletcher, Esq.
Charles Boddam, Esq.
Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq.
Charles Russell Crommelin, Esq.
John Herbert Harington, Esq.
Michael Atkinson, Esq.
Henry Douglas, Esq.
Edward Pitts Middleton, Esq.
John Stonehouse, Esq. (Dead.)
Bryant Mason, Esq.
Charles Sweedland, Esq.
John Graham, Esq.
John Rambin, Esq.
James Wintle, Esq.
Francis Leagross, Esq.
Christopher Oldfield, Esq.

John Elliot, Esq.
John Cotton, Esq.
John Becher, Esq.
George Arbuthnot, Esq.
Thomas Dashwood, Esq.
John Martin Playdell, Esq. (Dead.)
Richard Waite Cox, Esq.
Richard Comyns Birch, Esq.
The Hon'ble Frederick Fitzroy.
Christopher Roberts, Esq.
John Cheape, Esq.
Henry Verelst Darrell, Esq.
Samuel Davids, Esq.
Thomas Abraham, Esq.
Andrew Gardiner, Esq
Henry Pitts Forster, Esq.
Neil Benjamin Edmonstone, Esq.
John Rutledge, Esq.
Francis Hawkins, Esq.
Alfred Fulton, Esq.
John Fombelle, Esq.
George Dowdswell, Esq.
Alexander Wright, Esq.
Charles Law, Esq.
Thomas Lenox Napier Stuart, Esq.
James Edmonston, Esq.
George Burgess, Esq.
Peregrine Trevor, Esq.
Richard William Pattle, Esq. (Dead.)
James Money, Esq.

William Leycester, Esq.
Andrew Seaton, Esq.
John Ahmutty, Esq.
William Cowell, Esq.
George Poynter Ricketts, Esq.
Arthur Hastings Vansittart, Esq.
Watkins William Massey, Esq.
Lambert Malony, Esq.
The Hon'ble James Elphinstone.
Thomas Hayes, Esq.
Duncan Campbell, Esq.
Sir Alexander Seaton, *Bart.*
Colin Shakespear, Esq.
James Pattle, Esq.
Thomas Twinning, Esq.
Robert Ker, Esq.
John Deane, Esq.
Thomas Thornhill, Esq.
The Hon'ble Herbert Windsor Stewart, commonly called Lord Herbert Windsor Stewart.
Henry St. George Tucker, Esq.
John Ryley, Esq.
James Rattray, Esq.
William Egerton, Esq.
Richard Ahmutty, Esq.
Henry Strachey, Esq.
The Hon'ble Andrew Ramsay.
Charles Buller, Esq.
Charles Milner Ricketts, Esq.

John Stracey, Esq.
Richard Parry, Esq.
Edward Strachey, Esq.
Thomas Henry Earnst, Esq.
William Law, Esq.
Courtney Smith, Esq.
Archibald Montgomery, Esq.
Robert Coningham, Esq.
Frederick Vansittart, Esq.
John Battye, Esq.
James Barton, Esq., the younger.
James Thomas Grant, Esq.
Robert Keith Dick, Esq.
John Miller, Esq.
Henry Williams, Esq.
William Parker, Esq.
Richard Shubrick, Esq.
Sir Charles Richard Blunt, *Bart.*
Francis Law, Esq.
Henry John Darrell, Esq. (Dead.)
James Donnithorne, Esq.
Ebenezer Jessup, Esq.
Charles Fuller Martyn, Esq.
Mathew Louis, Esq.
Thomas Boileau, Esq.
Charles Rathman, Esq.
William Coates Blaquiere, Esq.
Andrew Marklew, Esq., and
Edward Thoroton, Esq.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF FORT WILLIAM IN BENGAL.

James Hanson Keene, Esq., *Coroner.*

1. Henry Archer.
2. John Campbell.
3. James Lockhart.
4. George Smith.
5. William Bell.
6. Thomas Conway Delany.
7. Mathew Fairlie.
8. John Saltharp.
9. William Cumming.
10. John Macarthur.
11. James Durell.
12. John Masters.
13. Samuel Patterson.
14. James Purnes.
15. Charles Brown.
16. John Gibson.
17. John Shearman.
18. George Howeson.
19. John Casey.
20. Peter Watson.
21. Edward Popham.
22. Thomas Keene.
23. Ambrose Moore.
24. John Evans.
25. William Farrell.
26. William Myers.

27. Alexander Robertson.
28. John Davenport.
29. Thomas Mordaunt.
30. David Mills.
31. Philip Hart.
32. John Wade.
33. William Stopford.
34. William Lang.
35. Thomas Smith.
36. John William Fulton.
37. John Macdonald.
38. Charles Edgar.
39. Joseph Lewis.
40. James Alexander Macarthur.
41. Robert Gibson.
42. William Wollaston.
43. George Stanley.
44. Andrew Moffat.
45. James Palmer.
46. John George Sparks.
47. Samuel Battle.
48. William Wilson.
49. Henry Burden.
50. Robert Balmanno.
51. Thomas Thompson.
52. Gordon Adam.
53. Alexander Rogers.
54. William Fitzmaurice.
55. Thomas Birch.
56. William Gordon.

57. Joseph Wilfred Parkins.
58. Willoughby Francis Hair.
59. Robert Smellie.
60. Edward Bacon.
61. George Jefferson.
62. John Smith.
63. Thomas Fortune.
64. Peter Landeman.
65. Henry Watson.
66. Francis Miller.
67. Alexander Raitt.
68. William Cuthbert Finch.
69. William Fergusson.
70. George Gibson.
71. Alexander Bruce.
72. Martin Middleditch.

Adam Gordon,
Keeper of the Common Jail of Calcutta and Keeper of the House of Correction.

William Porter,
Joseph Joakin,
Daniel McKenzie,
Richard Seabrooke,
William Hedger,
John Hesson,
David Wilson,
James Doughty,
Charles Carter,
Thomas Cottrell,
Constables.

The answer of
EDWARD BENJAMIN LEWIN,
Sheriff.

It would seem that these Justices of the Peace constitute the Roll of the Company's servants in Bengal, from Hilaro Barlow, the Chief Secretary, to Edward Thoroton, one of the Magistrates of Calcutta.

Whatever else they may have been, their names disclose the fact that they are of the purest British origin, such as those who from the time of Elizabeth were ready at all times to sally forth and seize the fairest spots of the world. From their barbarous ancestors they had no doubt inherited such titles as those or some of those included in the Baronetage or Knightage of the United Kingdom, but in their own persons there seems to have been much modesty in the bestowal of names, since those of "John" and "James" hold an honourable place in the Roll. Those names are not flanked by half a dozen others, as is so common a feature in the names of their successors to-day. But when a period of five hundred years has passed and it is possible to compare their achievements with those of their successors in 1903, it will hardly be found that they who are so expert in decorating themselves possess in other directions a tithe of the ability of those famous old Empire-builders.

William Coates Blaquiere survived all his contemporaries of 1803. In due course he becomes Chief Magistrate of Calcutta, where we meet him frequently in the record till after 1840.

That the climate of Bengal was better than its reputation is evident, for we find in 1793 many of our Justices whose names appear on the return in 1803, and will appear in these returns for many years after.

In the former mentioned year J. H. Becker is Collector of the 24-Pergunnahs, Samuel Davis is the Collector of Burdwan, Arthur Hesilrige is Collector of Jessore and Henry Thomas Colebrooke is the Judge of Purnea.

The year 1794 finds Burrish Crisp, Judge and Magistrate of the City of Dacca; George Dowdeswell, Secretary of the Board of Revenue; Christopher Oldfield, Collector of Murshidabad; and Francis Gladwin, Collector of Calcutta. Dowdeswell played an important part in the life of Calcutta. He was afterwards the Chief Secretary to the Government, and has left much evidence of his activities behind him in the record of the Sheriffs. The Board of Revenue till about 1810 seems to have been something more than a money regulating and collecting agency. It was evidently the Department in which the clever young men of the Company's service were most likely to find scope for their budding talents, and if the Honourable Company's Judges and Magistrates were slow to move at the call of the Supreme Court they seem to have had a very healthy respect for the mandates of the Board of Revenue. That Board for years seems to have been a Court of

Appeal for the Sheriffs in their dealings with the Magistrates; for in cases where the possession of land was concerned and the Magistrate refused his aid to the Sheriff it is the Board of Revenue which is appealed to for the purpose of compelling the Magistrate to discharge his duty. These Departments, these Justices and these Jurors are so interwoven in the record that when one is approached the other necessarily comes into view. For the present, however, we will restrain the temptation of any further remarks on the servants of the Company, and see what the record has to say about the fathers of our present Police Force, the constables for the Town of Calcutta.

Ere doing so, however, the Sheriff's return to the Jury in 1817 may be given, from which the reader will observe that this was the golden era of the Baronets in Bengal, eight of whom will be found amongst the Justices here brought forth.

"In obedience to the annexed writ, I do hereby certify that I have caused the undermentioned persons to be duly summoned to come before His Majesty's Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal at the day and place and for the purposes mentioned in the annexed writ I have caused due notices to be given to all the Justices of the Settlement of Fort William aforesaid and have done in all respects as by the said writ I am commanded. Dated this 7th day of January 1817."

His Excellency the Right Honourable Francis, the Earl of Moira, K.G., Governor-General, &c., &c., &c.
Neil Benjamin Edmonstone, Esq.
Archibald Seton, Esq.
George Dowdeswell, Esq.
Shearman Bird, Esq.
Christopher Keating, Esq.
William Augustus Brooke, Esq.
John Mackenzie, Esq.
Sir John Hadley D'Oyly, *Bart.*
Joseph Bernard Smith, Esq.
Robert Bathurst, Esq.
Robert Gregory, Esq.
Henry Chicheley Plowden, Esq.
John Addison, Esq.
John Hall, Esq.
Richard Rocke, Esq.
Sir James Edward Colebrooke, *Bart.*
John Melville, Esq.
John Lumsden, Esq.
Samuel Middleton, Esq.
George Undy, Esq.
William Armstrong, Esq.
Sir George Hilaro Barlow, *Bart.*, K.B.
Thomas Brooke, Esq.
John Fendall, Esq.
Robert Grant, Esq.
Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq.
Charles Russell Crommelin, Esq.

John Herbert Harington, Esq.
Henry Douglas, Esq.
Charles Sweedland, Esq.
James Wintle, Esq.
Francis Purard, Esq.
Richard Becher, Esq.
John Eliot, Esq.
John Becher, Esq.
Francis Puerard, Esq.
Thomas Dashwood, Esq.
Abraham Willand, Esq.
Richard Waite Cox, Esq.
John Cheape, Esq.
Sir Henry Verelst Darell, *Bart.*
Henry Pitts Foster, Esq.
Francis Hawkins, Esq.
John Fombelle, Esq.
William Towers Smith, Esq.
Alexander Wright, Esq.
Thomas Lenox Napier Stuart, Esq.
Ynyr Burges, Esq.
Peregrine Trevor, Esq.
James Money, Esq.
John Thornhill, Esq.
William Leycester, Esq.
Andrew Seton, Esq.
John Ahmuty, Esq.
William Cowell, Esq.
George Poynter Ricketts, Esq.
Watkins William Massie, Esq.

Hon'ble James Rutherford Elphinstone.
Thomas Hayes, Esq.
Duncan Campbell, Esq.
Colin Shakespear, Esq.
James Pattle, Esq.
Robert Ker, Esq.
John Deane, Esq.
Thomas Thornhill, Esq.
Henry St. George Tucker, Esq.
John Ryley, Esq.
James Rattray, Esq.
William Egerton, Esq.
James Stuart, Esq.
Hon'ble Andrew Ramsay.
Charles Buller, Esq.
Charles Milner Ricketts, Esq.
Richard Parry, Esq.
Edward Strachey, Esq.
Thomas Henry Ernst, Esq.
Courtney Smith, Esq.
Robert Cunyngham, Esq.
Frederick Vansittart, Esq.
John Battye, Esq.
Sir Robert Keith Dick, *Bart.*
John Miller, Esq.
Henry Williams, Esq.
William Parker, Esq.
Sir Charles Richard Blunt, *Bart.*
Francis Law, Esq.
James Domruthome, Esq.

James Bruce Laing, Esq.
Francis Balfour, Esq.
John Richardson, Esq.
John Sanford, Esq.
William Edward Rees, Esq.
Henry William Droz, Esq.
Robert Graham, Esq.
Hugh Wilkinson, Esq.
William Brodie, Esq.
George Monckton, Esq.
John Adam, Esq.
Samuel Swinton, Esq.
James Irwin, Junior, Esq.
George Suttie, Esq.
John William Laing, Esq.
Henry Parry, Esq.
Charles Fordyce Fergusson, Esq.
William Orton Salmon, Esq.
Henry Stone, Esq.
Hubert Cornish, Esq.
Mumford Campbell, Esq.
George Ravenscroft, Esq.
John French, Esq.
Henry Thomas Travers, Esq.
James King, Esq.
Samuel Thomas Good, Esq.
Hon'ble Mountstuart Elphinstone.
Claude Russell, Esq.
Roger Martin, Esq.
John William Paxton, Esq.

Charles Beecher, Esq.
Sir Frederick Hamilton, *Bart.*
John Pattenson, Esq.
John William Grant, Esq.
Alexander Ross, Esq.
Edward Watson, Esq.
John Forsyth, Esq.
Charles Trower, Esq.
Robert Brooke, Esq.
John Pascal Larkins, Esq.
Cudbert Thornhill Sealy, Esq.
Robert Richardson, Esq.
John Monckton, Esq.
George Oswald, Esq.
James Wemyss, Esq.
George Hartwell, Esq.
Mathew Law, Esq.
William John Sands, Esq.
John Nathaniel Sealy, Esq.
Thomas Powney, Esq.
Richard Owen Wynne, Esq.
William Watts, Esq.
Robert Vansittart, Esq.
Gilbert Coventry Master, Esq.
Charles Elliott, Esq.
John Walter Sherer, Esq.
Francis Morgan, Esq.
Charles Bayley, Esq.
Charles D'Oyly, Esq.
John Kinlock, Esq.

Richmond Thackeray, Esq.
Henry Hodgson, Esq.
George Chester, Esq.
Francis Fauquier, Esq.
Richard Chicheley Plowden, Junior, Esq.
Edward Scott Waring, Esq.
Richard Strachey, Esq.
Gordon Forbes, Esq.
William Blunt, Esq.
James Oldham, Esq.
James Hunter, Esq.
Henry Russell, Esq.
William Rennell, Esq.
William Paton, Esq.
William Ryan Martin, Junior, Esq.
William Malcolm Fleming, Esq.
William Butterworth Bayley, Esq.
George French, Esq.
William Henry Trent, Esq.
Henry Dumbleton, Esq.
Henry Mundy, Esq.
Paul William Lechell, Esq.
William Morton, Esq.
Charles Patterson, Esq.
Thomas Fortescue, Esq.
James Richard Barwell, Esq.
David Morrison, Esq.
Robert Haldane Rattray, Esq.
Thomas Perry, Esq.
Anthony Palgrave, Esq.

Richard Turner, Esq.
John Digby, Esq.
John Wauchope, Esq.
Robert Mitford, Esq.
Joseph White Sage, Esq.
Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, Esq.
Alexander Brueire Tod, Esq.
Samuel Salter, Esq.
Wigram Money, Esq.
John Hayes, Esq.
Edward Impey, Esq.
Effingham Colbert Lawrence, Esq.
Trevor John Chicheley Plowden, Esq.
John Talbot Shakespear, Esq.
William Fraser, Esq.
John Ewer, Esq.
William Gordon, Esq.
John Bardoe Elliot, Esq.
Archibald George James Tod, Esq.
John Vaughan, Esq.
Thomas Mainwaring, Esq.
Joseph Littledale, Esq.
Henry Beatson, Esq.
Edward Barnett, Esq.
Henry Dawes, Esq.
Charles Ray Martin, Esq.
Henry Shakespear, Esq.
Alexander Mackenzie, Esq.
William Trower, Esq.
Charles William Stuart, Esq.

Rivers Grindall, Esq.
Shearman Bird, Junior, Esq.
Hon'ble Edward Gardiner.
Charles Wright Gardiner, Esq.
William Robert Boulton Burnett, Esq.
David Scott, Esq.
William Pickford Gordon, Esq.
Montague Henry Turnbull, Esq.
Edward Parry, Esq.
Henry Alexander, Esq.
William Lock, Esq.
James Marjoribanks, Esq.
James Ewing, Esq.
George Swinton, Esq.
George Saunders, Esq.
Henry Allen Williams, Esq.
Archibald Campbell, Esq.
Mordaunt Ricketts, Esq.
Henry Oakeley, Esq.
Walter Ewer, Esq.
William Carcraft, Junior, Esq.
John Thomas Roberdean, Esq.
Edward Maxwell, Esq.
Hugh George Christian, Esq.
Charles Carey, Esq.
William Wright, Esq.
Francis Dempster Gordon, Esq.
William Darwin, Esq.
Hon'ble Charles Robert Lindsay.
William Crosbie Ward, Esq.

Charles Chapman, Esq.
William Hornby Tippett, Esq.
Hugh Hope, Esq.
John Shaw, Esq.
Philip Monckton, Esq.
William Fairlie Clark, Esq.
Henry Newnham, Esq.
Richard Walpole, Esq.
Charles Daws, Esq.
Catharine Hampden Hoppner, Esq.
Algernon Beverly, Esq.
William Wilberforce Bird, Esq.
Rawson Bodham Gardiner, Esq.
George Richard Bochm Berney, Esq.
Henry William Money, Esq.
George John Siddons, Esq.
Thomas Pakenham, Esq.
William Lowther, Esq.
Henry James Chippendale, Esq.
Thomas Inglis, Esq.
William Robert Jennings, Esq.
Edward Richard Barwell, Esq.
Henry Wood, Esq.
Macartney Moore, Esq.
William Judd Harding, Esq.
Sidgely Thomas Cuthbert, Esq.
Charles George Palgrave, Esq.
George Warde, Esq.
Charles Mackenzie, Esq.
Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq.

Charles Tucker, Esq.
William Thomas Toone, Esq.
Nathaniel John Halhed, Esq.
Robert Thomas John Glyn, Esq.
Charles Smith, Esq.
George Tod, Esq.
Edward Bagge, Esq.
James Munro McNabbe, Esq.
James William Grant, Esq.
Alexander John Colvin, Esq.
Arthur Champion Barwell, Esq.
Claude Monckton, Esq.
Thomas Sesson, Esq.
William Lambert, Esq.
Edward Pond, Esq.
Charles James Davidson, Esq.
Robert Barlow, Esq.
William Flaming Dick, Esq.
Norman Macleod, Esq.
Robert Morrieson, Esq.
Henry Sargent, Esq.
Robert Alexander, Esq.
Hon'ble John Edmund Elliot.
Robert Brown, Esq.
Thomas Campbell Robertson, Esq.
James Parks, Esq.
Langford Kennedy, Esq.
William Andrew Chalmers, Esq.
William Braddon, Esq.
James Lowther, Esq.

Arthur Smith, Esq.
Thomas Brown, Esq.
Hott Mackenzie, Esq.
Robert Mertins Bird, Esq.
Charles Morley, Esq.
William Hollows Belli, Esq.
John Stephen Bolders, Esq.
John Drew, Esq.
David Scott, Junior, Esq.
George Stockwell, Esq.
Alexander Charles Fraser, Esq.
George Thornton Bailey, Esq.
Martin Thomas Whish, Esq.
James Fraser, Esq.
Charles Arthur Moloni, Esq.
James Curties, Esq.
Hon'ble William Henry Leslie Melville.
Francis Whitworth Russell, Esq.
Richard Lewin, Esq.
William Fane, Esq.
Walter Nesbitt, Esq.
Gerald Wellesley, Esq.
Arthur Nicholas Forde, Esq.
Francis Curwin Smith, Esq.
Richard Hunter, Esq.
William Forrester, Esq.
Philip Eyles Patton, Esq.
Archibald Trotter, Esq.
John Fendell, Esq.
John Petty Ward, Esq.

Augustus Henry Bosanquet, Esq.
Robert Chamberlain, Esq.
James Harrington, Esq.
George Mainwaring, Esq.
John Alexander Pringle, Esq.
Robert Saunders, Esq.
Henry Johnson Middleton, Esq.
Edward Marjoribanks, Esq.
Montague Ainslie, Esq.
Adam Ogilvie, Esq.
Hans Sotheby, Esq.
James Furneaux, Esq.
John Lion, Esq.
Charles John Middleton, Esq.
Thomas Palin Calvert, Esq.
Charles Maeswun, Esq.
Francis Bayle Shannon Wilder, Esq.
William Henry Pakes, Esq.
William Douri Kerr, Esq.
Robert Henry Tulloch, Esq.
George William Traill, Esq.
Robert Arthur Ward, Esq.
George Theophilus Collins, Esq.
John Ross Hutchison, Esq.
Robert Steuart, Esq.
Henry Chastenay, Esq.
William Lance, Esq.
William Petrie, Esq.
Andrew Anderson, Esq.
Shadwell Morley Boulderson, Esq.

Henry Thoby Princep, Esq.
Richard Constanlion Parks, Esq.
Joshua Carter, Esq.
William Wollen, Esq.
Charles Chicheley Hyde, Esq.
Christopher Webb Smith, Esq.
William Augustus Chichely Plowden, Esq.
Henry Sweetenham, Esq.
Thomas John Dashwood, Esq.
John Trotter, Esq.
Rawson Hart Bodham, Esq.
Paul Marriott Wynch, Esq.
Robert Lowther, Esq.
William Smith, Esq.
James Dewar, Esq.
Fry Magniac, Esq.
John Young, Esq.
James Chartres Dick, Esq.
James Charles Colebrooke Sutherland, Esq.
George Martin, Esq.
William Alexander Pringle, Esq.
John Edward Wilkinson, Esq.
George Richardson, Esq.
Edward James Smith, Esq.
John Bosanquet, Esq.
William Henry Valpy, Esq.
Edward John Harington, Esq.
Charles Harding, Esq.
Alexander Dick Lindsay, Esq.
John Vincent Biscoe, Esq.

Henry William Hobhouse, Esq.
Richard Carr Glyn, Esq.
John Hadley D'Oyly, Esq.
Robert Parry Nesbith, Esq.
Henry Winchin Pigow, Esq.
Henry Creighton, Esq.
Robert Walker, Esq.
John Cayley, Esq.
Archibald Murray, Esq.
Andrew Reid, Esq.
Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, Esq.
Charles Fuller Martyn, Esq.
William Coates Blaquire, Esq.
Robert Cutler Ferguson, Esq.
Sir William Rumbold, *Bart.*
James Buller East, Esq.
John Brereton Birch, Esq.
David Thriepland, Esq.
Hon'ble William Moore.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF FORT WILLIAM IN BENGAL.

Thomas Ross Dent, Esq., *Coroner.*

1. Thomas William Summers.
2. Thomas Barfoot.
3. Alexander Burn.
4. John Bartlett.

5. John Beaumont.
6. John Breene.
7. John Campbell Burton.
8. Thomas Christie.
9. Richard Frederick Crow.
10. William Collins.
11. George Clements.
12. Charles Christiana.
13. James Dowling.
14. David Drummond.
15. James Depstell.
16. Thomas Thorp.
17. Charles Francis Julian Durell
18. John Dixon.
19. George David.
20. William Medow Farrell.
21. John Frisby.
22. William Gorham.
23. Benjamin Gray.
24. David Hare.
25. Robert Hastie.
26. James Hastie.
27. William John Hooker.
28. Peter Hay.
29. John Imlay.
30. Abraham Judah.
31. Michael Meyers.
32. Francis George Williamson.
33. John Phipps.
34. Thomas Wilkins.

35. Daniel Moran.
36. Charles Bean.
37. Stephen Clare.
38. John Havell.
39. John Benson.
40. John Freeman.
41. Thomas Brown.
42. Charles Fenwick.
43. William Clark.
44. William Churchward.
45. William Davis.
46. Edmund Medlecott.
47. James Klught.
48. Charles William Lewis.
49. Peter Lindeman.
50. William Mandy.
51. James Keating.
52. Henry Pearson.
53. William David Parkins.
54. Charles Richard Pretchett.
55. John Penenten.
56. John Smith.
57. Robert Sevestre.
58. William Smyth.
59. Robert Simpson.
60. John Swansworth.
61. William Stocker.
62. Thomas Thompson.
63. Stephen Teague.
64. Samuel Williams.

65. Henry Williams.
66. Charles John Thompson.
67. George Johnstone.
68. Charles Coleman.
69. William Wallis.
70. Henry Lambert.
71. John Lake.
72. Charles Gaillard.

Jurors.

Richard Storey,
Keeper of the Common Gaol of Calcutta and Keeper of the House of Correction.

Henry Frederick Lanham.
Robert Twalling.
Thomas Cotrell.
John Haycock.
William Gray.
William Williams.
Richard Bagnall.
Henry Weager.
Daniel Cress.
William Norris.
Uriah Collins.
James Cashell.
Constables.

The answer of
E. C. MACNAGHTEN,
Sheriff.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRESENT CALCUTTA POLICE FORCE SPRUNG FROM MODEST PARENTS.—MICHAEL GRACE, HEAD CONSTABLE, 1785.—HIS SUCCESSORS.—MEANS BY WHICH COCKBURN, THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE, INCREASED THE NUMBER OF HIS CONSTABLES IN 1855.—THE PRESENT FORCE AT LALL BAZAR.—THEIR IMPORTANCE AND MOTOR CARS.—THEY SUCCEED THE PILOTS AND LEADSMEN AS LEADERS OF FASHION IN CALCUTTA.

Like our hotel-keeper in 1861, it would have been something more than a revelation to Mr. Michael Grace, Head Constable of Calcutta in 1785, could he also have drawn aside the veil which hid the future and beheld his successors at Lall Bazar in the year of conflict, tears and victory, 1918.

The modest force which Grace controlled consisted of three constables:—

Michael Flavin.
Thomas Simpson.
John Roope.

By 1803, as we have seen, the number of constables had grown to ten and to this number one more had been added by 1806.

By 1815 the number had grown to twelve, at which figure it remained for many years. In 1850 the number had again fallen to ten. Here are our constables in 1806; they are men of importance in old Calcutta and this importance will be theirs till in the fullness of time they became police and cease to have any further interest for either our citizens or local historians.

A List of Constables.

Name.	When sworn in.	Place of residence.
Richard Seabrooke	August 1, 1797	Dhurrumtollah.
Joseph Joekin	December 7, 1798	Shibtollah.
Thomas Cottarell	October 7, 1801	Meredith's Buildings.
John Hasson	September 2, 1802	Gowkhana.
Charles Carter	February, 1803	Near Chandney Choke.
Nicholas White	July 15, 1803	Bow Bazar.
James Paul	April 13, 1804	Suterkin Lane.
William James	May 9, 1804	Chuna Gully.
George Bennett	August 13, 1805	Meredith's Buildings.
William Bateman	February 5, 1806	Emamb g.

Charles Andrews succeeded Michael Grace as Head Constable, some time about 1788 William Porter followed Andrews, and he, in turn, gave place to Richard Seabrooke in 1805. Seabrooke is followed by H. F. Lanham and he by William Norris. It is now 1818 and Norris departs to make way for Richard Bagnall, who will not put the Company's Magistrates in Calcutta to the trouble of appointing another Head Constable for very

many years. In fact, Bagnall is destined to be the last of these interesting gentlemen, and continues in his office till some time after 1850, we believe.

The climate of Bengal does not seem to have been as suitable for constables as it was for Magistrates and Judges.

With the exception of Bagnall, the constables came and went in a never-ending and hurried procession. The shortness of their stay seems to have been accelerated by the fact that although they assisted in guarding the Pagoda tree, it is clear that they were not permitted to gather any of its fruit. That pleasing task was reserved for others, including the owners of our convict ships.

It may be permissible for a merchant to put sand in his sugar, water in his jute, jute in his cotton, and cotton in silk. In his own interests and in the sacred name of business he may adulterate every commodity in which he deals, often, perhaps, to the injury of the health of his fellow-men. But this sort of thing is not a crime, it is trade, and if the Heavens were to fall, that trade must be unrestrained, to go where it will, to do as it likes.

But our constable must be kept in a virtuous state of poverty at any cost. It would be a most deplorable state of affairs should it be admitted for a moment that he, as a man, is neither better nor worse than those around him; and that if they may cheat in thousands it is not impossible that he may fall a victim to a bribe of a few rupees.

In 1855, the Indian Mutiny being close at hand, the state and number of the constables in Calcutta might, in a small way, be regarded as a reflex of the state of the administration of India in general. Although the city must have grown considerably since 1806, yet the number of constables was less by one than it had been in that year. The Chief Magistrate enumerates the various duties which the ten constables have to perform, and recognizes that some increase must be made to their number if the duties entrusted to him are to be carried out at all. How he proposed to increase his Police Force is interesting and instructive, in more ways than one. It should be illuminating to those Imperial policemen at Lall Bazar to-day, for whom a grateful Government not only provides motor cars, but pays for their upkeep a sum with which Cockburn in 1855 could have added many constables to his meagre and over-worked force. From 1777 till some time about 1830, it had been the practice for all the constables to attend the Supreme Court during the sitting of the Criminal Sessions. When executions took place they also attended in a body, as they did at all events of public or official importance.

Nothing untoward seems to have occurred to the city or to its inhabitants while the constables were thus engaged, and this would suggest the possibility of man being able to exist, even in a state of civilization, without the eternal care or

annoyance of that truly modern product—the Policeman.

After 1830, the Supreme Court began to lose some of its glamour, and four constables only were sent to wait on the Majesty of the Law during the Criminal Sessions. Holroyd, the Clerk of the Crown in 1855, informs the Chief Magistrate that four constables are hardly enough to support the dignity of an institution to which the fame and the renown of Impey and his companions of 1775 must still have clung. He suggests that in future six at least should be sent, but to this the Magistrate could not agree for reasons which he gives in a communication to the Sheriff. He says: "I have only 10 in all and cannot possibly carry on the various duties of the Police including charge of the lock-up, of prisoners before the Magistrates, serve Warrants throughout the town, take sailors and other prisoners to the House of Correction and Jail, soldiers to the Fort, keep the peace in Lall Bazar, etc., etc., with only four men of whom very likely the Coroner will require two. Holroyd says there used to be seven constables always in attendance, this must have been in the olden times, certainly not in mine or my predecessor's and nowadays I take greater pride in maintaining the peace of the town than in the Court House and cannot spare six of my European constables to remain there."

The language of the Chief Magistrate may not

be couched in the sonorous and stately periods of Gibbon or Addison. But he makes it fairly clear that, as matters stand, he cannot or will not increase the number of constables sent to the Court, for, as he himself declares, his pride has found another, no doubt to him, more worthy object than the care of that extraordinary Court which was venerable and potent in its youth, weak and languid in its noon, and moribund when absorbed by its ancient enemy of Circular Road.

But the Chief Magistrate proposes to get over the difficulty of providing constables for the Court by adding two more to his force, and this is how he proposes doing so. He already receives from Holroyd rupees thirty-two for the attendance of the constables at each Sessions. This he proposes should be increased to rupees fifty-three. The Old Church and the Scotch Kirk have agreed to pay sixteen rupees a month each for the constables who attend and regulate the traffic at these institutions on Sundays.

With these monies assured, he will engage two more constables on a salary of rupees thirty-two per month each, and the balance of these salaries he will make up from "other sources." Possibly from some charity like the Claude Martin Fund. This almost approaches King and the means by which he was compelled to find food for the prisoners in 1851. But patience, my worthy Chief Magistrate, 1857 is at hand. That eventful year

will be followed by many changes and you will no longer be called upon to provide the Supreme Court with constables at the expense of the charitable vestries of the Scotch Kirk and the Old Church. The policeman is already in being. Beyond Calcutta's limits his presence is beginning to be felt. The Magistrate is resigning some of his old hunting powers into the policeman's hands, who now for the first time begins to make his appearance in the Sheriff's record in the person of Mr. W. Dampier, Superintendent of Police, L. P. This gentleman is quite abreast of the times officially.

He refers the Sheriff in the best bureaucratic style to certain letters "numbered as per margin" and concludes with that haughty and lofty dignity which is an earnest of the part which his successors are yet destined to play.

A few short years have but to pass and our old friends the constables will appear no more. The Chief Magistrate will give place in this connection to a full-fledged Commissioner of Police, and that Commissioner will be no less a person than S. Wauchope, Esq., C.B. When we first meet this gentleman he gives us but little indication that he is the founder of a royal line whose branches would in the years to come overspread the city by the Hughli, as the monsoon clouds overspread its autumn skies. The younger King is still Governor of the Jail, and the Commissioner's communication to the Sheriff is to convey (at King's request)

Wauchope's permission for Thacoaree Bhoonawalla to be permitted to vend "Parched grain, etc., as heretofore under the trees opposite the Jail entrance or at the tank ghat also opposite the Jail."

Not a very important matter, perhaps, to engage the attention of an official destined to be the father of Calcutta's future masters.

But it shows at least that a new King has been enthroned in Israel: one who will displace many of Calcutta's old officials, and who in a very modest tone conceals the sword which his heirs would wield and with which they would rule the Pearl of the Indian Seas. That man who first invented police did more to vulgarise Government than any enemy which civilization has ever had.

There is something bearable and often noble in a military despotism, under which many nations have grown to greatness and possibly to happiness. But the rule of the policeman is the negation of all that makes life bearable. It is often mean and always provocative; when it reaches the Imperial and Political pattern, it is certain to end in the destruction of the fools who adopt it and whose Government it is meant to preserve.

Russia, but for her Imperial and Political police, might have done something for the advancement of the race. The Bolshevic is begotten by the policeman as certainly as death is begotten by life, and if in the near future civilization goes to ruin, it will be due in no small measure to the dissatisfaction

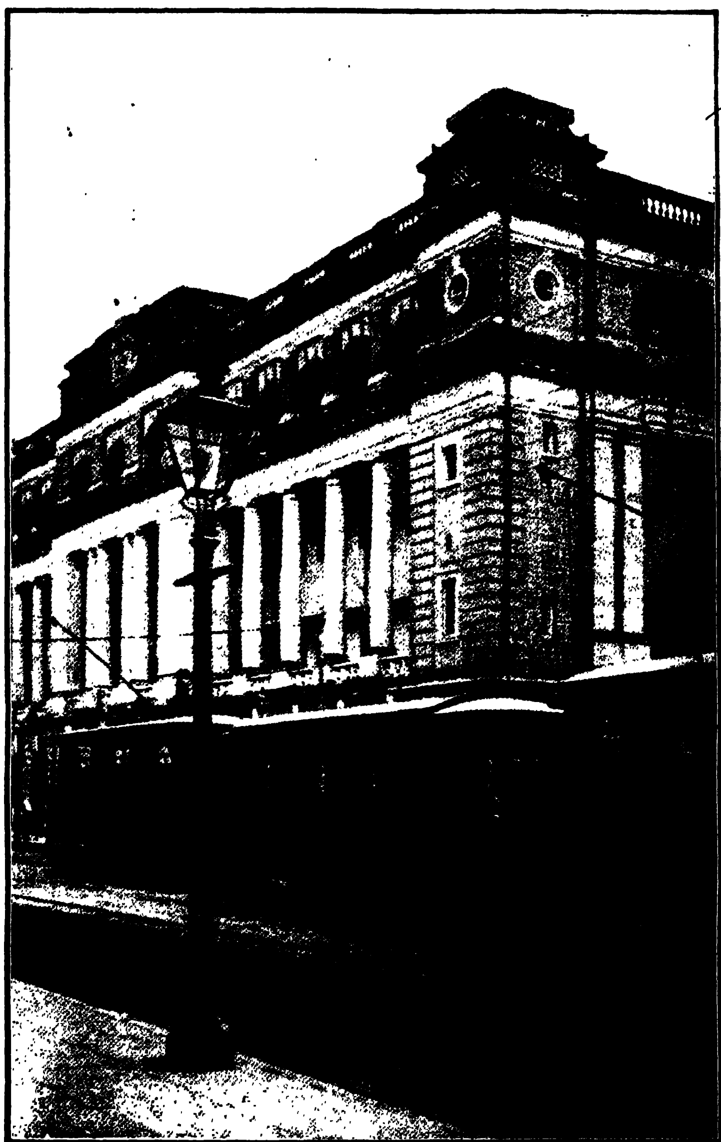
of mankind in most lands with the system of Government by police which has existed in them for the past seventy years.

Light cavalry is a much more efficient and a much more honourable instrument for preserving order than any Police Force is ever likely to be.

Certain it is that if modern society cannot exist without the policeman as he is to-day, then the civilization of the twentieth century is not destined to exist much longer.

Leaning over the balustrade opposite, and looking at the Jailor's old house and at the ruins of what is left of the Jail itself, on one of those calm placid evenings when the western sky is red with the departing glory of the god of day, the imagination will travel back to the far-off days of Adam Gordon and Michael Grace and will behold the picture unfolded by the years as they pass. Something that was sordid, much that was noble, will be mingled with the hopes and fears of that vast multitude which the imagination calls forth, but whose chief characteristic to the dreamer will be that these visionary people were much more English than those who walk in their places to-day.

From many of those old documents of which we have spoken the dreamer might reconstruct a hundred scenes in which English meadows, hopes and loves precede or follow the silk and gold-laden



The not inelegant building which houses some of the successors of Michael Grace.

"Lady Castlereigh," East Indiaman, as she sweeps along with a gale on her quarter, the stately and undisputed mistress of the seas.

The dreamer, as the night descends, in his progress towards Chowringhee Road, will see these visions fade, but as the electric and motor car lights come into view, Michael Grace will arise again and in fancy we will accompany him to Lall Bazar, to see what changes a century has brought about on that classic spot.

The gallows and the pillory have gone to be mingled with the flotsam which is washed about on the shores of the ocean of eternity. Grace's godowns, which in their day were dignified with the title of "office," have likewise disappeared to add their ancient bricks to the elements of the past. Where those godowns once stood a lofty and not inelegant building rears its imposing mass, crowned by the instrument of that divine twin which sprang from the brains of Hertz and Marconi. Here are gathered a hundred evidences, proud and dominant, that it is the contribution or the tribute of a State, and not the doles of charity, which support this imposing institution. The shade of Grace may find it hard to believe that the activities carried on in this vast structure are now devoted to the welfare and to the comfort of millions, in some great work of national importance; one in which and for which all men must have the deepest interest and the most profound veneration.

He cannot believe that a machine, so elaborate and so far-reaching, could be forged by reasonable men, such as he understood them, for the simple and humble purpose of catching thieves. Were it possible to explain to him that the thing which he knew as civilization had grown so complex during the last seventy years, that thousands are now employed as policemen where only a few constables had been employed before, he might then wonder why the term Police should be used to designate a class whose chief duties were so very different to what his own had been. He would probably conclude that any term but that of Police would be a better description of the business on which they were engaged, and he would certainly affirm that no state of society could endure for long on which it was necessary or possible to fasten such a machine as this which had replaced his own.

If man be now so base that he needs a system such as this, either to protect him from his fellows, or to protect them against him, then it is clear that a Police Force is hardly the instrument most suitable for the purpose.

Michael Grace, being duly impressed and more than astonished, may be permitted to return to those eternal fields where good constables were wont to go. He can have no further desire to visit the spot where the "Four Cross Roads Meet," or where the adjacent building proclaims in the clearest language, that of mortar and stone, that if the British Power in

India in the year 1787 was marching towards the Himalayas, it is to-day retracing its steps, and returning fast to its ships and the sea, that madman's dream (Delhi) in the north notwithstanding. But the way to the sea and to those ships is long and cannot be traversed in a few years. The march to the north was lengthy and arduous, but not always exhausting, since it held the promise of change and conquest, and called forth the dreams of spoil in some, in others the protection, the care, perhaps the conversion of the conquered. Till the end of that march is nearly reached, and those storm-tossed ships are again in sight, our Imperial Police Force at Lall Bazar may continue to enjoy the fortune which a corrupt society has made possible; and dream of things more lofty and pleasing than the pursuit and capture of pickpockets or the discovery of a nest of anarchists.

So much do things ten thousand miles apart and totally unconnected depend upon each other, that the movement of one in some far-off land will affect or set the other in motion in this. The reader would find it hard to imagine that there could be any connection between fashions in London and anarchy in Bengal, but that there is will be evident when we begin to follow certain effects to their ultimate causes.

In the days of those graceful and romantic clippers, while yet they carried the sweethearts and the hopes of mankind, and before the "Iron Tank"

or the swift-speeding liner had driven them into the lowly position of coal hulks; before those who knew not the grace and the glory of swelling sky-sails had found for all sailing ships the vulgar title of "Wind-Jammer," there figured (as now with some difference) one of Calcutta's most important classes, the members of that ancient and honourable profession, known as the Bengal Pilot Service. The place which they held in the table of precedence matters little, but I believe they were entitled to follow immediately after our very puissant friends, the Barwells and the Plowdens. What is pertinent to us at present is that the younger members of the service were always noted as being the most stylish and most dashing young men of Calcutta. The latest thing in clothing, ties and footwear was sure to be seen adorning these brilliant youths. They set much of the fashion in equipages of all kinds, drove the most stylish and the fastest horses along the Strand, made their presence felt everywhere in the city, and took up more room in its social life generally than double their number of merchants and lawyers or any other class in the city.

I know not if the number of young pilots be less to-day than it was in 1850, or if the pilot's contact with those dirty and rusty tanks which have replaced the clipper has evolved in him a mood too grave and serious to permit his taking any further part in the race, and in the display of fashion. But

certain it is that he obtrudes on our social drives and gatherings no more. It is only the student or the aged citizen who now remembers the part which he once played when in the noon of his importance and of his fame.

But whoever may lead, fashion must have its votaries and its exponents. When our pilot no longer comes forth to serve as a devotee and as a missioner of this exacting and universal goddess, some other group of young men must be found to perpetuate her worship and offer their incense on those altars which mankind has never neglected nor has ever allowed to grow cold. Here it is that the connection between the Bengal anarchist and the fashions of Bond Street come into play.

If our local Bolshevic had not existed, had not his dreams of quickening the footsteps of freedom with such playful toys as daggers and bombs, it is more than possible that our Imperial and Political police would not now be enthroned in that lofty temple at Lall Bazar.

They came however, and here were devotees ready to fashion's hand, to carry forward to some other stage, that pleasing and important burden which our young pilots had borne with grace and pleasure all the way down the nineteenth century.

Those youths who fill the cadres of the Imperial police could not have set before themselves as the goal of their ambition the mere duties of policemen. It is more than probable that in the visions which

they beheld, and in the dreams which they indulged of their future progress in this renowned and ancient land, the position of a ruler and perhaps of a dictator was the one most likely to arise. The humble position of a public officer or a public servant was not one likely to fire the ardent imagination of competitive youths fresh from an examination which entitled them to deck themselves with the laurel of success. Who therefore more likely or more worthy to stand forth as the successors of those young pilots whom successive Governments had been proud to nourish and to regard with paternal pride! None, and so it came to pass that our young Imperial policemen are all and more than ever our pilots were. For one embrace bestowed upon the latter, the doting official father has bestowed ten upon the former. In him is centred all the hopes, and perhaps the pride, of a parent, a hundred times more proud of the exploits and attributes of the son than he ever seems to have been of his own. In a moment of weakness and to impress a Royal visitor he once set out upon the extravagant task of building himself a new capital. But unless his enemies and his friends belie him, he would not hesitate to build a new heaven for his last and most favoured child or set the Himalayas on fire if his offspring for any reason desired it. All this is with a view to show that the successor is not unworthy of him who went before. Here, then, on any evening along the Strand or Red Road may be seen our young

autocrats gliding by and setting a standard and an example to their more humble townsmen.

Our leadsmen behind their fiery and spirited bays conveyed the impression to the onlooker that in their progress they swept along.

But to-day our leaders glide in their neat and well-appointed motor cars. Behind with folded arms and imperial dignity sit their Indian chauffeurs who, conscious of that awful power which rules India from sea to sea, and of which their employers are incarnate and a part, must look with pitying, if indulgent, eyes on their unfortunate brethren whom fate has doomed to serve less potent and less exalted masters. These masters would seem to be not insensible of the rôle which it is theirs to play, for while their servants may be all dignity it is with the calmness and the grace of a Chesterfield that they disport themselves while guiding their royal Sunbeams, or democratic Fords.

In the fullness of time when Government in India shall no longer be what it is to-day, the mantle of fashion may descend to the young Bengali legislators who will succeed those British youths who at present are sent to India for their own and for India's good. When that hour arrives and our legislators are in search of a model on which their own progress should be based, they could not do better than adopt, nor could they improve on, that which is now being set them by those who have so

faithfully carried on the traditions which they received from their brethren of the Sandheads.

With the passing of the constables this part of our survey of the record may be brought to an end, but it might not be unprofitable to take a hurried glance at a few of those connected with the Police in Calcutta since the passing of Bagnall and his merry men.

During Wauchope's administration and during the time of a few of his successors, the office of Commissioner of Police seems to have been a nebulous one mixed up at times with that of the Chairman of the Corporation of Calcutta who held both these offices, if he did not perform the functions attached to both.

With the arrival of John Lambert, the Policeship of State sets out on an independent course of her own, and it will possibly be a time of some duration before the planets in their courses bring both these offices into the control of one person again. From the time of Bagnall in 1850 till about twenty years later the growth of the force was slow, nor was it for some years that the system of Inspectors and Superintendents was evolved, and which in its turn has given place to something more suitable to the century and to something possibly more honest.

At the sittings of the Commission out of whose recommendations arose Deputy Commissioners of Police and the present government of the force,

there was hardly a crime or a vice—from bribery, incompetence, cowardice and perjury to oppression, violence and murder—that was not alleged against the Police of Calcutta collectively if not individually.

It was beyond a doubt that there was plenty of corruption and some oppression amongst the Police at the time the Commission sat, but there were some honest men as well, men whose hands were neither red nor black and who at the time of their departure left this money-making institution poorer perhaps than they were when they joined it.

All things being relative, this thing of bribery is very different when indulged on a Stock Exchange and when it takes place in a Public Office. What is venal in a merchant or a tradesman would be something else in a policeman, and it is probable that the commercial morality of any great city to-day would destroy every Police Force in the world in a few months. But the merchant grows rich on his morality, the policeman poor on his.

Sir John Lambert was possibly a popular man, but he was much more of a soldier than a policeman, and belonged to those times and to that order in which first-class sterling men were made and sent forth to many lands for the benefit of all sorts of humanity.

Lambert's pose was that of a martinet, but like most others who assume this gloomy and stern mask, he was a man with a very tender heart, and

not only just but forgiving. He endeared himself to many who might not be expected to waste much sentiment on an official chief, but more than that he was, since he was often a friend. The friend of Judges, and the equal of any, he did something to exalt an office that bore no fame or tradition on its roll, and left it one of much more importance than it was when it first received the honour of his attentions.

He was a man, a good one, Shakespeare could say no more of Cæsar. The next Commissioner whom we will invite to join the company of the Sheriffs, is Sir Frederick Halliday, and he has had the distinction of having a Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (its first) as a grandfather, a man well known to the Sheriffs and much to the fore in their records.

It is only in recent years that transplantation has begun to claim the consideration which its importance deserves, and then only in the flora but not in the fauna of the earth. It is certain that transplanting children has the same result, it improves them, and this fact was observed by John Mitchell during his forced sojourn in Tasmania in 1848.

He observed that the finest men and women on the island were not those who were born there, but were those who had begun their existence in the British Isles, and had been brought to Tasmania in their youth.

It is probable that this truth, or fact, applies to those who are no longer children, and that in spite of Great Britain being the centre of the Universe, its people are improved in their persons, and in their minds by being shifted around amongst the various peoples and lands of the earth. This may be the key to the readiness with which our compatriots from the north of the dark rolling Tweed so readily assume the offices and the attributes of African Sultans and Cannibal Kings.

There are a few Hallidays to be met with in the Sheriff's record, in the very early part of the 19th century, and it is probable that the first Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal was not the first of his family whom dreams and romance had lured to the gorgeous glories of the blue and golden East. The physical and mental changes which contact with those glories had engendered, whether they began with the Lieutenant-Governor or not, were transmitted to that Governor's grandson, and it required but a very brief intercourse with him to observe their effect in his person and in his manner.

Your typical Briton, the child of a harsh inclement climate and diet, is coarse in fibre and rarely famed for softness of speech and manner. The transplanted Briton loses some of this coarseness in fibre and perhaps in manner, and as a race horse is a superior animal in grace and in endurance to his more humble ungraceful cousin who drags the dowagers of Park Lane around, so

the Briton whom you meet gazing at the Himalayas, is usually a superior animal to those whom you find enraptured by the wild majestic glories of the Serpentine. In Halliday the blood of the ruler was evident, not of him who rules with the sword or a club, but of one of many who have ruled in a land in which there was some culture to be gained and some philosophical lessons to be learned from subjects whom he might aspire to govern but not to teach or instruct. The term "gentleman" will just express what Halliday was, amiable and polished in manner and person without any outward indication of how much virtue or vice was hidden or concealed beneath his thoroughbred exterior. I am ignorant whether there is a gap between Halliday and Clarke, but the latter is the next Commissioner of Police at Calcutta entitled to a place after the descendant of the Dictators of Belvedere. Clarke, I believe, saw the beginning of the revolutionary period in Bengal, but it is his successor who has derived the most occupation and fame from the movement.

Clarke was probably unable to boast an Indian overlord in his line of descent, but the evidence furnished in his person and manner would not lead a philosopher to deduce his origin through a line of ploughmen or blacksmiths. He possessed a good deal of Halliday's smooth and polished exterior, and had one attribute of eastern if not of western genius, in being lazy or inactive.

These terms, dear reader, may be applied with equal truth to a philosopher or to a fool, for the states that these terms imply may be brought about by the wisdom of one or by the folly of the other.

His intercourse with the Sheriffs was not sufficiently intimate to enable an estimate of his character to be pronounced by the writer. The reader, however, will be satisfied with the negative evidence of Sir Reginald Clarke's knighthood, that he was sufficiently virtuous and respectable to be entitled to the offer of a seat beside Lambert and Halliday, in these pages.

Fame would have it that in the office of Commissioner of Police to-day there are a whole lot of other things to be met with, besides, the sweets of peace, and the suggested happiness of sunshine and roses. Amongst those other things is the prospect if not the likelihood of being sent to hell, that others might be enabled to find their way to heaven, and although that prospect might not be comforting to many, it should not be, and is possibly not disturbing to a man whose first impressions of life were coloured by the skies that bend above the river Shannon. In the happy land, which this famous river serves to nourish, the cheerful conditions of life for the past eight centuries have been such, that there could be few schools on earth better fitted to instruct and prepare a man for the position of Commissioner of Police at Calcutta to-day.

The skill and experience acquired in the shooting of Policemen or landlords, and the adroitness learned in escaping being shot by them, would all be transmitted by the Irish father to the Irish son, and as with these transmitted traits would go the glow of pursuer or pursued, it should be a pleasure to Mr. C. A. Tegart to feel that there are enough enterprising Bengalis in and around Calcutta to awaken in him some of those old combative emotions born ages before O'Neill had the pleasure of indulging them to the full on Munro's Army at "Red Benburb." When, therefore, Sir Wiliam Currie and other innocent sons of Scotia applaud the present Commissioner of Police at St. Andrew's Dinner for his ability and fortitude in dealing with the gunmen of Bengal, they little know that the resolution of their guest is but the inherited pleasure of the hunt, the ambush or the chase.

If Tegart's ancestors did not earn knighthoods in the pursuit of landlords, their descendant is nearly sure to stumble on top of one in his pursuit of anarchists, or in their pursuit of him. Envy will not, when it comes, prevent us from expressing the hope that it will bring him but half the excitement or pleasure that he must often have felt in beating the lairs of the idiots who are going to see a new world spring from the ashes of this. You, dear reader, may have enough curiosity to ask what manner or sort of man Tegart is apart from his

nationality and office. In person, he is possibly about five feet nine inches in height, and to use a very simple and homely expression "not bad looking." Of his attributes and character, I can tell you nothing now, but should it be mine to turn over the Sheriff's record again at the close of the 21st century, I may be able to tell you more about this last Commissioner of Police than I am either willing or able to do at present.

Let me finally take a glance at a few of the honest men who served as Superintendents with Sir John Lambert. This done we will roll up the scroll and put them to sleep with Grace and Bagnall for another hundred years, or forever. I will content myself by selecting four of these men since they were the best of the group, and had often shared the hospitality of the Sheriff, not in the Hurrin Baree, but in his saleroom, with the help of our friend Peliti.

The term "Sheriff" appears to be suggestive of merits and attachments, but one should remember that there is a flavour of meat and puddings in it as well.

It was this meat and those puddings which brought Alexander Hogg, H. S. Johnstone, M. B. Ellis, and Griffith Bowen to the haunt in which the Sheriffs dwell. As we know nothing of Grace or Seabrooke beyond their names, it would neither be necessary or profitable to say more about Ellis and his fellows beyond that they were honest and able

men. Enough, I have introduced them to their official parents of a century ago, and this done they may be allowed to live or sleep in peace and in dignity here.

CHAPTER XIV.

"IN THE MARGIN."—SEARCH OF THE RECORD TO FIND WHEN THIS TERM BEGAN TO BE USED.—"I AM TO SAY," A TERM NOT INVENTED TILL LATE IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

In reading the record the writer was curious to discover, if possible, when that term "in the margin" first began to be used. It is one of those senseless and provoking expressions which is neither a saving of ideas, words, or paper; and he thought that, as none of the virile servants of the Company nor any of the early Judges had used it, it must have been an importation or the product of the brain of some weary official, when phrases, and not ideas, began to be the means by which things in general were carried on. The first mention of the term discovered occurs in a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to the Town Major in 1822.

Among thousands of documents and communications the term does not again appear till 1833. Evidently it was not impressive, and, to use a vulgarism, did not "catch on" immediately. But the seed was sown, it was stupid and hence was sure to germinate.

After 1840 it is in full bloom. It flowers in all official communications, and to-day it would be an official heresy meriting something terrible to send

forth any letter which did not bear this precious bantling on its brow.

Unhappily the Sheriff's record had almost ceased to grow when that sacred official term, "I am to say," sprung proud and godlike from the mighty brain that conceived it. It was something even beyond those who steered the Ship of State into the breakers and on to the iron rocks of the Indian Mutiny.

The amount of originality displayed by this phrase is unbounded. It puts the genius of Shakespeare beside that of Thomas Hood, while it bears on the mental images to which it gives rise not only the impression that it is the conception of a deity but that it is the fiat of a King whose power is not only sublime but, like death, final, complete and absolute. Those sages of the past who interpret the attributes and laws of time, of the universe and of being, have more than once discovered that mankind has ever been and may still be ruled or swayed by a symbol or by a name.

May it not likewise be when we reflect that it took more than half a century of crammers and the genius of Britain to produce it; that this overwhelming official term is to Government what pictures were to the Aztecs of Mexico and what knots were to the Incas of Peru; and that he who would reach the crown of officialdom and have its choicest and most lofty positions added to him should begin his orisons at the break of every day



Rajah Reshee Case Law, C.I.E., Sheriff, 1915.

by exclaiming, "I am to say, I am to say, I am to say"? Think of it, ye budding Members of Council and Governors! Imagine the vistas to which the thought gives rise! Greater a thousand times than the secular conquests and victories of Cæsar will be yours when called to rule and direct that sacred province which beheld the life, the teachings and the meditations of the Lord of Compassion (1) or of that other land of Red and Gold where now his divine ashes repose (2).

The wonder is, official terms being so liable to become stereotyped, that some ingenious crammer does not compile a work on official forms, from which the overburdened Magistrate or Secretary might draw all that was necessary, except a word here and there, to carry on his official correspondence. The more flat, turgid and inane it was, the better. Such epistles seem to court everything but sense and lucidity. A jumble of words is beautiful. As in laws, it provides work for others in trying to give them a meaning.

When that work is compiled we trust that "I am to say" will be given its true place of honour. It will provide food for study and argument three thousand years hence, when the sages of that far-off time, following in the footsteps of some future Cortez or of some future Pizarro, will fill volumes in giving expression to their admiration

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(1) Buddha. (2) Burma.

and wonder at the genius or inspiration of him who discovered and they who ruled through those polished, lofty and stately edicts, every one of which will be found to contain these illuminating words and whose eternal repetition must stamp them as being of more than earthly origin.

CHAPTER XV.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—CANDIDATES AND RETURN OF THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION HELD IN CALCUTTA IN 1849, WITH A FEW REFLECTIONS THEREON.

The first Municipal election in Calcutta of which there is anything like a complete record took place on the 29th December, 1849. It would seem that the Commissioners were elected yearly, and possibly the election in 1849 was the second of the series held under the Act of 1847.

Like the police and hotel-keepers, our local Corporation has sprung from very humble parents, for we find the number of elected Commissioners in 1849 is only four—one for each of the divisions into which the city was then divided for matters Municipal.

They are still in 1849 called "Commissioners for the Improvement of Calcutta," and, considering that some one or other has been engaged in "improving" our Eastern Pearl since 1780, it is not surprising that it was found necessary to appoint another body of "improvers" lately to improve on the improvements of a century and a half.

That the promptings of public virtue were strong in the breasts of our amiable citizens is

clear, since these patriotic and unselfish gentlemen pressed forward to solicit the suffrages of their fellow townsmen, that they might be permitted to enjoy the stainless honour of labouring for those who were unable to labour for themselves.

Generous men, what an example they have set their successors! How faithfully that example has been followed, all who walk the streets of Calcutta must know.

Well, here they come and here is the order in which they offer themselves for immolation.

1st or Upper North Division.

(1) Woomes Chunder Ghose.
(2) Bhoobun Mohan Mitter.
(3) Khetter Mohun Saha.
(4) Bhoobun Mohun Mitter.

2nd or Lower North Division.

(1) Peary Mohun Dey.
(2) Tariney Churn Banerjee.

3rd or Upper South Division.

(1) Dinnoo Bundhoo Dey.
(2) Sham Chund Bose.
(3) Doorgadass Ghose.

4th or Lower South Division.

(1) John Newmarch.
(2) Thomas Henry Lemaistre.
(3) H. H. Watts.
(4) Brindabun Chunder Bose.



Rai Hariram Goenka Bahadur, Sheriff, 1917.

Before the elections took place, some of the candidates, feeling, no doubt, that they would be unable to live up to the standard of social purity demanded in such an exalted office, retired in favour of their more worthy or more ambitious opponents, with the following results when the issue was joined:—

1st Division.

(1)	Bhoobun Mohan Mitter	..	1,583
(2)	Woomes Chunder Ghose	..	674
(3)	Khetter Mohun Saha	..	44
		Majority	865

2nd Division.

(1)	Tariney Churn Banerjee	..	477
(2)	Peary Mohun Dey	..	68
		Majority	409

3rd Division.

Dinnoo Bundhoo Dey	..	..	159

4th Division.

H. E. Watts	..	..	214

There was, therefore, no contest in the 3rd and 4th Divisions. The electoral roll was evidently very small.

It was compiled by the officials of the Corporation, but it was the representatives of the

Sheriff who conducted the elections. These were held in tents for the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions, and in the Town Hall for the 4th.

The tactics of Tammany, it would seem, had thus early taken root in Calcutta. Mr. Lemaistre, who was evidently the Manager or the Editor of the *Englishman,* in retiring from the contest, informs the Sheriff that his reasons for doing so will be fully set out in the columns of his paper. Others protest against others being allowed to stand for election.

When the elections are over, along come the usual charges of false voting papers and the hundred-and-one trifles of corruption which seem to be inherent in all elections of this kind. From which it is evident that the West had as little to teach the East in 1849, as it has at the present hour, of how municipal elections should be conducted if a majority of votes be the target aimed at.

The record is silent as to how many nominated Commissioners figured in those early Municipal Councils, nor would it be of much interest did we know. They were sure to be safe obedient people and as such were not likely to disturb or rival the fame of those who in stone or brick have left the impression, of their genius for construction, on a hundred cities of this and other lands.

The Barwells had evidently not yet discovered what pleasant and lucrative possibilities there were in the infant Corporation, for we find Cockburn, who

was later to discover the means of making the office of constable self-supporting, describing himself in an official document in 1852 as merely "one of the Commissioners for the Improvement of Calcutta." He, if any one, should have been the Official Chairman, were such a person then in existence. But, in any case, it is to the credit of those who from their stronghold in Circular Road kept for so many years a vigilant and an envious eye on what was taking place in Calcutta, that they were early alive to the changes going on in the enemy territory; and promptly enthroned one of their own number as the Official Chairman after the city itself was finally overthrown in 1862. Their own keep, grey with age and honour, was to behold the successors of the Impeys and the Russells dispensing justice in its venerable halls during the construction of the present High Court building. This done, it is devoted to the humane and beneficent purpose of a Military Hospital, and may henceforth repose, hallowed by the glory and the triumph of the past.

CHAPTER XVI.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—HELD ONLY FOR AND BY EUROPEANS TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.—THEIR NON-POLITICAL COLOUR.—PERMISSION TO HOLD SUCH MEETINGS HAD TO BE FIRST OBTAINED FROM GOVERNMENT.

Amongst other institutions which our Empire-builders brought with them to India was that of Public Meetings.

But the Government of Fort William does not seem to have been at all sympathetic to this plant of occidental growth, and possibly regarded it as something not at all suitable to the harmony and the repose of an Eastern landscape. Nor did the Government desire to feel the pulse of public opinion through this illuminating medium, believing probably that public opinion was something dangerous and unsuitable to a land nurtured and reared in the bosom of an iron despotism for ages.

We find therefore that public meetings could only be held with the sanction and approval of Government, and that till some time after 1830 these meetings were convened by the Sheriffs, for Europeans only. The Aryan is not invited—we are still in the age of "two pieces of coarse cotton





Other views of the Old Court House of the Sudder Dewaney Adaulat. Now the Station Hospital for British Troops.



The Old Court House of the Sudder Dewaney Adaulat.
The stronghold of the Barwells and the Plowdens.

cloth "—nor has he yet learned that there may be other means of acquiring place and wealth than by the sword. This weapon had not yet begun to rust in the East. It is still a potent factor in deciding conflicting claims.

These early meetings were all laudatory, convened for the purpose of doing honour to the departing Governor-General, to celebrate some victory, or to condole with the relative of some person deceased. Politics, of course, was something belonging to another world and had never been heard of in Bengal; which was rightly more intimately concerned with brandy, silk, and opium, allied to the repose begotten by the beams of an Indian sun.

The following will serve as a specimen of the requisitions and the objects of these meetings:—

To

Walter Ewer, Esq.,

Sheriff of Calcutta.

Sir,

We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, request you will convene a public meeting of the British inhabitants of Calcutta for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of expressing in an address to the Right Hon'ble the Governor-General, on his expected return to this

Presidency, their congratulations on the glorious termination of the War with the late Tipoo Sultaun.

We are, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servants,

John Laird,
William Fairlie,
David Ross,
Thos. Ayres,
W. A. Brooke,
Robert Bathurst,
John Bustow,
C. Cockerell,
J. Buller,
C. Green,
F. Mure,
G. Dowdeswell,
Thos. Graham,
W. Burroughs,
J. H. Harington,
John Bebb,
Alex. Colvin,
John Best,
Thos. Arthur,
W. R. Cameron,
J. P. Gardiner,
Paul Limrick.

CALCUTTA:
7th August, 1799.

To

THE BRITISH INHABITANTS OF CALCUTTA.

A letter having been addressed to me by several respectable inhabitants of the settlement requesting that I will convene a meeting of the British inhabitants of Calcutta for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of expressing in an address to the Right Hon'ble the Governor-General, on his expected return to this Presidency, their congratulations on the glorious termination of the War with the late Tipoo Sultaun.

I do hereby, in compliance with the above application, request your attendance at the Theatre at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of Wednesday, the 21st instant.

WALTER EWER,

Sheriff.

Of these citizens the principal number are leading merchants of Calcutta.

There are a few officials amongst them in the persons of Sir William Burroughs, a Judge of the Supreme Court; J. H. Harington, afterwards Sir James Harington, *Bart.;* and George Dowdeswell, one of the Secretaries to the Government, of whom we have already spoken.

But the departure of a Governor-General was always the grand event that called our citizens in public meeting to arms.

Then there is a grand display of the might and rank of Bengal, where Generals, Colonels, Judges, Secretaries, Merchants and a Bishop jostle each other on their way to prefer their meed of homage and reverence to the departing glory of the setting sun.

The rising orb was not neglected, but our citizens characteristically awaited a Governor's departure before doing him the greatest honours,—honours which it would have been servility to offer when he was assuming and not when he was vacating his office. I will do those citizens the justice of believing that, notwithstanding the vain boastings about liberty and democracy to-day, they were men endowed with a far deeper spirit of freedom than their timid and feeble successors, and that a man's only title to their esteem and respect was, whatever his position might be, that it had been fairly earned and justly deserved.

In 1833, progress being on the wing, our citizens began their meetings and petitions to have a steam service established between Bombay and Suez. Simple matters of this kind were not the business of Government just then, though at that period it possibly seemed one of mighty importance.

At this time our Aryan brothers were becoming affected by the social influences of the West, and had begun to take a share in, adding to the confusion, or in assisting in the solution of those social and commercial problems which were beginning to

present themselves. The British Raj may be credited with being as competent to keep any oriental people in a state of repose and sleep as any that has ever existed south of the Caspian. The people of India may be credited with being the most peaceful and the most prone to sleep of any people north or south of the equator.

But even this combination of ruler and ruled, unique perhaps in all the ages, was one day to come to an end, and perhaps in this steamship meeting in 1833 we may discover the symptoms which indicate that the sleeper was about to awaken for the first time in his life. That life had been long, but in sleep it began and continued. But now the Tagores, the Seals, the Roys, the Dutts and the Sens, came forward with their European fellows to solicit the establishment of a line of ships. The taste for public meetings once begun, the change from ships to politics would be smooth and easy. Under other conditions it might be rapid, but when we consider that the extraordinary combination mentioned above was in being and in action, it is clear that it would be slow. But nevertheless it was sure and it came. Those trained to move petitions in public meeting were qualifying to instruct their children how to demand a great many things, much bigger and more costly than ships. Those children again, carrying those demands many steps further, deemed themselves competent to teach the grand-children of their fathers that ships, corporations,

and even Morley-Minto Councils were merely the playthings of political boyhood, to give place ultimately to the last and final demand of political manhood—the unquestioned right to pursue their destiny in their own way, free from the interference and retarding influences of foreign control.

Many years must have passed since the steamship meeting ere the first Indian dreamed for the first time of a self-governing India. Later that dream would become a hope, then an aspiration followed by a struggle, and finally by those reformers who are about to provide this ancient and venerable land with a beautiful set of new Political toys dignified by the name of self-government.

Thus does the eternal law of change go on forever. Asoka gives place to Mahmood of Ghazni, who in turn is pushed aside by Clive. The descendants of those feeble hordes who hailed the British freebooter as a protector and as a master, arming themselves with the weapons of the Senate and the Court, extort from the peace and commerce loving descendants of Clive's countrymen the right to tax and punish their fellows in India.

For any other rights that man may possess no Montagu nor Chelmsford was needed. These were here in abundance.

Those Indian conscript fathers who now behold the path to self-government strewn with laurels and roses will probably not reflect that the Imperial Queen born in the arms of Romulus was destined

to behold her freedom and her glory trampled beneath the iron heel of the Gothic barbarian.

Those barbarians never die. Every age beholds them, passive or active. India will dream that she has beheld the last of them when College Square resounds with the triumphant cheers that greet the first Indian Prime Minister. But the departing freebooter will have many successors; successors who with iron hand will grasp the sceptre which has become too heavy for the feeble and nervous hands of the successors of Clive. That sun which made India the plaything of so many conquerors will continue to enfeeble India's children, and in the political tempests of the future, as in those of the past, her docility and gentleness, engendered by ages of thought and philosophy, will make her still the prey and the prize of him who is the most merciless and the strongest.

With our dreams and our plans, what mighty beings we seem to be—in our own eyes!

How weak and paltry we will appear to those who succeed us!



CHAPTER XVII.

SHERIFFS FROM 1891 TO 1903.—SOME REFLECTIONS UPON THEM.

It is time perhaps to return to our Sheriffs and to take a glance at some of those who followed H. B. H. Turner, the Sheriff of 1890. They were:—

Shahzadah Mahomed Furruck Shah, 1891.
James Lyle Mackay, } 1892.
William Currie, } 1892.
Rustamjee Dhunibhoy Mehta, 1893.
Edward Trelawny, 1894.
Joy Gobind Law, 1895.
Patrick Playfair, 1896.
Shewbux Bogla, 1897.
Allan Arthur, } 1898.
Sitanath Roy, } 1898.
William Buckley Gladstone, } 1899.
C. Lawrie Johnstone, } 1899.
Sahebzada Mahomed Bukhtyar Shah, 1900.
George Henry Sutherland, 1901.
H. M. Rustomjee, 1902.
William Albert Bankier, 1903.

Prince Furruck Shah was the third in descent from Tipoo, being the grandson of Prince Gholam Mahomed, who was the eleventh son of the Sultan.

Mouz-ud-Din, another son of Tipoo whom we have already met in the Hurrin Baree, does not seem to have left any sons, and so our Sheriff of 1891 was and his descendants now are the representatives in blood of the redoubtable defender of Seringapatam.

In person Furruck Shah was tall, handsome, and stately. In character he was noble, liberal, and generous, as became the descendant of a regal line. Few men have carried in their features and in their mien their character and origin so plainly as he. It would have been impossible to mistake him for anything but what he was—a prince in character, as well as a prince in blood and in name. In times other than those in which he lived, he might have led a more strenuous existence than that of a Sheriff of Calcutta and as a country gentleman of Tollygunge. He would not have been unworthy to have held a place among that band of lieutenants of Abu Beker, Omar and their successors, who carried the arms of the Prophet and the terror of his name from the Shat-el-Arab to the Danube;—those half barbarous children of Asia who taught the then wholly barbarous people of Europe some of the rudiments of humanity and civilization.

If Mouz-ud-Din was a person given to reflection and meditation he must often in his idle moments, during his life in the Hurrin Baree, have come to the conclusion that so far as he and his father's house was concerned the end was not far off. Thoroton, into whose hands he was first committed,

and those Sheriffs who followed him, must have seemed to our captive prince a class of being between whom and his own people there never could be anything in common. He must have regarded them as destroyers destined to exterminate his people and to take the place which they once held, in the same way that they had pushed the Hindus aside.

But he was mistaken if he judged his captors by what he knew of his fellows. Those captors in coming to India were much more concerned in establishing markets than they were in founding Empires.

The first was easy, pleasing and profitable, the other was troublesome, laborious and arduous. It required a good deal of sustained resolution, much shifting of some people and much killing of others. The task would not be one in which gold, silk and opium would always be forthcoming and so it were better to keep on with markets while boasting of other things.

It therefore came to pass that not only were Mouz-ud-Din's countrymen saved from spoliation and slaughter, but that they were destined to wax strong beneath the fostering care of our traders, and that his own grand-nephew was yet to fill the position held by his custodian, Edward Thoroton.

James Lyle Mackay, the Sheriff in 1892, has travelled so far, in more senses than one, from the banks of the Hughli that, in the atmosphere of the House of Lords which he at present adorns as

Lord Inchcape, he possibly forgets that he once held the office of Sheriff of Fort William. Extending a fleet of ships is no doubt a profitable pursuit, but it is hardly likely to beget immortality. Our Sheriff of 1892 and our Peer of 1925 is no doubt quite ignorant that William Hay Macnaghten once held this office of Sheriff also. Were he aware of the fact, he might reflect that in Macnaghten's company his name is more likely to survive than it will be in the company of those selfless philanthropists who comprise the House of Peers, and who so modestly have permitted themselves to be decorated with a set of fantastic titles and trappings which should incite the envy of a Red Indian to whom, as Lords, they are more closely related than they know.

But if the office of Sheriff was too narrow a field for the incitement and display of Inchcape's talents, the aftermath of that great and mighty bath of blood and tears, the war, gave him the opportunity of showing that he was capable of something more serious and constructive than wearing the ornaments of the Peerage and smiling, as he must often have done, at the grave and inane debates of that august House. But whether Inchcape, who with some success, taught the war's survivors how to salve some of the wreckage which had escaped destruction, or they who caused it, and killed eight or nine millions of their fellow ants at the same time, are most entitled to our thanks, will be determined by each from the opinion which he

may hold of the worth or the baseness of the self-styled Lord of Creation. What is perhaps a better proof of Inchcape's title to the esteem of many is that putting his hand in his *own* pocket he found there twenty thousand pounds, and generously gave it to those who apparently needed it more than himself. It is not difficult to be charitable with the money of others and no man need go far in search of helpers when the property of the nation is to be distributed but where a man's own hoard is in question it is astonishing how few willing and worthy men there are amongst people who would feel insulted if described as being anything but generous.

Being a Scotsman our Ex-Sheriff's generosity may pass without comment. That is quite natural in a people who can afford to laugh at stories of their own meanness. Were they true, the people of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" would long ago have convinced themselves, if they did not convince others, like their brothers across the border, with their genius for colonization, that they were the most generous amongst all the peoples of the earth.

With the exception of Patrick Playfair, the Sheriff in 1896, of whose fame we will have occasion to speak at the end of this work, Mackay and his eleven immediate successors came and went and, like so many of their Victorian predecessors, left no trace behind. A few still remain on this side of

eternity. The others have gone to swell the ranks of that vast multitude amongst whom Lords, Sheriffs and debtors seem to be of equal or of no importance.

The laws which govern genius, nobility or generosity, are as active in the office of Sheriff as they are in much greater offices of life. Cæsar will have no Napoleon to succeed him when the daggers of Brutus and Cassius render the office of the dictator vacant. He will have to console himself with patience for many centuries before his daring and mighty prototype is born, and in the meantime the world must laugh and drink, bleed and suffer, as best it may. In like manner the Macnaghtens, the Calders, and the Furruck Shahs have been few and it was not till 1901 that a successor worthy of those appeared in the person of George Henry Sutherland. At that time he was quite a young man, possibly not more than thirty-four. He was President of the Chamber of Commerce at the same time and it is possible that he was the youngest man who ever held both these offices. A man may rule a world at twenty-five, but he is not likely to rule a town before he is getting grey. To say that Sutherland was a man of first class ability would be but a poor tribute to his many lovable qualities. He possessed that sunny nature which few preserve who have taken a part in the battle of life; nor had that battle robbed him of his boyish heart which only those beloved of the gods carry with them beyond the

portals of manhood. All those traits which are said to constitute the character of a gentleman were his in an eminent degree. Like Furruck Shah, it was impossible to mistake him for anything but what he was—one of those rare and generous beings whose very rarity impresses us with a sense of their nobleness.

Sutherland was Sheriff for the second time for a part of the year 1908, when the common misfortune of most modern Sheriffs befell him. He was made a Knight. By this the Order received the honour and not the individual, for he was a man who was an honour to something far greater than all the Orders put together from the Garter to an O.B.E.,—for he was, in short, an honour to his ancient and gallant country, Scotland.

William Albert Bankier, the Sheriff of 1903, deserves a place beside Sir George Sutherland in the record. He was a man of lofty and generous disposition and one in whom the best of the Sheriffs had a more than worthy successor. In person he was tall, stately and dignified, but with that twinkle of merriment in his eye which betrayed the genial and generous soul within. Unlike most of his predecessors who followed Furruck Shah, he was neither a mere puppet nor a figure-head. He was a real Sheriff, a man of flesh and blood, capable of action and change when necessary; and not one of that somnolent species which drifted, with almost fatal consequences, from Waterloo to the Marne.

He did something to resuscitate an office that had fallen into decrepitude and decay, for which he is likely to be long remembered by all who prize the preservation of what has been and is an ancient and honourable institution. It would probably be of little interest to the reader to be told that the Sheriff of such a year was a member of such and such a firm, etc.

A man who would be remembered must build his own monument, which is something that these men have made no attempt to do. In the company of Macnaghten and Sutherland their names may escape oblivion, and this is perhaps all and more than they deserve.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVES IN ASSAM IN 1834.—CHINESE SHOEMAKERS IN BENTINCK STREET IN 1829.—THEIR FAITH IN BRITISH JUSTICE.—FORT MAJOR, BRIGADE MAJOR, AND TOWN MAJOR.—HOSPITALITY OF SIR EDWARD HYDE EAST.

In the various States and Nations where slavery as an institution existed, the attachment of slaves as ordinary property must have been as common an event as the attachment of anything else. It is doubtful to what extent slavery existed in British India, but the Sheriff's record only contains, so far as we have been able to discover, one instance of slaves being seized as property. This was in Assam in 1834 where amongst other things seized as the property of the debtor were four female slaves. Their supposed value was small, about two hundred rupees each.

The officer informs the Sheriff that slavery is becoming very unpopular and that it is doubtful if purchasers could be found for those slaves which he had attached. The record is silent as to the ultimate fate of the girls. They were probably turned adrift and left to seek in freedom their living as best they could.



Sir George Henry Sutherland, *Kt.*, Sheriff, 1908.

In old Calcutta there was probably no street so famous and well known as Cossitollah (Bentinck Street).

In and around it, a large number of European tradesmen, as I have said, carried on their business, and it seems to have been the centre of the commercial life of the city. The record which abounds with matters relating to Cossitollah discloses the interesting fact that Chinese shoemakers were settled in this street as early as 1829.

The British tradesmen have vanished, but the children of the Flowery Land have waxed fat and numerous in this old thoroughfare, and although a certain number of Indians may be found disputing the right of the sons of Confucius to monopolise this locality, there is little doubt but that the Celestial will prevail over all with whom he may come in contact. In his case the law will hold good that where two civilizations meet, the older will always tend to absorb the newer. Chan Chong, a Chinese shoemaker in Cossitollah in 1829, has been cheated, as he thinks, by his landlord, a meek and devout Hindu. The Chinaman in his wanderings has possibly heard it affirmed that if the Briton was a man given to strong drink, he was also a person much addicted to justice.

In this belief, and unsupported by powerful friends or potent gold, he presents himself with a petition before Sir Francis Macnaghten, who reads his petition and sends him where he may find

redress. To those who understand something of the procedure of the High Court to-day, this will be eloquent of how remote the year 1829 is from the present time. It will likewise convince them that the period of the Arabian Nights flourished for a long time after the advent of the British in Bengal and that their justice was then something still believed in by the various nations of the East.

Three officials who played a prominent part in the early life of the city were the Fort Major, the Brigade Major, and the Town Major. They were, as their names indicate, men who would be much more in their element in breaking up mobs or quelling a riot than they would be in catching thieves or conducting the game of espionage which has become such a feature in the public life of all large cities to-day. Of these officials the one with whom the Sheriff was most intimately acquainted was the Town Major. This gentleman was in fact, if not in name, the Military Governor of Calcutta. He controlled an efficient military force with which he kept the city in a state of peace and good order. It was he who furnished the military guards for the various public buildings and discharged most of the duties which have devolved on the policeman at present. Though styled a Major it was usually a Lieutenant-Colonel who held this office, and as Colonels were not quite so common in 1819 as they are in 1918, it will readily be understood that our Town Major was a person to be reckoned with when



William Albert Bankier, Sheriff, 1903.

the eighteenth century was old and the nineteenth century was young. With the changes which followed the Indian Mutiny he passed into oblivion and we meet him no more. A state of society based on spies and spying would not have been at all in harmony with the sensitive and noble dignity of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of his Britannic Majesty George III.

Of these Majors we may distinguish—

Captain Alexander Apsley, 1793.
Lt.-Col. G. Bristowe, 1805.
Lt.-Col. Anthony Hennessy, 1814.
Lt.-Col. J. Vaughan, 1822.
Lt.-Col. R. V. Colquhoun, 1830.
Lt.-Col. G. Fiddes, 1840.
Lt.-Col. George Warren, 1844 and onward.

Salutes, it seems, were of as much importance in those far-off days as they are at present. The Chief Justice was entitled to this dignity when he landed at the Ghat. Another salute was fired when he took the oath on assuming office.

On one occasion the Sheriff had the temerity to write to the Town Major, informing him that the Chief Justice would be sworn in at such an hour and requesting that the usual salute should then be fired.

The Town Major in a very grave and dignified reply reproves the ignorant or erring Sheriff to whom he sends compliments, and " begs to acquaint

that from Lord Hardinge alone he can receive any direction concerning salutes. His Lordship has, however, given the requisite order on the subject," etc. It would seem from this that the matter was sufficiently grave to necessitate immediate steps being taken to correct or admonish any person who pretended to interfere in so delicate and important an affair. I do not know how much comfort or consolation the early Chief Justices derived from these salutes, but it would certainly have been much more for their daily convenience if some of the money wasted on powder had been spent in supplying things that were necessary for the Court. Furniture was something that had to be fought for. Clocks were something in the nature of a luxury which the Government thought the Court could well do without. There were none in the rooms of the Court or in those of the Judges till 1835, when Mr. Justice Grant ordered the Sheriff to buy one at his (the Judge's) expense if he (the Sheriff) could not get the Government to provide it.

But meanwhile the Councillors were provided with blue plush chairs, and a sum was annually paid for the care of the pictures in the Court.

Calcutta then seemed to have a monopoly of open filthy drains, those around the Court being so bad and offensive that it was necessary to treat them to a layer of quicklime twice a day in order that people could live in the Court at all. To-day

the drains are under-ground, but something almost as bad is carefully cultivated in the city, and that something is dust.

On all the paths along the Maidan and in those of the Eden Gardens some self-sacrificing Municipal contractor, yearly about December, lays a lot of red brick rubble, for which no doubt, instead of being hanged, he is paid a respectable sum of money.

This rubble in the course of a few months is nicely ground to powder by passing pedestrians and lies like a layer of dirty flour along the various paths. To this is also carefully added the dust swept from the streets, which is possibly intended as a carpet for the thousands of naked feet which daily walk those dusty paths. It is now the month of March and, all being ready, along come the nor'westers to make the citizens of Calcutta appreciate the labours of their Corporation. Borne on the wings of those fierce raging storms, the dust of the streets and of the Maidan is swept in clouds into the houses and into the lungs of the unfortunate citizens, who without a murmur submit to this atrocity from year to year, as if it were a visitation of the gods or of nature, against which it were vain or impious to struggle or protest.

However objectionable the drains around the old Supreme Court may have been, they do not seem to have interfered with the hospitality of Sir Edward Hyde East nor with the appetite of his guests. He

lived in what was then (1815) Post Office Street to which the prefix " Old " has since been added. His house bore no number, but was evidently adjacent to the Court House and well within the range and influence of its poisonous drains. At 9 o'clock in the morning of the first day of each Term, Sir Edward invited about twenty-four guests to breakfast with him at his house. These included, of course, the other Judges and officials of the Supreme Court, a few of the Company's Magistrates and others, amongst whom we find for many years the Rev. Mr. Thomason. Sir Edward was possibly a pious man whose piety took the practical and laudable shape of feeding his many friends. He seems to have been the most esteemed and beloved of all the Chief Justices. The record contains many instances in which he is referred to with tenderness and affection, and this affection, on his retirement, found expression in the marble statue erected to his memory, which now adorns the south verandah of the Court House.

His predecessors, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Justice Hyde, were content to permit their friends to feed themselves.

His successors followed their example, for on the departure of the beloved and venerable chief the hospitality of Post Office Street comes to an end and the Rev. Mr. Thomason disappears from the Sheriff's record for ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mildness with which the laws are administered to-day as compared with their administration a century ago.—Early lotteries in Calcutta.

At the Criminal Sessions of the High Court there are certain emblems carried by the officers of the Sheriff, which are laid on the bar in front of the Judge while he is sitting, and removed when he has left the Court room.

These at present consist of a Mace, a Sword, an Oar, and a lot of Spears. It is the first three of these that are laid before the Judge, the Spears have not been brought into Court for years.

The meaning of these emblems is, of course, obvious. The Mace represents the Judge's territorial authority or possibly his jurisdiction over acts committed on the land, the Oar over acts committed at sea, and the Sword is the Sword of Justice by which those acts will be punished. Of these emblems only the Mace and the Spears go back to the time of Impey. Engraved on the Mace are the words and figures—" J. Cox 1772." The spears were possibly made in London also, and brought to Calcutta with the Mace in 1774. They are often referred to in the record with the Mace, before 1800. But there is no mention made of the

Oar and the Sword till about 1850, as the Oar bears the letters "V. R." beneath the Victorian Crown, the conclusion is reasonable that these emblems were not in use before the middle of the last century.

In contrasting the Supreme Court of more than a century ago with the High Court of to-day, one is struck with the mildness with which the laws are administered in 1919 as compared with their administration under Impey's four immediate successors. The laws themselves have been softened to some extent, but it is chiefly in the changed character of the Judges that the change is most noticeable and evident; perhaps the British people in general have grown more soft and mild under George V than they were under his kingly predecessor, George III. The coming of the Indian Judge would also in a measure influence the spirit and the rigour with which the laws were administered. The children of a thousand dreamers, who believed that no man could escape the universal and eternal laws of *Karma*, would not be likely to feel that the criminal could escape the punishment due to his crimes even if he went unpunished by any earthly tribunal. To those who believed that, whatever punishment might follow in a future state or in a future life, every crime deserved its just punishment here and at once, that the man who forged the name of another or robbed his property was a social pest and a social



The Mace, 1772.

outcast who deserved to be removed for ever from a society which he had outraged, and that any man who took the life of another had justly forfeited his own.

The former spirit would seem to pervade the administration of justice to-day. The latter certainly guided the justice of the Supreme Court in 1800. The man who declined to present himself before the High Court at present, though ordered by the Court to do so, may be sure of release from arrest by making a plausible excuse and by promising to obey the Court in future. From the time of Impey till a little later than 1830, the man who refused to attend the Supreme Court when ordered to do so committed an act of rebellion, for which he was swiftly and severely punished. No amount of chicanery and sophistry could save him. That Court seems to have proceeded on the assumption that laws were framed for the purpose of being administered literally; that they were so administered is one of the most evident facts in the record.

Whether the mildness displayed to-day is an evidence of advancing civilization when compared with the stern and unrelenting rigour of the past, will be a matter of opinion in which few perhaps would be found to agree. It may be that forgiveness is more in harmony with the spirit of a people permeated by the wisdom and the philosophy of Buddha and the Upanishads, than

the iron systems that distinguished the laws and the society of Sparta and Republican Rome. It is certain that India's mild and forgiving systems of philosophy and religion has enabled her to survive the wreck of many Empires; and that her only rival in existence to-day is that other Eastern land which is indebted to India for much of that placid enlightenment which has been her guide for ages.

It would seem that in the battle of life it is always the prey which survives. In the ocean the flying fish is preyed upon by a thousand enemies and yet he is the most numerous of all. In the forests the deer is pursued by every animal that does not subsist on nuts or grass. But he survives in herds, while most of his enemies lead a precarious existence in families of twos and threes.

In like manner the peoples of India and China have been overwhelmed by many military hurricanes and pursued and ravaged by many enemies. But, like the flying fish and the deer, they have survived their pursuers and have grown more numerous after every storm that has assailed them.

Calcutta, as is well known, has for more than a century been the home of lotteries of various kinds. A hundred years ago it was often by lotteries that houses were disposed of and the Sheriff's record contains many old tickets relating to this method by which our citizens disposed of their immoveable property. The Town Hall, through which a torrent of wasted eloquence has flown for a century, was;

as is generally known, built or paid for by the proceeds of a lottery.

The record discloses the fact that the price of each ticket was one hundred rupees, which, when the value of money in 1808 is taken into account, was a somewhat large sum for one or for each ticket.

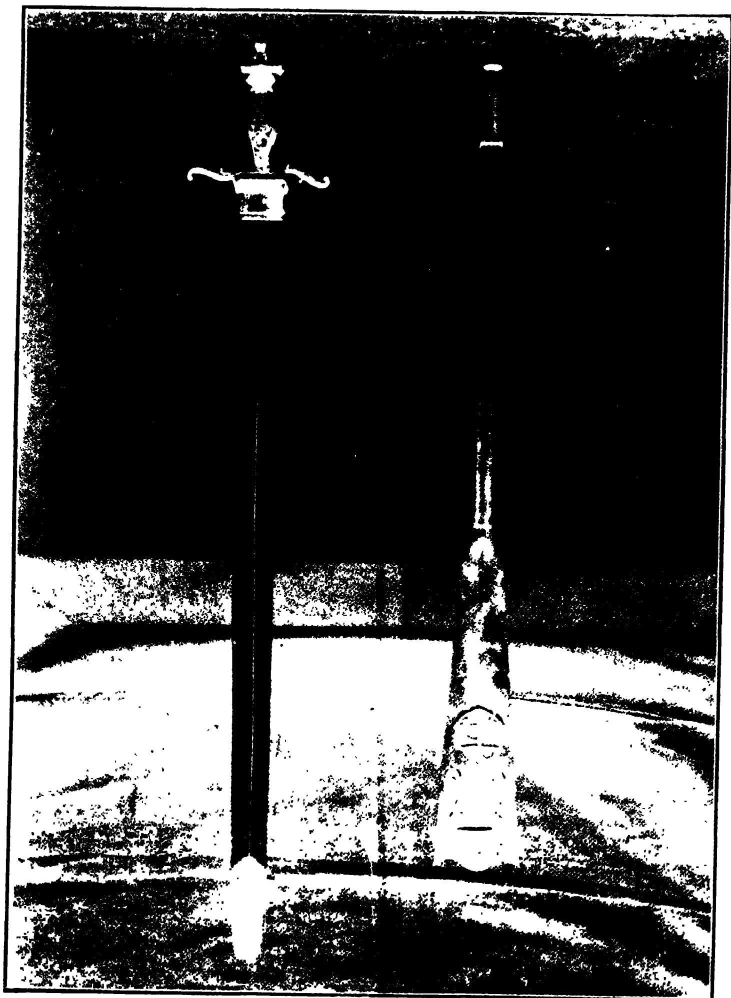
But the pagoda tree, at that blissful period, still flourished in this happy land. Its fruit and blossoms were freely strewn around amongst Calcutta's cultured and wealthy citizens. To them money does not seem to have been the precious thing which it has become to-day, when most of it has found its way into the gloomy recesses of Burra Bazar.

CHAPTER XX.

Old Anglo-Indian families.—The Armenians.—The Sheriffs from 1904 to 1920.

Of those old Anglo-Indian families with which the record abounds, few descendants survive in 1920. The Haberleys, Starks, Barettos, Calders, D'Souzas, Imhoffs, Swinhoes, Blacquieres, Lackersteins and others have nearly all passed away. Still a few survive,—enough, perhaps, to demonstrate that Bengal is far from being the most suitable place outside the British Isles for the propagation and welfare of the British race. The changes which science has brought about in a century may, however, have made it possible to carry on the race even in Calcutta and to produce healthy and intelligent beings in the city by the Hughli.

But the impetus and the conditions under which this might be done would demand the direction and control of a very different set of men to those somnambulists who have suppressed or retarded the development and the expansion of our Oriental Pearl. Fostered and nurtured by a Government which loved her and knew her worth, there is no standard of opulence and magnificence to which she might not attain. Another community, whose dwindling numbers are eloquent of the



The Sword and the Oar. First used about 1845.

changed conditions of life in Calcutta at present when contrasted with those of eighty years ago, is that of those oppressed wanderers—the Armenians.

During the middle fifty years of the nineteenth century this community flourished in Bengal as their successors, the Marwaris, flourish to-day. In the record we come across them in all directions, as merchants, suitors, jurors, and as men of wealth and influence generally.

Like our young friends the leadsmen and pilots, they loomed large in Calcutta's social life and took up a considerable amount of room in the city.

But with the changed commercial conditions of recent years they are undoubtedly giving place to another class of traders whose methods of business are certainly not those of former years. A few, however, maintain a position of eminence in the commercial world, but it is evident that a few years will see the final departure of these. With their exit the Armenian community may find themselves in the position of the old Anglo-Indian families, dwindling in numbers, in wealth, and in importance.

When we first meet the Armenians in the record we find them spread all over Bengal, Behar and Orissa.

Everywhere the Sheriff goes they are very much in evidence, and on occasions we find them leading bands of armed men to oppose the

execution of the writs of the Supreme Court. Like the European, they have vanished from the country districts of this province, and, like the European again, survive in very small bands in the principal cities of India.

Perhaps, those transatlantic descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers who are now invading this sultry land may be more fortunate than the European and the Armenian have been in perpetuating their race, in health and in intelligence.

We may here return to our Sheriffs and carry the list down to the year of grace and scarcity, 1920.

Following William Albert Bankier were these:—

Nalin Behari Sircar, 1904.
Ernest Cable, 1905.
Apcar Alexander Apcar, 1906.
Maharaj Kumar Kristo Das Law, 1907.
Sir George Henry Sutherland, *Kt.*, } 1908.
Maharajah Sir Prodyat Coomar Tagore, *Kt.*, } 1908.
Maharajah Sir Prodyat Coomar Tagore, *Kt.*, 1909.
Walter Kingsbury Dowding, 1910.
Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee, K.C.I.E., 1911.
Robert Holmes Arbuthnot Gresson, 1912.
Sahebzadah Gholam Mohammed Shah, 1913.
Francis Hugh Stuart, 1914.

Raja Reshee Case Law, 1915.
Edward Hugh Bray, 1916.
Rai Hariram Goenka Bahadur, 1917.
Frank Willingdon Carter, 1918.
Prince Akram Hosain, 1919.
Alfred Donald Pickford, 1920.

There are some in the group entitled to nothing beyond oblivion. The author must regret that he is compelled to parade them in the company of more honourable and amiable men, but the manner in which they became entitled to this distinction is eminently characteristic of this extraordinary city and in keeping with its unique and singular traditions.

In a rude or in an infant state of society, such as existed in England for some centuries after the Norman Conquest or as it existed in the infant States of the American Republic and as it still exists in some of these States to-day, the person on whom the office of Sheriff was conferred was as competent to carry out personally the mandates of the law within his bailiwick as a Colonel would be to lead and direct his regiment in battle.

The fitness of the individual to discharge personally the duties of the office must have been his first title to the appointment.

In an older and more settled state of society the Sheriff is no longer called upon to direct the execution of the laws in person. This duty is

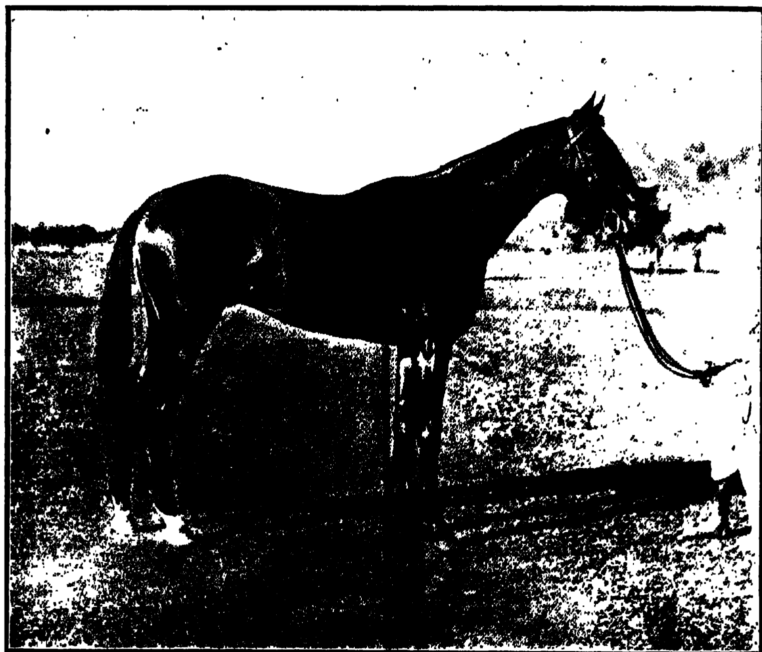
delegated to some other person who directs these duties in the Sheriff's name.

The Sheriff himself is an ornamental figure whose chief qualification is that he must be a man of position and endowed with a liberal share of wealth. From the foundation of the office of Sheriff at Calcutta in December 1774, a deputy has always been empowered to discharge the duties of the office in the name of his chief. But, none-the-less, the early Sheriffs took a direct and personal interest in the office, since they found kingdoms tumbling around them, in consequence of which their charge was living and important and, possibly, interesting.

They were engaged with others in making history and laying foundations. When we arrive beyond 1862, this is all changed. The Sheriff of Calcutta becomes a pale reflection of the Sheriff of London with this difference, that he is certainly not always a man of wealth.

The plea of poverty has always been accepted as a good and valid excuse in England to entitle a man to exemption from the liability of being called upon to discharge the duties of a Sheriff. In Calcutta, there being no expense attached to the office, poverty has sometimes been the only recommendation which a man possessed for the appointment.

This might seem a jest, but it is very cold and sober truth. The varying tide of life in India has



"Mayfowl," 1910.
Sir Apcar A. Apcar's famous horse.

left many political and commercial derelicts stranded on the social shores of this venerable land, and in the office of Sheriff at Fort William some of those derelicts have occasionally been given an opportunity of repairing, in a small way, the fortunes lost on the battle-fields of Hindusthan or on the Stock Exchange at Calcutta.

Since Armenia passed under the sceptre of Sapor after the death of Julian in 364, that unfortunate and stricken land has not often been celebrated as a nursery of philanthropists and geniuses. Alternate ages of strife and slavery are by no means the most suitable conditions for the production of the higher and nobler qualities of man, but even under such conditions the germ may be preserved of those honourable and gallant attributes which animated the brave Armenian legions which fought under the Eagles of Rome and have left a heritage of glory, if not of wealth and freedom, to their descendants to-day. That this strife and oppression had not killed these qualities was exemplified by our Sheriff Apcar Alexander Apcar, a member of the famous house of that name, for in his person he united many of those finer qualities which are only found in a man possessed of a generous heart and good judgment. But Fate in the shape of a K.C.S.I. overtook him, as it has overtaken many others. But this trifle was powerless to alter a man whose character was a survival from other and more virtuous times.

Nor can it now exalt or depress the profoundness of that eternal sleep which enfolds him in his marble tomb in Old China Bazar.

Horse racing, as many will long and gratefully remember, was his hobby and his sport. Others raced yachts for their amusement, he raced horses with a like object. No man was better aware of the fact that there is no other subject under the sun of which so much nonsense is and has been spoken as that of horses, class, etc. He knew (the words are his own) "that if there was a certainty in horse racing there would be no races," and with some of his horses, Mayfowl in particular, he knocked all the accepted shibboleths of the Turf into a cocked hat. That splendid animal, which might be justly called the Eclipse of the Indian Turf, would be found competing against third-class hacks one day, waltzing over hurdles, carrying over ten stone the next, a day or two later disposing of all the racing champions of India—in the Viceroy's Cup.

It will possibly be conceded by every man who knows this city well, that it possesses one institution which might serve as a model for institutions of its kind in any land; that institution is the Calcutta Turf Club. Were the affairs of any country conducted with as much knowledge and prudence as the affairs of this Club, that country would be blessed indeed, since she would have discovered, what men have sought or wished for in

all ages, a perfect or almost perfect form of Government.

If Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu, instead of wasting their time and energies on political reforms, had handed the administration of India over to the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club, we might possibly have had reforms of solid and lasting utility. And it is surprising that no one has ever thought of transporting the Commissioners of the Corporation of Calcutta to Siberia, and installing in their stead those who have so successfully conducted the affairs of local racing. But jest apart, the Turf Club is the one institution in Calcutta, of which all its citizens are and may well be proud.

The conditions under which racing is conducted here are unique, and in all that relates to the Turf Club—in its administration, its stands and its course—it may pride itself on being without a rival in any part of the world.

But there is something yet to do, something to make this Race-course at Calcutta not only a thing of beautiful and imposing buildings, and velvet-lawn-like racing track. This something will immortalize some of the most worthy of those who were connected with racing in the immediate past, and will serve as an artistic finish to the most splendid of Race-courses. The something is this. In the middle of the Course let a group of bronze statues be erected to typify the horse, his owner,

the steward, the trainer, the jockey, and the bookmaker.

Mayfowl will be entitled to pride of place here, and should be erected above the group. His deeds may be set out on the monument, for, like those of Aura in the Olympic Games, they deserve to be saved from oblivion.

Our Sheriff, Sir A. A. Apcar will typify the owner who neither gambles nor cheats, and who does not race his horses for the purposes of profit and plunder. He may also typify the steward whose good judgment, integrity and common-sense makes him a help, not a burden and an obstacle, to those with whom he administers the Club's affairs. As he had also to discharge the functions of a judge at times, these attributes with which our Sheriff was so abundantly endowed made him often the protector where others might have allowed injury to be inflicted.

Watson will represent the trainers. Were his honesty half as deep as his employer believed, then he was in truth an honest man, and deserves a place beside the gallant and noble horse whom he had so often sent forth to contest and to victory.

O'Neill will not only personify the jockeys, but he will confer an honour on them by doing so. Had Diogenes lived in Calcutta instead of living in Greece, his quest would not have been by any means a long one, for had he wandered on to the Calcutta Race-course, he would not only have found an honest



Sir Apcar Alexander Apcar, K.C.S.I.
Who, as the Hon'ble Mr. A. A. Apcar, C.S.I., was Sheriff in 1906.

man in the person of our jockey, but he would have discovered a philosopher as well.

Virtue should not always be sought in churches, colleges and temples.

The last figure to complete the group is one, who on a Race-course was, if he be not now, the greatest personage of all—the book-maker. Our search for him will be short since he is near at hand, and may be found amidst the calm that broods over leafy Alipore.

He is Mr. F. G. Harris, a figure which will be well in keeping with the group around him. Here was a man who did not "stand in" with trainers and jockeys,—in other words, a man who did not cheat, who allowed the laws of the "game" to run their course, and conducted his business on much the same lines as he would have done had he been making bread instead of making money.

One figure I find has been forgotten, and that figure is the man who bets. The stewards will choose this figure themselves. But he must be comforting our book-maker as if he had just made a bet of ten thousand to a thousand, while Harris will be depicted in the attitude of pulling up his cuffs while he smilingly says to the sportsman "You can have it again!"

Our group will never become obsolete, nor out of date, since horse racing, which in one form or another has existed before the birth of Rome, will continue so long as man and the horse endures.

To call the group into existence would not be difficult. Mr. J. C. Galstaun with a little aid would be capable, and might be willing to do it. The provision of the site would be the most formidable obstacle to surmount. For, men whose minds are never free from the influences of gunnies and jute might well be overwhelmed by doubt and hesitation when confronted by a problem in bronze, since no solution of the problem could be made to return profit or dividends. And yet those who were capable of building those four glorious stands which grace and dominate the Maidan should not be incapable of perpetuating the fame of those who played a part in preparing the ground on which those stands and the Turf Club's present prosperity are built. Let us at least indulge the hope that if bronze groups be beyond the powers and the imagination of the Turf Club, a statue of some sort will be erected on the lawn in front of the main Grand Stand to the memory of our Sheriff, who has done more to make the Club the splendid institution which it is at present than any other man in the near or in the remote past.

The Roll, as we have seen, boasts a Baronet and a few Maharajahs. It would have been complete and in keeping with Calcutta's romantic past had it contained the name of an Emperor.

But like Johnson, who if he had not an uncle who was hanged had a few who deserved to be, our Roll, if it does not boast an Emperor, contains the



Mr. J. C. Galstaun.

In a happy and familiar pose.

names of many who would not have disgraced that proud and lofty position.

In that number Maharajah Sir Prodyat Coomar Tagore deserves a foremost place. Of all the Indian Sheriffs he was possibly the one who most endeared himself to those with whom he was brought in contact. Like Sutherland, his boyish heart had not deserted him in manhood, but continued to distinguish him as one beloved of the immortal gods.

After our favourite of Olympus there comes in 1910 a Sheriff cast in a very different mould—Walter Kingsbury Dowding, no less. He is the nephew of our Sheriff of 1890 who beheld the nadir of this old institution. I do not know with what favour the goddesses of Olympia may have regarded him, but certainly he was neither a child nor a favourite of the gods. His boyish heart, if he ever possessed this attribute, must have forsaken him early in life, for in manhood existence seems to have been to him a sad and gloomy business in which there was little room for such childish things as laughter, joy, and smiles. And yet it was he who conceived the idea which has produced this work.

But for him it might never have been undertaken, since few would be found with the leisure and the inclination to undertake the reading of thousands of documents and devote more than ten years to the task. Much prompting must be applied before a

reasonable man could be persuaded to undertake the burden of doing so.

With Dowding the idea was born that the old documents of the Sheriff should not be allowed to perish before some account of what they contain had been digested and printed. The domestic concerns of the Sheriff's office could have no interest for the reader. If they could, Dowding would be entitled to much praise, since he laboured to promote the welfare of those whose fortunes, for a time, were linked with his own. He was that type of man who beneath a gloomy exterior possibly possessed a just, if not a tender, heart. If he never deserved the love of his friends he was certainly entitled to their respect, and entitled likewise to a place beside the most eminent of the Sheriffs.

His successor, like his predecessor, was a man of gentle and amiable attributes. Few of his countrymen, I believe, are held in equal esteem. As a Sheriff he preserved the best traditions of the office and fulfilled their conditions with as much ability as he has exhibited in building up the gigantic business of which he is now the head. His present position in the firm of Martin & Co. may attest his engineering and organizing skill, but, like many others, he has made at least one mistake in his career, because no amount of mathematical knowledge nor business acumen has ever made a prophet.



Maharaja Bahadur Sir PRODYAT COOMAR TAGORE, *Kt.*, Sheriff, 1908-09.

In his year of office as Sheriff there came to the Port of Calcutta the German light cruiser "Leipzig."

The countrymen of Bismarck and Von Roon were at that time our cultured and gentle cousins, who, side by side with their British relatives, in their joint mission for the elevation of the human race, bore aloft the torch of civilization and hope amongst those swarthy and enslaved peoples whom Nature had planted on lands or on islands teeming with rubber, cotton and precious ores, or bursting with equally precious oil. No doubt it was the purest love and philanthropy which led these cousins to set forth on this universal pilgrimage, and as the German cruiser represented the peaceful nature of the Teutonic side of the mission, nothing could be more proper and natural than that our Sheriff should be proud to do himself the honour of entertaining those mild and noble mariners who had journeyed so far to behold their Anglo-Saxon brethren engaged at their heavy and self-appointed task of labouring for the happiness and the welfare of the teeming millions of India.

At the Town Hall, therefore, our Sheriff, in the name of the citizens of Calcutta, bade those wanderers a hearty and joyous welcome.

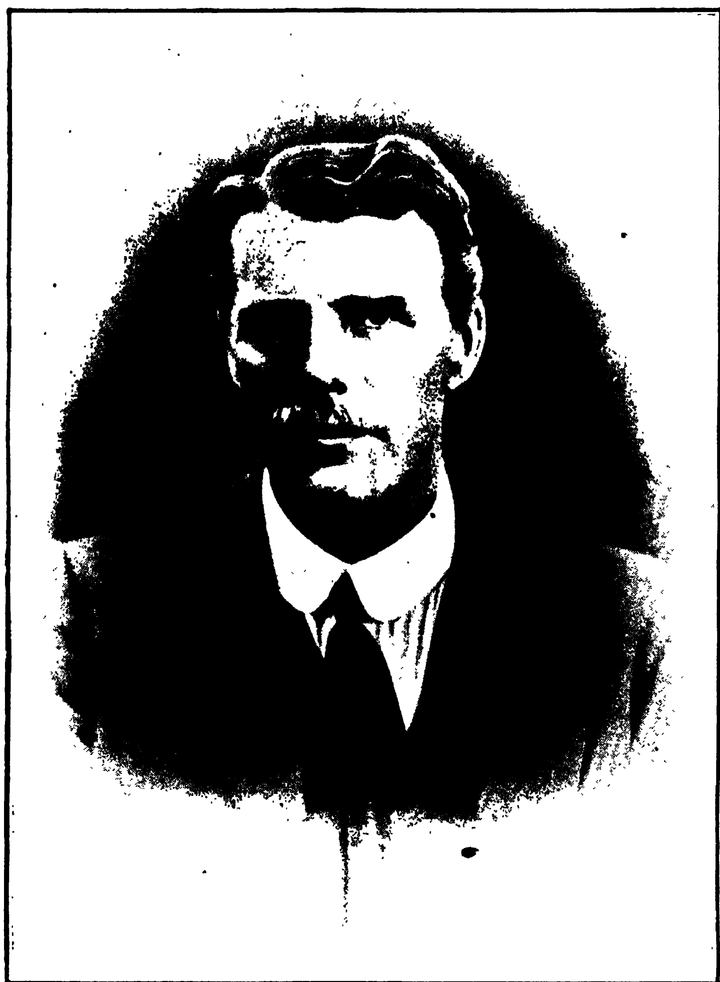
Rich and tasty food, generous wines and smiling fruits, were laid before them, for even men engaged in uplifting the human race must subsist on the same fare as those whose mission it is to

plunder and injure it. The feasting done, suitable speeches follow, in which the virtues of the great Germanic family are extolled and recalled. The Sheriff has had the honour of entertaining his Viceroy's kinsmen. He has had the pleasure of paying three or four thousand rupees for the entertainment as well. The night descends, he and his guests depart with wishes and expressions of goodwill. The former proceeds to meet his fate in the waters of the fountain of honour at Delhi from which he emerges a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. The Germans depart to await theirs, when in due time they should taste the bitter cup of defeat and death in the cold and cruel waters around Cape Horn. Now if our Sheriff had been anything of a prophet he would have known that three short years were only to pass when it would be discovered that these German sailors were not really Culture's missioners, but Huns who were in no way entitled to claim relationship with the people of the British Isles; that their pretended admiration for the splendid work being done by their cousins in India was all a sham; and that it was envy and not admiration which filled their hearts while the Sheriff filled their stomachs with the best that Bengal could produce.

Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee's successor would have been quite competent to perform the duties of a Sheriff in any age or in any place. Robert Holmes Arbuthnot Gresson was a man of



Sir RAJENDRANATH MOOKERJEE, K.C.I.E., Sheriff, 1911.



The late Mr. (afterwards Sir) FRANCIS HUGH STUART, C.I.E., Sheriff, 1914.

small stature, but well made, of much strength and great agility, who would remind a scholar of Alonzo-de-Ojeda who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage. He (our Sheriff) excelled in all sorts of field sports, from football to horse racing, and it was not unusual for him to ride a horse to victory at 4 o'clock in the evening, and to be found an hour later scrambling and fighting in a Rugby Pack on the Calcutta Football Ground.

From India he managed to make his escape before the Controller of Knighthoods overtook him. The war drew him into its vortex, but did not, seemingly, injure him. But it made him a Lieut.-Colonel, which is not only a dignified and sonorous title, but also one that suggests a man of ability and action like a Roman Consul.

"General," like "Sheriff" or "Knight," may suggest a Gresson or a feeble old man, but "Colonel" has always been associated with a man who leads as well as commands.

Gresson was succeeded by Sahebzadah Gholam Mohammed Shah. He was the eldest son of our Sheriff of 1891, and was not an unworthy offspring of that noble and amiable man. No greater tribute could be paid to his memory and his worth than this, for to have been worthy of such a father is all that any son could hope to be.

Francis Hugh Stuart, who followed Gholam Mohammed, was a member of the old and respected house of Gladstone Wyllie & Co. The Controller

did not overlook him, for shortly after his retirement as Sheriff we find him bending under the honour of Knighthood.

Edward Hugh Bray, our Sheriff of 1916, went further in one way than any of our Sheriffs. For his virtues, they not only made him a Knight, but a Brigadier-General and a Companion of the Star of India. He might be classed as one of the best and most amiable of the Sheriffs. A man of old-time courtesy and manners, without a trace of that arrogance so characteristic of your successful man to-day.

Calm, polished and urbane, one whom education had taught to remember that others besides himself were entitled to esteem and respect; one, in short, who reflected instead of receiving honour; and one amongst the best of those who for centuries in all lands have made the name " an English gentleman " the highest honour and tribute that could be paid to the virtues and accomplishments of any man.

Sir Lancelot Sanderson may not surpass Sir Edward Hyde East in the desire of feasting his friends, including the modern Rev. Mr. Thomason, whoever he may be, but where the selection of Sheriffs is concerned I doubt if any of his predecessors could even remotely approach him. Like Napoleon in selecting his Marshals, the present Chief Justice seems to have a positive genius for choosing the fittest men to fill the office of Sheriff,



Mr. (now Sir) Hugh Bray, *Kt.*, Sheriff, 1916.

and were it possible that the choice should be by our citizens I am positive that the nominees of the Chief Justice would be those for whom our townsmen would overwhelmingly vote.

The Roll contains many lofty names and many brilliant men, but those who yet remain to be enshrined would bear a comparison with any of these, from Macrabie to Bray.

However the race may have improved or deteriorated during the past century, the Sheriffs have not fallen away from the standard of former years.

Frank Willington Carter began his career in this city in the old orthodox way.

As an Assistant in the firm of Turner, Morrison & Co., he played football, attended garden parties, and was no doubt a constant attendant at Lady Blissful's dances. These are the tasks at which a man must learn how to become a Sheriff and the senior partner of his firm at one and the same time. They constitute his civic progress and, incidentally, the path that all Sheriffs must tread. But there were other paths which do not necessarily lead to the office of Sheriff although they lead to something better, which is the love and esteem of our fellows. These paths are those of charity and good works for which a man will always be blessed, however secret may be the means by which his acts are performed. No man could hate ostentation and display more than he. All his charitable acts were

the result of his goodness of heart, and were not performed that thanks and praise should follow. Many were indebted to him for all they possessed, but so quietly and secretly was his charity bestowed that possibly not half a dozen people in Calcutta were ever aware of the existence of those who had received the greatest benefits at his hands. But charity, like murder, is hard to suppress. The winds will whisper it and make it known, no matter how much a man may seek to hide it from others, and although the recipients of our Sheriff's bounty may have remained hidden to all but himself, it was common knowledge that the welfare of others was his chief aim in life.

Like Gresson, he was a man of tireless energy and great physical agility. He scattered sunshine around him wherever he went, as others scatter gloom and depression, and, like Mahommed, it was those who knew his imperfections who most esteemed him for his virtues. As a citizen no man in Calcutta has ever more endeared himself to his townsmen than he. As a Sheriff he will be remembered with respect and gratitude so long as the office endures. A man of his type is much more worthy of a statue than some of those whose puny effigies disfigure the Maidan. Whatever else our Beautiful Pearl may be, she demands much of her citizens and seems to be unconscious of their worth.

Any other city would not let the names of her chosen perish. They would be preserved as a model

and inspiration for future generations, but alas! Calcutta takes much and gives little but broken health and broken hopes to those who labour most for her welfare and glory. Carter was much too good and popular to have been overlooked by the custodian of India's Roll of Honour. It is such men as our Sheriff who still make it possible for others to regard these baubles with something akin to respect. That the Order may live, it is necessary from time to time to sacrifice such men as Sutherland and Carter before its shrine, and hence our generous and esteemed citizen suffered Knighthood in 1919.

In other times his virtues might have won for him the crown of martyrdom; in these they brought him nothing more serious than a prefix to his name.

Calcutta is blessed in this, that, however good and popular any man may be, she has always at hand another equally esteemed to take the place of the former when he departs. Thus, the moment Carter having fulfilled his task withdraws into retirement, Alfred Donald Pickford comes forth and is acclaimed with truth and justice Calcutta's foremost citizen.

The respect in which Sir Frank was held is transferred to his successor, and our worthy fellow-townsmen must often be sorely puzzled to determine who is or who has been the best and most noble of their many civic idols. Like the writer, they are

not likely to indulge the hope of solving this impossible riddle.

In Alfred Donald Pickford, the descendants of those who have done so much to make the British Empire in India a possibility possess a friend more willing and possibly more able to help them than any other man who has previously espoused their cause. The regeneration of this neglected people is a question larger and more important than a mere matter of charity, and no one seems to be better aware of this than their present champion. The resources and the direction of the State are demanded to deal with such a vital problem.

Wishes and expressions of sympathy and goodwill do not revive a starving backward people. Their existence and their condition are looked upon as inevitable and as things beyond control instead of being regarded as what they are—matters of eternal disgrace and reproach to any administration unwilling or incapable of removing them beyond the slough in which now they wallow. That affair of police dignified by the name of Government which existed in India for so long, without controlling or solving any of her larger problems, might have been incapable of ending the Eurasian nightmare. But that is a poor reason to allow the wound to remain open any longer. The fair name of Britain demands its cure, which Pickford may do something to accomplish. But the cure will be brought about, if ever, not by tears and prayers,

but by hard work and iron truth which must proclaim that those who presume to govern should be mindful of the welfare of those entrusted to their care.

In a work of this nature the aim of the writer must be to paint the portraits of those Sheriffs who cross his pages in the most sober colours. Any tribute which has been paid to those of whom I have spoken is the least that could be offered with either truth or justice. The knowledge that some of those Sheriffs are still alive and may behold their portraits as drawn here, has restrained the writer in much that he would otherwise have wished to say. Their friends who know them as well, or who know them better than he, will be those best able to judge of how far what has been said falls short of the tribute to which those Sheriffs are, by every principle of truth and honour, entitled. A considerable portion of those Europeans who come to this city are men selected for their worth and abilities. The Sheriffs are again a selection from this selected number.

When this is remembered it is not surprising that so many amiable, intelligent and honourable men are found on the Roll of the Sheriffs of Fort William. It would be a wonder were it otherwise. From amongst them the writer will not presume to make a selection of the one or of the few who was or who were the best and most worthy. But beside or amongst any individual or group that might be

chosen for this honour, the names of Sir Frank Carter and Sir Alfred Donald Pickford would deserve and would be entitled to an equally exalted place. Pickford is now walking that path which so many of his predecessors have trod. His future is yet to be. But whatever it may hold for him, he will always have the satisfaction of feeling that the world, or India, has been made richer by his life.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTORNEYS OF THE SUPREME AND HIGH COURTS AT CALCUTTA.—MANY ABLE AND HONOURABLE MEN TO BE MET WITH IN THEIR RANKS.—THEIR FORMER DIGNITY AND IMPORTANCE NOW IN ECLIPSE.—PAST TRADITIONS LINGER STILL.

In Chapter XLIV of his immortal work, Gibbon in his "Survey of the Roman Laws, the Code, the Pandects, and the Institutes of Justinian" remarks "The vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument. Wise or fortunate is the Prince who connects his own reputation with the honour and interest of a perpetual order of men." Those familiar with the life and literature of Great Britain need not be told of the place which the Solicitor at least, holds, in the social structure of that happy land. Many writers there have acquired some measure of fame, not by the praise or honour of those who practise the law, but by painting the practising attorney as the arch-scoundrel of Society and the law as a cunningly devised net for the ensnarement of innocent and confiding heirs, and unfortunate and trustful debtors. The dictum of Dickens that "the law's a Hass" may satisfy those

innocent Britons whose knowledge or experience of that science is gained in the Police and County Courts of England, but the intelligent reader will agree with Gibbon that "the laws of a Nation form the most instructive portion of its history."

I believe that Solicitors anywhere are as good or are as bad as those for whom they act. Nothing seems to distinguish them in mass from those amongst whom they live, and this consideration may enable us when we shut our eyes and transport ourselves back one hundred years to behold in the Solicitor of the Supreme Court, the same type of romantic gentlemen as those who at the Bankshall and at other marts in and around Calcutta, were making money and history while they trafficked in opium, in indigo, in brandy and in silk. Sharing the generous fortune of the society in which they lived, many of our Solicitors like their wealthy clients might lay claim to the title of "Nawab," but although there was possibly no table of fees in existence to limit and control their charges, it is improbable that any of them ever acquired the wealth of our opulent merchants.

They established a tradition however, not material for some future Anglo-Indian Dickens, and like their polished and often scholarly clients conducted their business with the lofty dignity of men whose means were generous and ample and who were in a position to regard their honour and their reputation as things of some importance and worth.

The record of the Sheriffs is silent of any malpractices committed by those men. They may not all have been above and free from blame, but they were heirs to a wealthy and ancient continent, which they must have beheld with feelings of security and pride, and these feelings enrich the tone of their letters and dignify their conduct and their acts.

Some of the Chief Justices did not disdain to find personal friends amongst them, and these were possibly not unworthy of that honour.

Till the early part of the nineteenth century their numbers were few, their suits and cases large and many. The third decade of that century saw many recruits swelling their ranks and competing for such spoils as were to be won in the practice of the law at Fort William. With the sixth decade the individual is lost in the crowd, the ebb tide of litigation is at its lowest and exposes the rocks of stagnation in commerce and law; and our Solicitors are no longer the important people which they were when their briefs decorated the Bar of the Courts of Impey and his immediate successors.

Like our early Jurors they were privileged by being born in Great Britain, their religion was likewise a thing that had its influence in admitting them to the profession which they practised, for none but a Protestant might act for such heathen and other Christians as sued or defended suits or their personal liberty, before that potent and famous

Court at Calcutta. Like our Justices of the Peace their modesty was striking. They are content to appear on the various writs and orders of the Supreme Court in the simple guise of their names thus:

Johnson Attorney.
Hickey Attorney.
Taylor Attorney.

In 1795, I find them set out in this order and in this manner:

Johnson.	Jackson.
Hickey.	Swinhoe.
Turner.	Kier.
W. Ledlie.	Gerand.
N. Ledlie.	Williams.
Forbes.	Saunders.
Tolfrey.	Macnabb.
Taylor.	Jones.
Boileau.	Stapleton.

Gordon.

By 1815 most of these have disappeared from the Sheriff's record but James Taylor still survives, a most important gentleman, the friend of Judges, of Secretaries, and of many merchants whose deputy he often was when the latter were called to discharge the duties connected with the honourable office of Sheriff. Macrabie's deputy, Tolfrey, has also departed—to debate with Nund Coomar in

hell, the guilt or the innocence of the latter. I am ignorant of any authority on the subject of how far the British race in India could be expected to persist and survive were the conditions of existence made as favourable as could be done in the benign and hellish climates which alternately prevail in this fair land.

But of all the attorneys of 1795 the name of Swinhoe alone survives. For the past one hundred and thirty years this family could boast that one of its members at least discharged the functions of an attorney in either the Supreme or High Courts, and one of them in the middle of the last century held the not unimportant legal office of Solicitor to the East India Company.

In Calcutta to-day the student is occasionally confronted by names, which recall the period of which I am speaking and of that which immediately followed. Those names beget visions of the ships and the wealth of those old European and Anglo-Indian families whose affairs and lives have done so much to swell the records of the Sheriffs. But the ships and the wealth are gone, the gentle Aryan despoiled of these on the battle-field and in the conflicts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has recovered in the arts of peace more than his fathers lost and has mingled his blood with that of his fathers' conquerors, those who were proud to describe and differentiate themselves from their Asiatic fellows in the records of the Supreme Court

as "European British born subjects." The close of the eighteenth century beheld hundreds of alert and vigorous Britons in and around Calcutta with a Continent at their feet and the sure promise of Empire and racial expansion within their reach, and within their wishes. The second decade of the twentieth century sees an equal number of Britons still holding a place in this queenly city. But the Indian continent is no longer at their feet, the promise of Empire is a thing of mist for they are tired and no longer possess the wish or the will to pursue the rugged paths of conquest which their redoubtable fathers trod. The promise of racial expansion has ended in mixing if not in ennobling the blood of those who a century ago bowed before the majesty of the British name. Nor was it always the mother who carried the Asiatic strain into those unions which have resulted in the present Anglo-Indian Community. By the first decade of the nineteenth century certain Baronets had discovered that the dominions of the East India Company were places in which brandy and money were to be obtained for the mere effort of reaching out for them. That in these lands of sunshine and romance dreams and realities were often the same. That gold and silk and other precious commodities which have such a fascination for European minds were here to be found in abundance and that dark bewitching almond eyes always waited to greet the white stranger with

glances of welcome and of love. Others besides the Baronets it seems had heard of those facts or fancies as well, with the result that the number of attorneys on the rôle of the Supreme Court was rising year by year and in 1820 included these:

B. Comberbach.	C. G. Strettell.
J. W. Croft.	Arch Duff.
W. A. Brewer.	George Collier.
W. Scott.	B. M. Thomas.
J. Wordsworth.	A. F. Hamilton.
H. W. G. Abott.	T. B. Swinhoe.
R. Howard.	A. J. Kemp.
G. Templeton.	R. W. Poe.
J. N. MacLeod.	G. Bathie.
G. Higgins.	W. Anley.

The facts and fables were now in full blast discharging their mission splendidly.

Britons by the score were in flight around the cape of storms to assist in the liquidation of a continent. Amongst those scores were many who came to assist Strettell and Swinhoe in making the inhabitants of India familiar with the writs of Capias and Fieri Facias, and in teaching them how much more effective a writ may be than a sword, under certain conditions, in recovering money and in punishing a debtor or an enemy at the same time.

These lessons were neither wasted nor lost. Strettell's successors found many eager and intelligent pupils ready to imbibe all the law or chicanery that they could teach. Thirty years later the facts and fancies are pale and dying but they have done their work, and incidentally provided the Supreme Court with a goodly number of attorneys. The children of the liquidated continent have also addressed themselves to this branch of the law, and in the multitude which now crowd the Supreme Court I no longer encounter old friends as I did in meeting Tolfrey and his few associates in 1795.

Strettell, Abott, Swinhoe, and Poe are those who in their period stand forth with most prominence in the Sheriff's record. These are always found acting for those who had succeeded in acquiring the choicest pieces of land, the brightest and rarest gems and the largest lumps of opium and indigo in the proceedings incidental to the liquidation.

The Barwells and the Plowdens are also their clients but these, being engaged in acting the part of "Petty Kings" and not in the game of Commerce at the Bankshall, are possibly of more value as friends than as clients. It is undoubted that many of those young Britons whom the voice of the Charmer had lured to the East found that the Promise of unbounded wealth was often realized and fulfilled. But the almond-eyed beauties

seem to have been neglected or to have remained hidden from our intrepid adventurers since few of those oriental sirens could be counted amongst the spoils which they had acquired, or with which they returned from their wanderings in the fabled land of the Vedas.

That those beauties were here need not be doubted, since their graceful daughters are here to-day, but our Empire builders seem to have contented themselves with the embraces of the swarthy domestic and overlooked or forgot the cultured charms of the mistress.

The lure of Commerce and not the sylvan abodes of love has always had an irresistible attraction for the modest children of the British race.

Raleigh and his compatriots wasted much of their time and lives in robbing the Spaniards of the white and yellow metals won from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

Metals which in comparison with iron, for any great purpose, were nowhere.

Had they robbed the Spaniards of a few shiploads of South American beauties, and let those beauties loose in England, they might have done something to soften the harsh angular features of the Anglo-Saxon, and have added some grace and charm to the face and figure of the women of his race. Beauty may not be a concrete, but a local thing. She who disports herself at Henley would

not be equally enchanting in Central Africa where beauty is not a thing of features but one of muscle and fat.

Could we dig up the individuals of a civilization as we dig up their statues and coins, it is possible that in the person of the Roman Matron we should discover the supreme type of female grace and beauty of all the ages, a type in comparison with which the Henley beauty of to-day would be but a poor tawdy unattractive thing.

From the Arab horses known to fame as the "Godolphin Arab," the "Darley Arabian," and the "Byerly Turk," have sprung that line of classic equine nobles, which have swept and which now sweep over the Race-course of the world with the ease and the grace of a swallow. Had the importers of these Arab sires returned to England with a shipload of dates and spices instead of the fathers of "Eclipse," "Stockwell" and "St. Simon" they would have exhibited the same amount of foresight and knowledge that Drake and his associates displayed when they brought back a few tons of gold instead of a few shiploads of beauties from the Spanish Main. It may be that Drake and his companions were not as insensible to the charms of those Spanish maidens as I have supposed. The wishes and the temper of the gentle and confiding Elizabeth Tudor may have been important factors in determining their choice of cargoes, for it would seem that this robust Virgin was impatient of the

beauty of many others besides her Scots cousin Mary Stewart, such as those heavy maidens of her Court who attracted the attentions if not the love of her gallant Sea Captains.

When India is reached there is no change. The fabled beauty of the East blooms or withers in its Zenanas and Harems, neglected or forgotten by the warlike traders of the West. A century and a half of dominion has brought forth Diarchy and those scattered groups of feeble mortals who in their confiding simplicity regard with reverence those responsible for the existence of the present day Anglo-Indian. Buffeted and despised by the kinsmen of their fathers and even by those of their mothers, this devoted people have many good reasons to regret the fatal choice of fortune which brought their fathers to India instead of bringing some virile race who might have evolved from the noblest blood of the Zenana a nation of able men and lovely cultured women. It is not often that the blood of the conqueror degrades his offspring, but this would seem to be what the British have permitted if not abetted in the treatment of their descendants in India. When the sword of Said terminated the Sassanian dynasty "the female captives, the daughters of Persia, were given to the conquerors in servitude or marriage and the race of the Caliphs and Imams was ennobled by the blood of their royal mothers."* When, the

* Gibbon.

bayonets of Nicholson's victorious army dissolved the house of Timour, a Scots Sergeant* who was present at the dissolution enumerates the spoils obtained from the Royal Palace. But those spoils do not include the terrified and weeping beauties of the Harem whose descendants had they sprung from the embraces of Nicholson's Captains would not have been unworthy to assume one of the portfolios in those Jazz Parliaments created in India by the wisdom and genius of that Political Solon, Mr. E. Montagu. Here again the diamonds outshine the soft appealing eyes of the royal captives, and the soldiers of the greatest colonizing nation in the world were insensible of the charms and heard not the pleadings of those soft and gentle daughters of Asia. Looking back across the past two centuries I see no evidence of any act or attempt having been made by the British in India for the welfare and development of their race and name. The Government of the East India Company and that of its successor may find a hundred apologists and advocates to extol its administration and justice in mouldy platitudes which may be still believed.

But these platitudes do not people a continent nor add to the fertility and the growth of the race. The extraordinary fact, that those Governments have laboured with persistence and zeal first to thwart the entry and then to impede the progress

* W. Forbes Mitchell.

of their nationals in India and have in ignorance or design carried out the great attempt of the ages to ensure the survival of the unfit, provokes the reflection that it is not with statesmen but with political madness whom we have here to deal.

If the reader will contrast the promise of 1800 with the resignation or despair of 1924, he will arrive at a fair estimate of the administration that has brought this old and venerable continent on to the iron teeth of the great reef which stretches all along her lee. Historians unfortunately only write about a people dead or living and have not the power to roast or burn except with fires so cold and harmless as words. Were it otherwise some atonement might be demanded from those who have led India down the steep of the past years, and made her the weak defenceless thing which she now is.

When Government for the first time, seriously began in India under Hastings, it was clear it was far too successful. If something were not done to check its activities for good, there were none who could foresee where it would end; possibly in a great British State in the East, more grand and resplendent than any that Asia had yet beheld.

Lest his successors should conceive the impudent view that they were expected or permitted to do more than act the part of "petty kings," Hastings was suitably impeached and drained of what money he had acquired, for his great and



brilliant services. The example was effective, no other Hastings has since appeared in India, and the impeachment ensured the coming of Mr. Montagu and Diarchy a century later. It may be needless, but it is a pertinent reflection that the greatest of India's Governors was alone the one selected for the humiliation of a Criminal trial.

But Hastings is not a figure who incites our pity, but rather our pride and our envy.

A hundred impeachments could not rob him of his greatness and his lofty soul, nor of that which he seems to have prized above everything in life, the affection of his "beloved Miriam."

Like a wise man he did not seek his affinity in Oxfordshire, but found her amidst the glories of old Ocean. A fool will marry the maiden next door, a wise man will see if beyond the mountains there does not dwell the woman whom the gods have promised. Heine has remarked with some truth, that if you speak to an Englishman of religion he is sure to say something foolish, but address him on Politics and he is sure to say something wise. In India this dictum if reversed would be true, for it is in Politics that the Indian is foolish and in religion that he is wise. And yet it is in the direction where folly lies, that his political mentors would have him go. An Indian as a philosopher and a sage, the heir of the *dharma* of the divine Buddha, and of the great Rishis and the gods, the custodian of the sacred lore of the Vedas and the

Upanishads whose teachings have instructed and ennobled the lives of a thousand thinkers and scholars from Ananda to Schopenhauer, is worthy of the love and the veneration of mankind.

As a Politician his acts become a tragedy, as a bureaucrat he incites our pity and provokes our contempt.

Endowed with none of the public virtues which distinguished many of the British satraps, he yet possesses virtues of a domestic nature of which his former masters were unconscious and to which they could lay no claim. These virtues have made him the best son and father and the worst official in the whole world. While preserving the sacred fires of the family they have destroyed the strength and majesty of the State. The elder Brutus could not have been born a Hindu, and neither Manu nor the Buddha could have had any place in the life or polity of ancient Rome.

Let the reader determine for himself which of those virtues he will have, both may not be his. It is either freedom, brandy, conquest and death, or the family, domestic repose, slavery, and existence.

From 1840 to 1870 the Sheriffs' record is heavily laden with the affairs of the attorneys and their clients in many causes and in many suits. But the historical value of these myriad documents is small since they possess little human interest, being merely a record of the proceedings adopted in compelling unready debtors to discharge obligations

which the dictates of honesty were unable to make them do.

At the moment, and to the individual, there are few things in life so important as money. In its presence Kings are silent, and Phillip of Macedon might boast that he could conquer any city into which he could drive a mule and a bag of gold. Perhaps he could, but to another the most trivial thing connected with a man is his money.' Previous to 1830 our attorneys and their clients were pursuing money but they were pursuing other things as well and it is in these other things that the record may have any value or interest for us.

If fortune does not send a man to Valmy he must be content to pass into oblivion unless he possesses the genius of a Byron, Rembrandt or Foley, and I will not offend such minor deities as preside over the fame of men, by any attempt to save from oblivion even for an hour the attorneys in mass who crowd the Sheriff's records after 1840. A few there are who deserve to be remembered and of that few, A. St. John Carruthers will be accorded the first place. He was a link with the immediate successors of Strettell and the few who survive to-day. He inherited and did nothing to impair the traditions of 1820 and was in person and in manner the graceful and urbane solicitor of another age, at a time when grace and courtesy in his profession are not the most obvious qualities or attributes that beget or command success. The

attorneys of old Calcutta like the Nawabs and the Pilots of Bengal were the acknowledged and undisputed aristocrats of their profession. Carruthers was not unworthy of being their heir and like them he conducted his business with the dignity of a Prince. His talents and his legal ability secured him from the necessity of shedding any of that dignity in the professional struggle amidst which he lived at the close of his career, and he died the last of the companions of the Nawabs.

Robert Belchambers cannot be forgotten in any narrative or story which relates to the Supreme and High Courts at Calcutta. He knew them both having begun his career, almost his life, in the former and held the important office of Registrar in the latter for a period which exhausted the memories of his contemporaries to recall. The Registrar of a High Court holds a position not unlike that of a First-Lieutenant of a warship. He is the chief executive officer who puts in train the orders of the Captain (the Judges) and otherwise directs and controls the life of the ship (the Court). Whatever the ability of Belchambers may have been—and he was a man of parts—it was his gentle courtesy and readiness to oblige all mankind if necessary, which most impressed those who knew that venerable man.

It was hard to think of him as an attorney or as one engaged in a game in which the rules were

such that some of the players would surely and occasionally be injured.

To remember him was to behold a good and virtuous man. One incapable of anger or resentment, with the trusting confidence of a child, and a heart free from guile or bitterness or any kind. The reader will think that I am endeavouring to trace the portrait of a saint and not that of a man, but this is the only portrait of our subject by which his friends or his enemies (if he had any) would recognize him.

Painted in other language, another person would emerge less or more gentle, smaller or greater, but not Belchambers. In a world trained to spin round without effort, for a thousand million years, Belchambers's brief period of toil, though counted as long in the lives of men, came to an end.

His fellow attorneys and subordinates compelled him to undergo the disagreeable ordeal of receiving an honour at their hands, which consisted of speeches which meant nothing, and of a portrait which meant but little more. It is one of the penalties attached to the office of Chief Justice in this smiling city, that on the retirement of any functionary above the rank of clerk in the High Court the Chief Justice is expected to suffer the pains of leading the chorus in those time-worn hymns to whose doubtful music a lot of ordinary people are despatched to the oblivion and retirement which they deserve. To the assembly gathered

to speed Belchambers to the shades of silence and repose, came Sir Francis Maclean, a gentleman who revelled in any function at which he could for the hour display his ability as an actor or a showman. Throughout life the gods of his leisure and amusements were to be found behind or on the stage. It was not beneath his dignity, before the wings of fortune bore him to India, to tread those boards ennobled by the steps of Shakespeare, Terry, Irvine and a hundred others although it seems that it was in what is termed " light comedy " that he excelled, and in which he found the medium of giving expression to his soul. Others with less pretension to learning might seek for images and similes in the literature of the learned and the great. But the Chief Justice of Bengal was content and even proud to search for his in the lofty and soul-stirring productions of Gilbert and Sullivan, and in the " Mikado " he seems to have found enough similes and characters to fit all the officers of the High Court even if they retired at the same time and in one body. From this it is evident that farewell addresses had no terrors for him, and it was with pleasure and a smile that he came to display his undoubted talents in eulogising the life and work of the departing Registrar.

The multitude of duties discharged by that Registrar did not suggest to the disciple of the comic muse, a comparison with the activities of any great administrator living or dead.

He turned to the work of his respected masters to find him a character, to fit the versatile talents of Belchambers and found one to his satisfaction in "Poobah" with whom the modest Registrar was compared.

I am ignorant of how much the honour intended by the comparison impressed the retiring guest. It would seem that it was misapplied, for unlike the Japanese hero, Belchambers could lay no claim to have made the inhabitants of four or five continents laugh to the extent of tears.

But there was one man in the assembly to whom by common consent the character justly and faithfully belonged and that man was none other than the Chief Justice himself. Thus the honour so generously intended for Robert Belchambers settled down on Sir Francis Maclean who until led back to his native hills and glens by the guiding hand of destiny was known to his companions, his friends and his townsmen as "Poobah," a distinction which was possibly deserved and one which he had certainly done something to earn.

There are a few more Registrars of whom something remains to be said, notably W. R. Fink. But as I propose to devote the following chapter to him, I will here return and carry down the narrative of those practising attorneys, who may be entitled to our consideration, from Carruthers to the present time.

The first attorneys whom I find in partnership were Hickey and Turner, in 1795.

Partnerships of this kind were not common even in 1830 for most of the attorneys who sleep in the Sheriff's record preferred to carry on their business alone. After 1850, partnerships become the order of the time, but none of these have survived. They were usually the creation and the interest of two or three men at most, and when the climate of Bengal and a few other pleasures or evils incidental to life in Calcutta had disposed of the partners, the firm was disposed of at the same time.

Of the partnerships which exist to-day, those of Orr Dignam & Co., Morgan & Co., and Sanderson & Co. may be said to have the best and the most fertile spots of the legal field to themselves, and to overshadow all the others in existence at present. Each of these firms have existed for many years and each is the offspring of others now defunct. The death or the retirement of any or of all the present partners of these will not mean the end of the firm itself, for they live, on the assumption that the firm is more than the individual and that it will continue to live when its present members have gone to seek repose in the clouds. George Burgh McNair of Morgan & Co. will rightly take the place at the head of any list or consideration of the members of those firms.

He beheld Carruthers in the noon and in the decline of life and like him inherited some of the

traditions and all the ability of the companions of Strettell and Poe. If the character and the abilities of a man's clients be taken as a test of his own then McNair cannot be refused a place at the top of his profession for, besides such men as heads of firms and managers and agents of banks, his clients include that astute and commercially versatile gentleman, Mr. J. C. Galstaun. That client will take his place in a latter part of this work and all that need be said of him here is this: engaged in a hundred commercial schemes and projects, he employs many attorneys in many suits.

But when the cause is sufficiently important and its issue doubtful, it is always to the subject of our present discussion that he goes to have his doubts resolved and his interests safeguarded by the undoubted ability and legal acumen of McNair.

I have had neither the fortune nor the honour of being a Captain in the Hampshire or in any other regiment of Militia, and cannot in consequence like Gibbon estimate or portray McNair's martial talents while he filled the office and discharged the duties of Colonel in the Calcutta Light Horse. But the conclusion is reasonable that this famous Corps gained something from the services of a man who was not only the Colonel but the legal adviser of half the men in his command.

The attorney and the deputy of our Sheriffs

Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee, Francis Hugh Stewart and Hugh Bray needs no greater title to our respect and esteem and although he may not die a companion of the Nawabs he is entitled to a place in the company of those who had that enviable distinction. In the fulness of time when the senior Judge on the Original Side of the High Court is called upon to portray his virtues and his personality, that Judge will paint an oral picture which would reflect the worth and the character of any honourable man. But here the portrait will have some resemblance to the subject and the panegyric will have the merit of being almost true. Beside McNair, in anything which relates to him as an attorney, must stand his colleague in a hundred legal skirmishes and battles and his partner of thirty years, A. E. Mitchell. He, too, has some title to fame not as the inheritor of a tradition nor as the embodiment of a martial and warlike soul, but as a man with some just pretensions to legal scholarship and to the attributes which make the wise counsellor, the friend and guide of the weak and the faithful trustee of the widow and her defenceless offspring.

Mitchell's virtues and tastes are all of the cloister and the study. They do not lead him to those social functions at which the guests are sufficiently honoured by being reported in the "Statesman" as having been "amongst those present" nor do they lead him to those public

gatherings got up in the interests of one individual for the display and advertisement of others' ambitions to exhibit talents which they do not possess and oratory which they do not understand. In the task of amalgamating the Indian Presidency Banks out of which arose the Imperial Bank of India, he had, I believe, a major share. But this is not likely to bring him much fame for, whatever respect riches may bring to any man during his life, he is despised for their possession after death, if riches alone be the only thing connected with his name.

This truth would apply with equal or greater force to Banks and kindred institutions.

I shall not anticipate the senior Judge on the Original Side of the High Court, before whom his ultimate case will be brought, by speculating on how much or how little our subject will be given credit for in that final Judgment. But whatever it may be it will not prolong his memory beyond the day on which it is pronounced and if he is to survive for an hour even beyond that, it will be in the company of those others who will live for a brief time at least in the Sheriff's record.

Another attorney who may justly claim our attention and demand consideration is Charles Wyndham Foley. He, too, had been McNair's partner for years, how many does not matter. His tastes did not take him to the camp nor did they lead to the burning of much midnight oil, for

they were indulged at noon on the cricket field. Here dwelt his heart and here lay the centre of his pleasures and his aspirations.

I am not more ignorant of the duty of a soldier than I am of the skill of a cricketer, but I believe the first discharges his task with shrapnel, rifles and poison gas and the latter displays his ability with a wooden bat and a leather-bound ball.

That bat and ball were sufficient instruments to attract and hold the love of Foley. So deep was that love rooted in his being, that at an age beyond sixty years he could command both the patience and the resolution to bear the monotony of a voyage to Australia in the society of a cricket team bound for that smiling continent to see that team display the undiminished skill and prowess of English batsmen whose deeds were to reflect a hundred beams of honour and glory on the British race and name. That was C. W. Foley. He was something else as well and that something was the much abused and misapplied term, "a gentleman."

Meaningless when applied to a stranger or to a person unknown, it is eloquent beyond any other word to describe the character and the virtues of a man whom we know if we deem him worthy of that honour. Thousands are called gentlemen but few are thought so, and it is here that the distinction exists. The laws and habits of politeness demand that many men should be called and are described by names which only the most worthy deserve, but

when we think of a man our estimate of his character will be conceived in terms not of politeness but of truth. Foley's love of cricket was born on the fields of Eton, a spot on which a thousand others have been infected with this stupid malady. With the baseball of the Americans it deserves to be exhibited as an extreme type of national folly, and although we have the authority of no less a person than the first Duke of Wellington for the statement that England's battles were won on those fields, no authority is needed for the more certain fact that the contests at the Eighth Olympiad were lost there as well. There would seem to be something suspicious in a field game which leads to victory in war and to defeat in the stadium. Or perhaps the suspicion attaches to the truth or value of Wellington's estimate of the benefits resulting to Great Britain from either the discipline or exercise experienced in the games on the playgrounds of Eton. The scholastic crowns which Foley won were things of which he did not boast, though they could not have been beyond his reach even though cricket divided his love and his ambitions. But in that venerable school, he had, I believe, the distinction of being the person for whom one of India's future Viceroys discharged the pleasing duties of a fag, and that fag was later to be known to fame amongst many other offices and accomplishments as the gentleman who negotiated with our age-long friends, the Turks, the Treaty of Lausanne.

Charles Wyndham Foley will not be the least worthy of those who will live in the Sheriff's record, cricket even could not spoil him, and he will dwell in the thoughts of those who know him, as a modest and an honourable man. We may now depart from No. 1, Hastings Street, and journey over to No. 32, Dalhousie Square, where we will find a few more of our attorneys entitled to a place and to our consideration here. The first who will there present himself to us is T. E. T. Upton, a man much better known in Calcutta than he who labours under the lofty and sonorous designation of Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He had half the city for his friends, the quarter of it for his clients, and many who esteemed him for his undoubted talents and virtues. The character of any man might be portrayed by a word, from great to ignoble, and that which best describes and most readily suggests the attributes of Upton is "Amiable." Beyond it he possessed a generous and sympathetic heart which did not content itself in sympathy alone. It led to acts in which the benefit and the welfare of others was the object sought, but much of the good arising from those acts came back to exalt the thoughts and enable the character of him who set the good Karma in train.

But opposed to this, he had an Englishman's love or weakness for sport. Unfortunately for him, this love was not for the harmless, if stupid, game

of cricket. It took the more fatal shape of shooting, which resulted in the deaths of many wild animals and in a greater number of wild birds. In their deaths he obtained some food and possibly a store of health and physical energy, but these were obtained as the fruits of bad Karma, whose obligations he will yet discharge in a hundred or in a hundred thousand years.

Had he killed a few hundred thousand men and starved an equal number of women and their offspring, he would not have escaped the fame and title of "hero" nor would he have escaped the Karma which such acts engender, for the life of a man is not perhaps less valuable and sacred than that of a wild animal or a wild bird, and must be paid for in the same way.. In his favour will be set his kindness and generosity to men. These will lessen the extent and duration of his wanderings and the bitterness of his atonement, but they will not ensure his redemption, for this can only be obtained by the good acts performed during the round of very many years. Other lives and other struggles therefore await him and in a few million years hence, we may meet him again at another Fort William and there begin once more, those activities which we here have known and which have resulted in Karma that is not all either blameworthy or bad. Upton's position as Deputy Sheriff during many years would entitle him to little fame for that office has often been adorned

by men, who were more sensible of and more interested in the remuneration attached to the appointment, than they were in any modicum of honour which might have clung to it as well. His claim and title to remembrance will rest on a better and more enduring foundation than this. In the Company of Inchcape, Currie, and Carey, he will escape oblivion, not only as their Attorney but as their confidant and friend. That he was worthy of that honour is a tribute to his amiable personality and worth, which will entitle him to the esteem and respect of those thousands, who knew and know, both him and them.

Gerald Stapledon, the Partner, perhaps the friend of Upton, may also claim to be remembered here. His connection with the Sheriffs has been as intimate as that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries and from it the professional interests of the Sheriffs at least have neither suffered nor declined. Fame does not accuse him of having bowed the knee to the national fetish cricket, nor does it acclaim him as having indulged the pleasures which may be bought and felt in the killing of wild animals and birds. Seemingly he was not ambitious to redress the balance of nature with a gun, but was content to let nature adjust that balance herself with weapons which a thousand centuries of contest and struggle have taught her to use with effective and unerring force and precision. But

where the adjustment of the quarrels and the interests of men were at issue Stapledon was indeed a finished and a potent hunter. In those fields he laboured and toiled and in them perhaps he found his relaxation and his pleasures. His weapons were not so sanguinary as those which Upton and which nature bore, but they were not less forceful and unerring. They were those which the reason and the cunning of a thousand law-givers had forged in the shape of laws, to restrain and bridle the desires and the acts of that beast who has distinguished himself from his relatives of the jungle by the proud title of "man"—a title the most lofty that Shakespeare could find to distinguish the genius and the glory of the greatest individual of all ages, the sublime and mighty Cæsar.

These weapons Stapledon bore with a skill and knowledge which invariably brought success and victory to the side on which he fought, for it is the glory of many laws that although they keep the animal within reasonable and peaceful bounds, they may yet be interpreted to fit any side of the issue towards which the Judge desires to lean. Were laws as concrete and as square as blocks of stone or granite, they would be of little use as instruments and measures of Justice, since their existence, like death, would destroy the necessity of interpreters for they would interpret themselves. In which case men might be employed not to invoke and administer them, but like doctors to use all

human skill to prevent their being brought into requisition.

But as a law is merely one man's (the Judge) interpretation of other men's (the legislators) ideas or resolves expressed in words, and not in stone, there will always be plenty of inducement and room for a subtle mind to deduce opposite commands and meanings from the picture or the thing sought to be conveyed in the language of a statute or a law, to those whose duty it is to administer and put it in force. Thus in that forest known as the law, planted and cultivated from the earliest times, Stapledon found the game which it was his pleasure and profession to hunt.

He was a lawyer before and after everything else, and when the first Indian edition of that delightful production known as "Who's Who" which interests itself in the foibles of mankind appears in Calcutta, the number of pages denoted to Stapledon's weakness and called by other names will not swell to bulky proportions, the sheets of that interesting publication.

It is possible that his head (brain) was an organ more often and more intensely used than his heart. It is certain that the emotions and the leanings of the latter were not exhibited in the presence of his clients, nor in the presence of any one else, and few would either charge or credit him with the possession of such a disturbing luxury. But that this luxury was his is something that a

few at least will not doubt though its existence and its attributes were always so well concealed, that they were seldom discovered or suspected. And then only by such as could look below the surface of the ocean and see that pearls and not straws were the gems which lay at the bottom. I have said in another part of this work that I regretted the necessity which compelled me to parade some of those who had held the office of Sheriff in the company of more honourable men.

Here, I am pleased to welcome the occasion which permits me to add to the many honourable names in this work that of Gerald Stapledon, for in the long line extending over one hundred and fifty years from Tolfrey to Upton, I am satisfied that if he had some equals in knowledge and in conduct, he certainly had no superiors professionally in all that long line.

To these pages others demand admission in a group which includes G. C. Gooding, J. H. Taylor, H. Carey Morgan, S. S. Hodson and, the most scholarly and gentle of all the attorneys, E. C. Esson.

This group is perhaps the rarest that has yet been formed by any combination of attorneys in the legal annals of the High Court at Calcutta. Of other groups (firms) it has been said that they included some who were and some who were not entitled to be described or called gentlemen, but here each was the equal and the counterpart of the other

in those courtesies and manners which are the outward manifestations of the worth and intelligence which constitute the character and the virtues of him or those, who is or who are, the equals of the best of their race and kind.

There is nothing of good or of praise which might be said of one which might not be said with truth of the others. One character might be drawn which would describe them all, were it that of a man endowed with talents, knowledge and humour. One with whom association was pleasant and easy, like a level cultivated plain or a broad and smooth flowing river. Rocks and shoals, gullies and hollows, do not suggest themselves to our minds in our dealings with these men, nor are there any eddies and cross currents to remind us that care must be exercised to avoid the dangers amidst which we pursue our course. All here is calm and placid and we move forward with the direct and easy motion of a perfect and well-oiled machine.

In this group there are, I believe, no cricketers; nor Nimrods devoted to the chase. But it boasts a few who have been engaged in a chase in which the conditions were not quite so favourable to the hunter, as they are in the sylvan groves and scrubby jungle, where feathered game and bounding animals are to be met. The game which they hunted were the gentle sons of Germany who in 1914 suddenly assumed the desires and the attributes of the hosts of Attila and like them subjected the innocent wives

and children of their enemies to much discourtesy and abuse. Could it be that notwithstanding the eulogies of Carlyle and a host of others, who discovered so many virtues in the German people, that these Germans were just a lot of very crude barbarians, addicted to all the vices and cruelties of a horde of savages.

If it is, then there would seem to be something the matter with the value of Carlyle's estimate, which might also apply to his estimate of others who were not Germans.

It is true that a savage is not the most dangerous and redoubtable enemy to meet in war. A philosopher would be a more formidable foeman to encounter on the field of battle, for one would have to contend with his intelligence as well as with his arms, but it may be said of the Germans that so far as their fighting qualities were concerned, they fought up to expectations and in some ways surpassed them.

It is not necessary to go back to the time of Cæsar and imagine how any six thousand men of the German army would have feared in a contest with the X Legion. We knew how Germans usually fared at the hands of the Roman soldier, but it might not be irrelevant to imagine how great or how small would have been the chances of success of the Germans if opposed in war by men such as composed the armies of Wellington and Napoleon.

A few millions of such material as that which

overwhelmed Badajos and Cuidad Rodrigo would not have lingered long in the trenches of France, nor would the German armies have enjoyed such a lengthy holiday west of the Rhine were those resolute and tireless warhounds encamped in their vicinity. The army which shoved Blucher back from Ligny in 1815 would not have found it difficult to shove Kluck and Bulow in the same direction in 1914, but the gods had willed that in the interval the economist, the capitalist, and the factory should have been active amongst the populations of England and France, with the result that in 1916 men of category C. 3 were heard of in merry England for the first time.

Another century's progress in the same direction should enable us to score at least two points at the Olympiad in 2024.

H. Carey Morgan and S. S. Hodson were the two members, of the brotherhood known as Sanderson & Co., who took themselves off to Europe to hunt Germans. They must have found the progress of the hunt very slow, but it was reasonably bloody for I believe it was in such peaceful spots as Vimy Ridge where the quarry stood at bay and fought with a little more ferocity than may be met with even in the jungle. Blood it would seem might be used to wash away more things than sins.

A sufficient amount of this precious fluid would wash away many of the violent desires which

accompany man through life and leads him to many uncomfortable spots and places.

It might also wash away our opinions of people whom we had deemed were entitled to our respect, and incidentally, of our trust in the deductions of many publicists, statesmen, and writers.

Attorneys are not more easily killed in the arts of war than they are to be got the better of in the arts of peace, for of all those from the High Court at Calcutta who went forth to dispute the might of Germany and her Allies, J. F. Worsley alone found an honourable grave in France. Morgan and Hodson less blessed or more fortunate returned to Calcutta to assist their clients in unravelling some of those commercial skeins which forever seem to get entangled in the marts and exchanges of the world.

The next to claim the right to a place in the company of the attorneys marshalled here is one who will add some lustre to their ranks and one who will reflect as much honour on them, as they will reflect on him.

He is Archibald John Pugh, a man whom many will regret and one whom many others will deeply and sincerely mourn, when they think of his pleasing personality and of those far off days when, with him in the fields around Ballygunge, or in the ranks, or in the camp of the Calcutta Light Horse, they disported themselves and enjoyed to the full the bounding life of youth amidst the tropical grandeur and the romantic scenery which decks and beautifies

Calcutta when winter comes smiling to enfold this queenly city in her alluring and resplendent arms. In person Pugh was above the average height, of strong and graceful build, handsome and noble of face, with a large and well-shaped intellectual head.

In the social, legal, official, and political life of Calcutta he played more than one man's part. He took a hand in everything.

The Calcutta Light Horse owned him as its Colonel for years and being a soldier by instinct and by race, that Corps attained the noon of its usefulness and of its fame during the years in which its destinies were entrusted to his able leadership. The Political "Poobas" who endowed India with her comic opera assembly and councils provided Pugh with yet another opening in life, and he became one of the first members of the gorgeous and dignified council which would provide many Gilberts with more amusing material than they had ever dreamed of, did such as Gilbert exist in this grave and serious land.

Pugh's connection with that august body was short, for he possibly discovered that one might bear or enjoy a joke on occasion but could not survive it, when carried on from day to day with serious pose of men engaged in vital matters.

It is likely perhaps that in proportion to their numbers in India fewer Scotsmen will be found in these councils than either their English, Irish or Welsh brothers. A Scotsman's sense of humour

would teach him in advance what Pugh discovered by experience. That even in India there are periods when to remain sane a man must be serious and that even in the interests of jute, gunnies and Empire a man may be asked to pay too high a price when he is expected to continue to take part in a farce which it would seem is not intended to change or to have an end.

The asylums of the world are not the only places in which groups of madmen may be found.

The respect and esteem of their fellows are to many necessary to their happiness and welfare, and nothing so much influences their conduct and their acts as does the opinions of others. The few many regard the praise or the blame of men with contempt and that few are perhaps not less happy than those who forever court the applause and the cheers of the crowd. I am ignorant of how far Pugh was influenced by the opinions of his fellows or how much solace he derived from their friendship, but I believe it was in the affection which women bore him that he found the most consoling and pleasing reflections of his life. The love of one woman is of more value than the friendship of a hundred men. The love of many exalts a man above and beyond the world in which his fellows dwell. He becomes immortal, the companion and the equal of the gods, and one who may regard with pity the petty fears and the trivial hopes of a king.

Thus was Pugh beloved. In many gentle hearts

he had a shrine and a place, and in a few his image lingers still. Others' hearts like his own are still and silent now and on his grave and on theirs the grass grows and dies, and grows again. In the eternal round of life we shall meet him often, but never in more happy surroundings than those in which his friends and his sweethearts met and loved him in Calcutta. Till the last of these depart, the winds which blow over those stormy Cambrian hills where his ashes now repose, will bear a message, which he will not hear but which will tell of devotion and regret that cannot lessen or die.

When the Indian attorney makes his appearance in the Sheriff's record that record has ceased to be a thing which yields either instruction or romance to the student. The tide is full out, many ugly rocks rear their heads where a fair and smiling sea had been, and it is henceforth the mud of foul sluggish rivers which is poured down on those rocks and not the pure deep rolling waters of the ocean.

But even in such surrounding there was at least one Indian attorney who deserved to have lived in a more picturesque and less sordid age than which found him in the High Court at Calcutta.

Gonesh Chunder Chunder was one of those delightful sons of old Bengal possessed of lots of brains and courtesy and with enough ability to equip at least a dozen members of the local legislative council. Friendship with such a man was possible and from it much profit was to be derived for it not

only pleased but instructed those on whom it was conferred.

He was the first Indian to fill the office of Deputy Sheriff and held that office more often than any of his fellow attorneys, either Indian or European. To many of his countrymen he was in truth a counsellor and a friend, and that no monument has been reared to his memory is perhaps the best proof that could be adduced of his goodness and of his services to his friends and clients.

But his memory will not perish for he has multiplied himself in the affairs of the Sheriffs, and here he will not be forgotten while Strettell and Swinhoe continue to live.

J. H. Hechle, another attorney of the High Court and till lately its Registrar on the Original Side, may also be invited to take his place beside Belchambers and the others. Like Foley his most obvious weakness was cricket and other field games which he possibly owed to his education and early environment. A man who is competent to discharge the duties of a Registrar in any British High Court may not be able to cite that fact as a proof of his ability to rule an Empire, but it is good evidence of more than ordinary power and intelligence, and such as entitles him to rank with the best if not with the greatest of his countrymen. Hechle was a good and an obliging man and his progress in life was not made by the injury or at the expense of others. His virtues and his fortune

were legitimately his own and were free from the claims or the envy of those amongst whom he lived.

Like Gonesh Chunder Chunder and many others he will have no monuments in marble to perpetuate his memory, but his friends, while they live, will feel that he was a better man than many who are kept alive by the help of hired art and stone.

Hechle's successor in office, Maurice Remfry may be introduced here and left to the care of some future writer, when his career has closed and it is permissible to give him more than a passing notice. But to again describe a man in a word it may be said of him that "gentle" is the one which will best describe his character and his manner. Having reached W. R. Fink, I shall devote the following chapter to him, to Claude Martin and the La Martiniére.

CHAPTER XXII.

W. R. FINK, REGISTRAR OF THE HIGH COURT AT CALCUTTA.—AN ABLE MAN OF INDOMITABLE PERSONALITY.—HIS KNOWLEDGE OF CLAUDE MARTIN, THE FAMOUS MILITARY ADVENTURER OF THE 18TH CENTURY.—MARTIN'S GIRLS LISE AND SALLY.—HIS LOVE AND CARE OF THEM.—FINK SAVES MARTIN'S INSTITUTION AT CALCUTTA FROM SHIPWRECK AND DEPARTS FOR AMENTI HIMSELF.

Fink was, I believe, descended from some of the old Dutch adventurers who dug their talons deep into the soil of India and the islands bordering on the Indian seas. So far as India was concerned it took much tugging and pulling to make them let go their hold and in the process it was not only the compatriots of Vanderdecken who were sent to Hell to make the language of Zealand popular in that famous institution but a good deal of English was also introduced there at the same time.

The Sun of Bengal had not weakened the tenacity nor softened the resolution which those Dutchmen transmitted to Fink. In his person those virile attributes flourished and glowed like the flame of a lamp which is about to expire, and with his death those qualities born and matured on the

shores of the North Sea through a thousand years ran out exhausted, from their century struggle with the enervating climate of Bengal. Fink may have left successors but he was the last of his race in India, whose character contained as much iron determination as the ablest of those from whom he deduced his origin.

Belchambers who had buried several Chief Justices and a multitude of Judges and others of less rank and note, surrendered at length to the man with the scythe and the hour-glass, and thus the occasion was presented to the shades of the former masters of Bengal to enthrone one of their own descendants on the gadi of the Registrars of the High Court. Thus Fink succeeded Belchambers. He had waited many years to do so for although the latter was a pious and virtuous man he was yet in no hurry to exchange the garb of a Registrar for the more resplendent robes and duties of an Angel. For the greater part of the period during which Fink discharged the duties of Registrar, Sir Francis Maclean adorned the seat and wore the mantle of Impey and Anstruther. Mr. Justice Sale and Sir Richard Harington had transferred themselves to a climate more conducive to health and exertion than that which prevails in Bengal, and amongst the Puisne Justices with the exception of Sir John Woodroffe and Ashutosh Mookerjee there were few who could be considered men of more than ordinary parts. In such Company it was occasionally Fink's

duty to correct the mistakes of an erring Judge in the interests of many who are yet unborn, and who will possibly never become aware of even the name of him, who preserved for them in the years to come, their hostelry and their bread and butter.

The fortune which impelled the steps of Claude Martin and the Dutch ancestor of Fink to the golden shores of Southern Asia, was preparing future benefits, not for the coming children of France and Holland but for the offspring of those British soldiers, sailors, and merchants, who disputed with the compatriots of Fink and Martin the dominion of the lands bordering the Indian Seas. Martin who seems to have had a genius for gathering money which would have put to shame the talents of a modern financier also seems to have entertained the erroneous opinion or belief, that the poor were much more in need of assistance and money than were the opulent and the rich. In that belief he made his will in whose provisions the poor, the needy and the unfortunate are his ultimate heirs and the objects amongst others of his solicitude and his care.

He begins by an invocation in which the Deity is told of the testator's love and devotion, of his sensibility of the Almighty power and goodness which characterizes the acts of the Divine Creator of the Universe who is all and more than man has ever thought or ever could conceive. To that august Being he commends his soul in language

of the deepest humility and pleads that as he has not been unmerciful to others, the Divine mercy might not be withheld from him. Knowing the meed of worship, and duty due to his God and to his fellows, he confesses that he had "badly followed the rule" but hopes that what follows in his Will may in some measure be deemed an atonement for his sins and failings.

He then declares that his Will is his "own act and deed wrote by myself" and of the truth of this the Will itself is conclusive evidence. The first provision which he makes is that "all the women, males and women slaves, which I have paid for to have them as my own property I give them their freedom."

To these the gift of freedom alone would have been a doubtful blessing, so the generous testator sets out to make more than ample provision for their future maintenance and welfare. He then declares that he strove to "increase his fortune for the ambition of doing good to others" and his bequests to those others of many lacs of rupees may be admitted as reasonable proof of the truth and sincerity of his declaration.

The first person whom he names is that darling of his dreams and heart "my most amiable girl named by her parents, Boulone, surnamed Lise by one Carrier, a Frenchman, from whom I acquired her." Lise came into Martin's possession in 1775 when she was nine years old and with the care of

a father he proceeded to have her educated and trained in the higher accomplishments of life. He does not inform us to what tribe or nation she belonged, but we may infer from what he says of her, that she was possibly a woman sprung from some Northern Mahomedan or Persian family.

In due time she reached maturity and was still a Mahomedan, for Martin, the most tolerant of men, had not attempted to have her instructed in the tenets of any religion but her own.

The choice of freedom and a husband or the embraces of her guardian were now offered to her. "She chose never to quit me," and henceforth the gallant Martin loved her as the "most chaste and virtuous wife." He had a few others who served the same purpose as wives and whom he enjoyed or tolerated, for Martin, like many other wealthy men in India a century or so ago, kept an establishment which he was not ashamed to speak of as a harem.

In this respect there is this difference between the social habits of the people of let us say England, and of those of the near and far East. In the latter, the man keeps all his women under one roof and calls that place his harem. In the former, the man keeps his women spread all over the town or country and calls the places of their abode by many fanciful and artistic names. The reader, like Lise, can have his choice of either of these customs provided he has like Martin a few hundred thousand

pounds. If not, then prudence will perhaps dictate that one or many women are objects more worthy of love and admiration than they are of marriage and support. He may also remember Montague's dictum that "Marriage is the grave of love" and that if he would preserve the image and the memory of his Lise pure and unsullied he should never be the destroyer of his own idol by reducing her to the condition of a wife.

The next object of Martin's more than paternal care is Sally, "the daughter bastard of Colonel Harper." At the time of Martin's death in 1800, she was still a child being about thirteen or fourteen years old and although he speaks of her in endearing terms, and praises her worth, her beauty, and her excellent judgment, it is clear that she was not his mistress, but a previous ornament of his house and of his pride. To her father, Colonel Harper, this oriental jewel appears to have been of little value and of less attraction, for, Martin mentions that he had entertained some hopes that the parent would receive her into his house. But that lately he had learned from Mr. Bazeley that the gallant Colonel had declared that he would "never own" our pretty Sally, who was thus left for good to the generous care of a man fully sensible of her value and charms.

Colonel Harper like many of his dashing compatriots, before and since, was possibly too deeply engaged in determining how much British

civilization could be inflicted on the Sonthalis in his neighbourhood to remember that he had a daughter at all.

Besides the other girls in Martin's household there were some whom he had reared and educated and for whom he had found suitable husbands. His charity to the children who came his way not only extended to their infant care and education but to arrangements for their future as well and there was to be no breaking up of his household on his death and a scattering of its inmates in the old approved Western style.

To Lise and Sally was given the management of the establishment with ample provision for its maintenance and to them was also given power to marry whom they chose and to lead and regulate their lives in the manner which pleased them best. But their generous guardian believing that "women are weak and easily persuaded" and that "ingratitude is the common vice of India" enjoins his executors to pursue to conviction and restitution any men whom these girls might marry and who taking advantage of their ignorance should desert and rob them of their money. The Will is a lengthy document and wanders leisurely along from incident to incident. When he has provided for Lise, Sally and the others, he enters into a discussion on the relative merits of the various religions which he has known and finds that their ceremonies were all equally absurd and the centre truth of each the

same. In certain charities which were to be instituted at Lucknow and at Calcutta for the distribution of alms to the poor at certain periods, he declares that he does not care whether these alms are distributed by a Catholic priest, a Protestant Padre or even by a Moslem Moulla so long as they reach the needy for whom he intends them. He then provides for the founding of the La Martinière School at Calcutta and at Lucknow for the maintenance and education of poor children and leaves the framing of the scheme to govern these institutions to the Government and the Supreme Court at Calcutta.

To two half-brothers, two half-sisters and a nephew in France he then bequeaths various sums totalling one hundred and seventy thousand rupees and then leaves two lacs to found a school in his native city, Lyons where he was born in 1735.

Having disposed of these matters which do not take long, he returns to the resting place of his heart the abode of Lise and Sally and provides for all sorts of things relative to them in the most minute and exhaustive manner. These girls occupy nearly all the latter part of the Will and are to be found in most of its pages from beginning to end. However he may leave them for a time to deal with other matters, he always finds occasion to return to a consideration of some further plan for their benefit and welfare. The La Martinière is merely

a step-child or a memorial to perpetuate his name in the absence of a son and although the name of the institution is his own selection, it possibly did not occupy a greater part of his thoughts than it does of his Will. The writer has read many reports of the annual gatherings held at the school in Calcutta and he has not been surprised at how much the Chairmen have had to say of the guests and of the present and how little of the founder and of the past.

These Chairmen certainly do not tell the audience of the existence of Lise and Sally nor of the place which these gentle girls held in the love and in the heart of the gallant Martin.

Sufficient for them that the founder acquired and left the money which make the annual gathering possible.

It would be a qualification for him who presides at these functions were he to read the French hero's Will and acquaint himself with some of the chief incidents in his life. He would then be in a position to treat the assembled guests and scholars to something more interesting and moving than the cold eternal round of meaningless platitudes and figures which is the usual mental fare served up to the innocent gathering which they in gratitude for past and present favours, are bound to bear without a sign of opposition or protest.

But possibly the Chairman is as often the victum of circumstances, as is the audience which he

bores. His qualification to preside is not an acquaintance with Martin and his affairs but the accidental occupation of the office of President of the Chamber of Commerce or perhaps of Sheriff. Any victim will suit so long as he does not assume the roll of a critic and speaks for a time without saying anything. In all the provisions of his Will, except in those which relate to his relatives and to the school in France, Martin is insistent time and again that the money which he leaves and the proceeds of his property which is afterwards to be sold is to be invested in " the Honourable English East India Company's Promissory Notes and Bonds of eight and of twelve per cent." He evidently had more faith in the English than the English had in themselves for he says of these Promissory Notes that " there are no better securities." Could he revisit Lucknow to-day, he might change this estimate of the security of the English in India and behold with surprise how worn and tired an Empire may become in the short hour of a century and a quarter. It would surprise him more to see and learn how much the sword has gone out of fashion as an instrument for adjusting quarrels and disposing of contentions and claims. At present right and freedom and other simple problems of this kind which have so much interest and fascination for mankind are things which each of the contending parties disposes of in a statement or in a Proclamation.

As late as 1840, according to that very respectable authority "The Times," freedom and its attainment were things of knives and hatchets, and there was little use of any people indulging in dreams and visions of what is spoken of as freedom and liberty unless they were prepared and anxious to die a good many deaths and to dip their hands and arms reasonably deep into the blood of many people, from indifferent and lukewarm friends to active and bitter enemies.

The difference between the outlook for the sword in 1840 and in 1924 is this. In the former year it had been in its sheath for twenty-five years, and in the latter it had just disposed of about eleven millions of its admirers and devotees and its edge is in consequence dull and blunt. But it is an ancient and a potent weapon, a little rest will restore the keenness of its edge and the temper of its steel and a few short years will see it brought forth again, to settle those little disputes, without which the race would stagnate and perish.

The Will sets out at the beginning that it was made on the 1st January 1800, that the executors were John Palmer and Jean Jacques Deverinne, and it is witnessed and ends thus:

D. Lumsden, Captain in the Hon. Company.

J. Reid, Surgeon ditto ditto.

Done before me,

Wm. Scott.

Resdt., Lucknow.

"Since my writing Hadjee Begum came to me in a starving situation with Mr. Bellasis's daughter which I received and clothed them and by this Will I do bequeath to Hadjee Begum the sum of forty rupees per month during her life-time and to her daughter the sum of one hundred rupees both sicca rupees until her relation takes her away or during life and the same sum as I have allowed to the girl Sally such as about two thousand rupees to buy her cloth and every other advantages I have mentioned for the girl Sally in every respect that there may be no difference between both and also every year to allow cash for cloth for the mother. Every division of ground rent that Boulone or Lise and Sally are to receive they must both have their share so to be equal in every respect."

"Claude Martin."

Martin died on the 13th September 1800, so it would seem that his last act was to succour and clothe the mistress and the daugther of some irresponsible individual who was possibly engaged in producing other daughters to be fed by other Martins or engaged in the delightful task of turning old oriental geese into youthful Western Swans.

In 1800 the modern woman was a being that still remained unborn and Martin, like most men of his time, did not think that women were fit to dispose of money and property for although he left several lacs of rupees, many houses, and many

gardens for the support and dwelling places of his beloved girls and the other members of his household, all that money and property was on their deaths to fall into the main stream on which the schools were to be built and maintained for ever and ever of course. Man would provide for eternity, Fate scatters his provisions to the winds in a few years. In due time the Government and the Supreme Court, two very expensive friends and administrators, brought forth their first scheme for the foundation of the schools. Later on there are other schemes and suits, then an appeal to the Privy Council followed by another suit or two.

Here was a nice stray morsel, the spoil of many old oriental hoards to whet the legal appetites of Attorneys-General, Advocates-General, Secretaries to Government and a host of lesser legal luminaries and others all philanthropically interested in the affairs of Major-General Claude Martin, of the Bengal Army, deceased. As late as 1889 there was yet another scheme and although for the hour Fink disposed of the last one in 1912 there is little doubt that sooner or later—human memories being short—one of these schemes will yet dispose for good of what is left of the French soldier's memorial.

Those different schemes and suits must have reduced the gleanings of Martin by a very considerable amount and it is probable that the funds left by the French philanthropist had in the process dwindled to a mere fraction of what they

were in 1800. The Government of India could also obtain their loans at a great deal less than the Government of Fort William paid in 1800 and this cause alone reduced the income of the La Martinière's securities by more than a half. In these stagnant and straightened circumstances it occurred to the persons who controlled the affairs of the school in Calcutta, about 1912, that if they sold out the investments they could in a progressive and commercial age like the present employ the proceeds in such a way that they could be made to yield something more remunerative and satisfactory than three and a half per cent.

Perhaps they were ambitious of extending the scope and usefulness of the institution and of rearing as many sons of Empire as possible to take their places in after years as planks in the bulwark reared in the defence of a mighty nation, who watched and conserved her infant subjects everywhere.

Or perhaps they were ambitious of something else. But whatever the moving reason may have been, they seemingly had conceived a great idea and to the High Court they came that this idea should have life and birth. Their bantling, a nice plausible scheme which would have permitted and enabled them to turn the La Martinière upside down, was presented and offered to Mr. Justice Stephen for his approval and blessing. That amiable and innocent Judge, moved by a sense of admiration

for the disinterested and unrequited labours of men toiling and planning in the interests alone of uninstructed and defenceless youth, accorded in a decree or order permission to his humble and virtuous petitioners the right to assail the last of the Gallic adventurer's strongholds with the certain promise of undisputed success.

All that now stood between them and victory at the final hour was Fink, and he unfortunately for the "humble petitioners" had it seems the curiosity to read Martin's forgotten Will.

There he found the repeated insistence of the testator that the funds were to be invested in, Government Promissory Notes and "never to run the risk of losing the money in private security." This was enough, but Fink had in mind also the fate of a few other institutions of this kind, whose funds were not invested in Government securities but which were managed by the same sort of pious and unselfish beings as those who now sought to exalt the La Martinière to a greater pinnacle of splendour and fame than it had ever known in the past.

When the draft decree or order reached the Registrar in the course of its round towards completion, he informed the Judge of the provisions of Martin's Will and reminded him of his want of power to make the decree which he had pronounced.

Mr. Justice Stephen was not more anxious than the Registrar to exalt or to end the life of the

Frenchman's step-child, so there for the hour at least its continued existence was assured while the other scheme which was intended to have a Judge for its god-father was returned to its parents still-born.

Fink thus saved the La Martinière, and has since been ferried across the styx to Amenti there to recount to Martin in person the danger from which his Calcutta school had lately escaped. The writer will indulge the hope if not the belief, that in those shadowy lands of our visions and dreams where Fink and where Martin now dwell, the former may have had the pleasure and the felicity of meeting the gentle shades of Lise and Sally with whom he was acquainted, here, and of determining in their presence the wisdom or the folly of Martin at Lucknow in 1800 in permitting them to occupy so much of his thoughts and so many of the deepest recesses of his heart.

The flaw in his Will was the provision relating to the agency which was to bring the schools into being. A Government which had not thought it worthwhile to establish many institutions itself for the education and training of the children of its own nationals, when the peculiar conditions governing those nationals in a country like India is considered, would not be likely to take much interest in Martin's endowment beyond spending or disposing of the funds in the easiest and least troublesome way. What therefore could be more

simple and more expeditious than to throw the carcass in amongst the watch-dogs of the law who would lose but little time in divesting it of those juicy parts which consisted of the delicious steaks known by the suggestive name of gold mohurs.

The reader has possibly observed that with the exception of Jean Jacques Deverinne, the other executor of Martin's Will, the two witnesses and the Resident at Lucknow in 1800, were all Scotsmen. Our French soldier was in many ways a wise man, since he selected those who are credited with possessing more money, wisdom than any of the other peoples of the British Isles, to be those who should have any dealings with a matter which concerned money alone. Had he called Scott and the others into Council when he reached the La Martinière, they would possibly have enlightened him on what might be expected from a Government where the care and the welfare of the children of its own people was concerned.

So far as the provisions relating to Lise and the others were concerned a Frenchman need not seek a Councillor in any man from the North of the Tweed. In the former case the head should be the organ to determine the course to be pursued, in the latter the heart alone should be the guide of the scope and the extent to which the memories and emotions of other years should lead it to endow the object of those emotions and memories, when they

were buried in the dust with the heart that had known and felt them. From Martin's will it is clear that his schools were merely things to preserve his memory for he seems to have been deeply concerned that his name should not perish. But all his love, his solicitude, and his fears, are for the daughter of Colonel Harper and his best beloved, the chaste and virtuous Lise.

He was at pains to shield them even from his executors who were denied the right or the excuse to see them, against their wishes or their desire to remain secluded from the whole world if necessary. Apart from the financial provisions of the Will, that document is a plea and a tribute to the character and the virtues of those girls, and had Lise not been barren in the embraces of her Gallic lover, it is probable that an individual and not a school would at present bear the name and own the fortune of the gallant and magnanimous Martin. On his tomb he desired that an inscription should be put setting out who he was and that he had been "a Common Soldier" while the beholder was invited and solicited to pray for his soul. In the La Martinière at Calcutta to-day there are possibly a few who have benefited by the French Soldier's generosity and who believe in the efficacy of prayer and offer one occasionally for the repose of his soul as he requested. If such there be, let them offer also a prayer for Fink at the same time, for to him is in some measure due the preservation of

what remains of the noble generosity of the French soldier of fortune.

Perhaps it would be too much to expect that the souls of Lise and Sally should also be remembered in that institution. They may be forgotten from time to time, but while Martin lives they will not die. An occasional literary pilgrim, like the writer, in following the footsteps of their benefactor will discover their existence and if he cannot offer a prayer for their souls, nor a tear to their memory, he may proffer a sigh to the shades of these gentle beings.

Here we may take our leave of Martin, Lise, Sally, and Fink. The Registrar has had the honour of having done something to entwine his name and memory with those of the founder of the La Martinière and his beloved wards.

But his chief title to remembrance would be, could worth or ability alone ensure immortality, an indomitable and inflexible character, with talents or genius of a high order. In one of their discussions, at St. Helena, Napoleon told O'Meara that but for the Revolution he might have lived and died a Captain of Artillery.

Like Sir Comer Petheram and a thousand others, Fink found no revolution to bear him on its crest to the vain heights and glories which thousands seek and few obtain but which all envy and applaud. But if fate determined and fixed his course of life in the humid and peaceful retreats

of Calcutta and its High Court, he was worthy of other things even if in these things it was not his fortune to have been more useful to others than he here has been. The reader is not invited to pray for his soul but to hope that in untold ages to come when no Registrar will be required to defend or save the charities of future Martins we may again encounter in happier climes and circumstances, this man whose presence in this work will do honour even to the noble company which dignifies and throngs its pages.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOCTORS IN OLD CALCUTTA.—SOME OF THEIR FAMOUS SUCCESSORS.—MEN WHO HAVE REFLECTED SOME HONOUR ON THEIR COUNTRY AND RACE.

Whatever posterity may have to say of that service (the I. C. S.) so belauded by its friends and so traduced by its critics and by its enemies, there is one British service at least in India sprung from our Presidency Surgeons, which will ever remain, a boast, an honour, and a glory to the British name.

The Presidency Surgeons who first present themselves to us in the record are men who seem to have played a major part in the social life of the Pearl of the Indian Seas—Calcutta. The names of some suggest relationship to the judges of the Supreme Court and to those courteous and able men who shaped the fortunes of the Government of Fort William. Sir Henry Russell, the Chief Justice in 1810, will often be found issuing edicts in which Surgeon William Russell, M.D., recommends the postponement of whippings from the Burra Bazar to the Chitpore Bridge. That principle of perversity which turned soldiers into tailors, contractors, and clerks; doctors into accountants, shipping agents and jailors, had not begun to

operate in the days that Surgeon Grand was so often concerned to provide wine instead of discipline for the inmates of the Hurrin Baree.

It is well perhaps that there were not in former days nor are there now, enough Administrative Offices to absorb all the genius and talent of the Indian Medical Service. If there were, the ability and the surgical skill of a Havelock Charles or an R. P. Wilson might have been wasted in the humble and petty functions of an Office Superintendent.

Grand, Russell, and their medical contemporaries were not unacquainted with that side of life which finds its home in such places as Jails and Houses of Correction. But although their functions often brought them into contact with the denizens of these institutions, they were not their associates in the sense that a man responsible for their imprisonment and discipline would be. It would be the patient and not the prisoner that would incite the skill and the compassion of the Doctor, whose noble and dignified office would be destroyed or submerged were he the Jailor as well. Those Doctors who forget the traditions of an ancient and splendid profession and condescend to accept the appointment as head of an Indian Jail may have the duties of their office disguised by the not exalted title of Superintendent, but to be responsible in these Jails for something beyond the health of those entrusted to their care, suggests

the conclusion that it is the Jailor and not the Physician which dominates the thoughts and the activities of those amphibious gentlemen.

The Citizens of Calcutta no longer evince the paternal interest in the Calcutta Jail which their predecessors did when the nineteenth century was young, nor do they turn aside in their stately Sunbeams during their evening drives to confer their alms and their pity on the destitute and unfortunate inmates of the Jail. Did they do so, they would no doubt encounter both the Superintendent and the Jailor as William Butterworth Bailey so often encountered Adam Gordon, and it is possible that the lack of brass buttons by the one, and their possession by the other, and not by the manners and demeanour of the individual would be the outward signs by which our visitors would be led to determine the respective ranks of the medical Superintendent and his humble subordinate the Jailor.

I am ignorant of how far the rank of Captain, Major, Colonel, or even General may add to the dignity of an office whose functions are to heal and not to kill, but although Harvey and Jenner discovered principles and antidotes from which mankind will forever benefit, their fame would possibly not be enhanced by a title as sonorous even as that of Commander-in-Chief. A good Doctor is worth many bad Colonels and it does not exalt the position of the former by labelling him with the

military designation of the latter. In a country so unhealthy as India and in a town as deadly as old Calcutta, the man who prescribed medicine must have been next in importance to him who supplied brandy.

Without the activities of these two there could not have been any British Empire in India. Men are sometimes amused by a dull and learned exposition of the ideals and the causes which led to the foundation and structure of that which they find established.

But in truth these speculations are like the schedules of the late Government of India Act. Pure nonsense have the effect, if they have not the intention, of confusing instead of enlightening those who have the patience or the hardihood to read them.

Empires are not founded, they grow like trees, and a hundred things or accidents may nourish or destroy the infant shoot.

The Briton in India would not have gone from conquest to conquest but for the cases of brandy which bore him company and it was in such surroundings that our Doctors grew into the best and ablest Medical Army that any Nation has ever organized.

All over India the Surgeon was, and is, to be found labouring for the welfare of the millions whom it was his duty, and perhaps his desire, to heal, to comfort, and to instruct.

The Indian Medical Service has not only matured such men as Rose and Rogers, but it has reared a thousand others, who were not only great Doctors but great men in the best senses of that term as well.

Calcutta will, for a time at least, remember with pride and gratitude the services of McLeod, O'Brien, Moir and Havelock Charles and she may still employ the skill, the knowledge and the care of R. P. Wilson.

Man does not rear monuments to those who succour and bless him, but the world is covered with memorials and statues to those who have lived to scourge and destroy.

The remembrance of the lives and acts of our devoted Doctors may perish with the last of those patients who received renewed life and hope at their hands, but had their labours called forth the pangs of misery instead of a harvest of good, a tithe of its abundant crop would have entitled them to a monument as high as Kinchinjingha and to a place beside Attila and Jenghis Khan.

It has been said that "it is well for little men that big ones have no sense" and however true or otherwise this may be in a world in which the greatest rewards do not seem to follow the virtuous, it is certain that love and kindness are more often associated with men of large than with those of small stature. McLeod, O'Brien, Moir, Charles

and Wilson were all tall men gifted with handsome and imposing persons.

Their contact with Jails and convicts must have been slight since to their medical and surgical skill they united the grace and courtesy of men trained in a world peopled by men who were not convicts. Change being the only constant thing in nature, the British Empire in India may yet give place to an Empire born in South Africa or in Australia. If it does, the writer for many reasons will possibly not be the person who will write its history. The individual who undertakes that office and task will, unless the material at his disposal be vastly different to that which such material has been in the past, be compelled to pronounce judgment not from the good which thousands of Britons have done, for this will be forgotten, but from the vices or the shortcomings of those whose acts will be preserved and remembered. No conqueror has ever given to the conquered so rare a gift as that which Britain has given to India in that band of devoted men who comprise the Medical Service of this country. When those British warriors, who subdued that part of India which lay beyond the bailiwick of our early Sheriffs, had reduced those turbulent States to a condition of peace and order, they are reputed to have taken as their reward some of the gold and gems which formed a part of the barbaric splendour of those who fell or bowed before those iron legions of the North. But how small and paltry

were the things of which the vanquished had been robbed or spoiled in comparison with the gifts which their spoilers brought?

They brought not only Judges, Magistrates, Jurors and Merchants but they brought their Surgeons as well. Could the hope, the relief and the consolation which the labours of those Doctors conferred on India be expressed in language or measured in terms of value or wealth, its recital would be a lofty tribute to the nobility of man, and its measure would be many times greater than all the gold and diamonds that India ever did or ever will possess. The Briton in this sultry land would neither be living up to his national reputation nor carrying out the official traditions of his race, did the various services in India live in a state of official harmony extending to each other the hand of mutual sympathy and support. The writer believes that the autocrats of the Civil Service not only assert their superiority over every other service in India but maintain a haughty and lofty ascendancy even towards our Doctors who often generously keep those embryo Commissioners and Governors out of an early foreign grave.

He knows, that the Engineer in the Department of Public Works does not devote all his genius to the construction of houses and bridges or to the wholesome discipline of his subordinates.

The atmosphere whose official hydrogen he breathes prompts him occasionally to employ some

of his slumbering talents in weighty polemics in which his brother officials are reminded of his existence in language that would not disgrace the best of those pre-war administrators who had never been reproached with having done one single constructive act during the entire period of their official lives. Were it possible to compare the respective amounts of good which India has derived from the various services, our Doctors would certainly be entitled to the foremost place. Ross and Rogers are sure of immortality but how few are the others who have played a part here of whom the same can be predicted with the exception of Hastings and Clive. It is when man is at his worst, diseased and in pain that he comes in contact with the physician and the surgeon and it possibly requires a greater collection of virtue and abilities in the individual to make a great Doctor than it does to make a man eminent in any other office in life.

A statesman may be esteemed a soldier, may be a respected and just Judge, may be held in veneration, but it is our Doctor alone whom we love. He often accompanies us to the borders of eternity while we gaze upon that world in which tinsel is less precious than gold and in which pretence is not so valuable as humility. He beholds us when our souls are naked and when the poor ornaments of rank and folly are laid aside. He brings us the greatest of all blessings, health, beside which all the other

things of life are puerile and childish; and when at length the gods decree that health may no more be ours, he finally and tenderly prepares us for that last journey whose end will behold us reunited with those whom we mourn and love. Scotland had the honour of giving birth to Moir and McLeod. O'Brien and Charles were not unworthy to rank with Ireland's noblest sons. In giving Wilson to India, England has conferred an honour on herself and laid this ancient land under an obligation. The mere payment of money can never be a just reward for the services of a man such as he. Money may discharge the debts of trade, of commerce and perhaps of law, but not the humane and tender solicitude of a Wilson. This can only in some measure be repaid by the love and esteem of a thousand grateful patients and this his noble and gentle heart will ever beget in those who have had the fortune of becoming his cheerful and conscious debtors.

The Doctors whom we meet previous to 1860 are all M. D.'s and most are Presidency Surgeons. After 1860, we first discover the existence of Surgeons-Major and we discover also that our Doctors are now on that high Official Road which leads not only to the more important of the Indian Jails but to various offices in the delectable valleys of Simla where many and varied dignities are to be met with culminating in the lofty and imposing office of Surgeon-General.

C. R. Francis, Surgeon-Major in 1865, has moved some distance away from the orbit traversed by Dr. James Hare in 1800.

His progress has brought him to the prosaic but possibly remunerative position of Examiner of Medical Accounts, and although there may be some connection between surgery, drugs and mathematics, the discovery of that connection denied to Warren Hastings and to his many successors seems to have been reserved for those famous administrators who shed the lustre of their genius on India from the shambles at Cawnpore in 1857 to the painful and bloody tragedy of Kut-el-Amara in 1916.

Onward now the prefix Doctor may usually denote a man possessed of a medical degree but not always one who attends and devotes his time, his talents and his sympathies to the care and welfare of the sick.

In an age when every military officer might be said to carry a scissors in his valise and aspire to become the head of the tailors in his command, it was and it is in harmony with prevailing official custom that our Doctors should also be encourged and permitted to extend their usefulness in various directions. Hence the many administrative appointments which inflame the hearts, colour the dreams, and fire the ambitions of our youthful medical Captains to-day. Rivers do not return to their source and the Medical Service in India will

not go back to the days of James Hare and William Russell. But its progress has been grand and honourable; and although a few of its members have occasionally accepted the office of Jailor, in fact if not in name, even those were not all robbed of their medical polish and dignity by their association with the human wreckage which populates the Jails of India. Lt.-Colonel John Mulvany, whom we met in an earlier part of this work, did not apparently have his philanthropic and scientific tastes destroyed by his long connection with the Presidency Jail. Perhaps the dignity of its early inmates still pervaded the ancient pile, while Mulvany toiled and lingered there, and the spirit of Adam Gordon may have still continued to watch over its fading glories to save it from the sordid vulgarity which characterizes its successor. The pile destroyed, its associations depart forever, but the spirit of Gordon may still continue to brood on the waters which mark the spot on which his castle stood.

The builders of the memorial which graces and dominates the south-eastern corner of the maidan, could not save the "Great Jail," but in ignorance or in intention they carved an enduring tablet to perpetuate its memory, when they dug out its foundations on whose site now rests the sheet of water which lies to the south of the memorial a few yards to the west of the statue of King Edward the Seventh.

It is perhaps fitting that this great King should look towards the spot on which the Hurrin Baree stood. This Jail was also in its way a great thing; a place of varied memories and associations. Many of those who had been its inmates contributed their full share in erecting the Indian Throne of King Edward and his venerable mother, since after a brief sojourn in this retreat they passed to the battle-fields on which the Fates decided the destinies of the corrupt and tottering States of Hindusthan. Mulvany is the last of the Doctors and incidentally the last of the Jail Superintendents who is likely to leave any trace of his existence in the Sheriff's record. The Doctors have long since departed and the Superintendents will trouble the Sheriff no more. Let us here recall a few of those old M. D.'s and Presidency Surgeons who beheld Calcutta in her dirty and splendid youth and link them to some of their able, worthy and brilliant successors. They are here:—

James Hare	1800
James McKay	1805
William Russell	1810
Adam Lawrie	1813
James Jamison	1815
A. Halliday	1820
W. Stewart	1822
R. Browne	1822
William Grand	1825

John McWhister	1825
T. Parket	1827
A. R. Jackson	1830
Frederick Corbyn	1830
William Graham	1832
William Twining	1832
D. Stewart	1837
W. J. Vos	1837
W. Cameron	1840
J. Jackson	1849
W. Mercer	1849
J. P. Brougham	1865
C. R. Francis	1865
Col. O'Brien	1880
Col. McLeod	1885
Col. Havelock Charles	1895
Col. John Mulvany	1905
Col. R. P. Wilson	1915

Their medical and surgical skill must have been small if compared to that with which many of our Lieutenant-Colonels have now at their command; but being the sons of a great and virile Nation, their devotion to an honourable and noble profession could not have been less than that which characterizes their gifted and able successors. That their sense of the dignity of their profession was not less is evident; for, in an age that produced Jenner, an M. D. might regard himself as a person of as much importance as an M. D. to-day, even

though the latter was also a Lieutenant-Colonel and, greater still, the Superintendent of an Indian Jail. The Government of Fort William in Bengal which certainly in the year 1815 had a fair appreciation of the courtesies and consideration due to its servants, did not at all times make what would seem to be a just allowance for the professional dignity of its Doctors. Till this year (1815) the Doctors of the Jail were Doctors and nothing else. In that year one of the progressive Secretaries of the Government conceived the idea of conferring on James Jameson, M. D. the honour of attending at public whippings where the cross roads meet at Lall Bazar. Jameson, who does not seem to have been sensible of the proposed honour, declined it in language which not even a Secretary to the Government of Fort William could misunderstand.

The proposal was not renewed and so, for half a century onward our Doctors whether in or out of prison were permitted to practice a great profession without official titles of any kind. It was possibly the individual who first conceived the idea of decorating our Doctors with swords, sashes and other warlike adornments and of putting them in charge of Jails, Emigration depôts, and kindred posts, who took the first step in bringing about the conditions that will soon arise, when the successors of our Lieutenant-Colonels will be confounded with all those ignorant and worthless cheats, who by

fraud or by official blindness will be at liberty to poison and delude the simple and childlike millions, that constitute the population of India.

I am not ignorant that the Government of this placid land is not entitled to all the praise nor to all the blame, for those Military titles and administrative offices, which do not seem to have added anything to the professional statute of our Doctors. Those doctors were themselves in some measure responsible for those decorations and appointments, and if in this instance they are destroyed by the fulfilment of their own desires they must accept their own share in bringing about the destruction or the emasculation of the best institution which the British have erected in India or anywhere else.

If titles were necessary to their position and rank, that of " Professor " would have been more suitable and more dignified than those of Major and Colonel. The latter does not impress us as belonging to a person of great mental attainments while the former suggests a man who is one of the gems in the Crown of civilization. In philosophy and religion India had nothing to learn but had much to impart to her British masters. From them she may have received material and scientific benefits but from her, those masters, with rare exceptions, seem to have been content to receive not the instruction which she had to give but such things as opium, tea and jute. Twenty British Colonels

would have preserved the internal repose of the Peninsula and could have carried on the executive government of the country with a great deal more ability and justice, than did all the Barwells, Mackenzies, and Plowdens that ever came out of Haileybury.

But India could not have found in all the world a thing so rare as that which her masters gave her when they set at her service the best and most noble of their doctors. It is possible that the preservation of the life of the individual is a matter of as much importance both to that individual and to the State as is the care and preservation of the chattels and lands to which the individual is entitled and which he is permitted to own.

If this be so then the Doctor is easily entitled to head the human procession which forever marches on from life to life; and the preservation of all he is and may be is a duty paramount above all others to all who can behold man with anything but contempt. Health and beauty transcend any other earthly dream that man may indulge. From these may spring all that the race may be, for in these reside wisdom, generosity, love and all the thousand glories which man beholds or hopes for in his perfect mortal yet to be.

That mortal will be long in coming, the supremacy of jute and gunnies will not hasten his advent nor will the provisions of that political nightmare, known as the Government of India

Act 1919, help to hasten his arrival in this romantic and devoted land.

It is written, the past has made the present, and the Indian Medical Service may no longer continue to be the splendid thing that it was in a world where not one but many nations are mad. India has been saddled with Diarchy in exchange for institutions and services which in time might have taught her to walk and to stand alone.

Like herself, her late masters have perhaps grown old and feeble and pretend to give freedom to a land which they no longer have the energy and the resolution to rule.

In the coming chaos India will feel again what it is to be trampled upon by those who pity not her weakness and who despise her learning and traditions.

In the turmoil she may lose a good many things more dear to her than the gifts of those political madmen, white and brown, which afflict and distract her now.

But her soul will yet remain, that which gave birth to the Upanishads and to the Dharma of Him who at Gaya saw and at Sarnath taught that redemption was not beyond the hope and the reach of man.

Will our Moirs, McLeods and Wilsons be remembered then? Perhaps not, but the good of their lives will live on to ennoble others yet unborn. The historical student familiar with the virility of

the consuls and their successors, with the resolute and intrepid yet gentle Hastings and even with a man so recent as Dalhousie will smile at the spectacle of a lot of feeble old men spinning meaningless political cobwebs at the Town Hall in Calcutta and calling these cobwebs "Government." He will reflect while he smiles that nations are visited by the destinies which they deserve and that the cobwebs spun at Calcutta will not retard the steps nor blunt the sword of destiny. Gœthe, at Valmy, could tell his compatriots that a new era had begun and that they could say they were present at its birth. Whether the era which has begun in India will be as fatal to the medical service as Kellerman's Cavalry was to Brunswick's army at Valmy is something which to-morrow will tell us. Enough, others claim our attention, so we will turn to them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME OF CALCUTTA'S PROMINENT AND WEALTHY CITIZENS FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH TO THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—MEN WHO BEHELD THE FAMOUS PAGODA TREE IN ITS BEAUTY AND BLOOM, WHO SHOOK ITS BRANCHES, TASTED ITS FRUIT, AND DREAMED BENEATH ITS SHADE OF MANY PLEASING THINGS.

He who has had the patience to follow the course and the wanderings of this narrative thus far, will have learned that as only one Sheriff could be appointed for each year, there must have been hundreds of able and honourable men amongst the Citizens of Calcutta who, even if they deserved a kingdom, could not be given an opportunity of filling the chief civic office of this city.

It is to some of these men that I propose to devote this chapter and amongst them there are many who although they have never held the office of Sheriff have left far more traces of their existence in the record than most of the incumbents of the office have done. In nautical language we may "take our departure" from John Palmer and steer a course from him down the Nineteenth Century till we reach the Twentieth and anchor

there in its twenty-fourth year. I lack both the curiosity and the industry to attempt a search to discover when Palmer reached Calcutta and what he was beyond what the record of the Sheriffs reveal.

It is enough that in 1796 he was the head, perhaps the founder, of the famous firm of Palmer & Co., whose dealings, wealth and opulence blazed with a splendour and reputation all over India and the East, that has never been equalled by any similar concern in Calcutta nor perhaps in any city in Europe till recent times. That firm was everything, half the spoil of India must have found its way into its keeping; and if the possession of wealth of every description, from gold to ships, entitles a man to any consideration Palmer must have been a person of some honour and of much consequence in Calcutta.

His firm did not merely deal in lacs; it dealt in millions; and money to it was something to be poured out like sand to build and sustain a hundred ships and a hundred commercial schemes and adventures.

To Palmer & Co. it was that Luis Joseph Barretto, in 1829, owed the modest sum of sixty hundred thousand sicca rupees, to enforce the payment of which the firm was compelled to seek the good offices of the Supreme Court.

But if the Palmers were wealthy, Barretto was no beggar for he paid his debt like a munificent

Nawab who possessed a grove of Pagoda Trees in his garden at Chinsurah or at Barrackpore. Palmer, as we have seen, was one of Martin's executors and later on, another gentleman, a partner of Palmer's, with the suggestive name of Alexander Aberdein, became another executor also. The Frenchman's financial genius probably led him to entrust our Crœsus with much of his money which possibly led to their closer relationship in after years. How Palmer escaped the office of Sheriff is uncertain, for he evidently did not elude the various other duties and obligations which were attached to the position of Nawab and yet he seems to have been the Chief and first of them all. His relations with the founder of La Martinière would have familiarized him with such restful and romantic institutions as zenanas.

The lack of money could to him have been no bar to the possession of such a place of retirement. The material with which to furnish it was sufficiently seductive and easy of attainment, and in an age devoted to the drinking of brandy and the founding of empires, sentiment would be in favour and not against indulgence in a common and universal oriental luxury. To a person familiar with the city and people of Calcutta many Anglo-Indian or Eurasian families bear names which suggest descent from some of our early Nawabs and official potentates. But the name of Palmer will seldom be met with in the haunts of Anglo-India, which would

indicate, that if our subject followed the example of his companions and associates the beauties of his zenana must, like those of Martin's, have remained barren in his embraces.

Barretto has been immortalized in a Lane. That Lane is not to-day the home of either wealth or beauty, but it is more than Palmer seems to have attained for I am ignorant of any public thing in Calcutta which bears his name at present. But there is much evidence of his existence in the Sheriff's record and while this remains, he will be occasionally remembered by those whose curiosity leads them to tramp back into the past along the roads to be found in those documents. The next commercial Consul to meet us on our journey is Alexander Colvin. Like Palmer he was the founder of a firm Colvin & Co. and was certainly a person of first-rate importance in Calcutta in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. A ghat it seems is to bear his name and importance to the latest posterity and even here he has been more fortunate than Palmer. Had either or both of those men timed his or their arrival in Calcutta a century later than they had done, what splendid prospects would have awaited them, and what certain opportunities would have been theirs to write their names on something more hard and enduring than a sheet of paper on a wooden landing stage.

Palmer might have easily joined Inchcape and Cable in the Peerage, though after a century or so

a name or a title alone is not the best way to identify an individual when that name or title has been borne by many.

But in this smiling city by the Hughli immortality is more certain of attainment for him who deserves it now than it could have been in the past, for besides the glory reflected by the beams of the Star of India that glory and those beams may be for ever fixed when the name of their bearer is borne by such enduring things as a Dredger or a Tug Boat.

To have one's name inscribed on a Pilot Vessel is an honour reserved for such as have discharged the duties and filled the roll of Governor or Viceroy in the dazzling Hierarchy of India. Inchcape as we know has travelled far and has been called upon to settle many problems and unravel many tangles, including those relating to the finances of this happy land. Not by these services however is he or is a man entitled to have his name floating over the waters of the Bay of Bengal, on the bows of a steamship, for to attain this supreme eminence he must have worn the purple and must have been deified by the medicine men and rain-makers of his province.

The head of the P. & O. and British India Companies it is true is the master of a hundred ships including the "Mooltan," on whose bows he might write his name a dozen times. But these ships do not belong to the Government and the Bengal Pilots,

and there the distinction lies. Those Pilots may speak of Inchcape with familiarity having known him in his youth, but awe must be the feeling which pervades their minds when the name and the attributes of a Governor is in question, and stands forth emblazoned on a thing so full of meaning and of importance for them, as the ship which is at once the object of their pride and the base of their operations.

Colvin has written his name large and often in the Sheriff's record, and until another Playfair comes along to extinguish his light with that of a few others the student in search of literary food will find many loaves provided by this opulent Nawab during a busy and laborious life.

James Cullen, a contemporary of Colvin, appears to have spent his life in Calcutta in pulling embarrassed debtors out of various legal holes.

The process by which he did so was simple in the extreme and merely entailed the trouble involved in the writing of a letter to the Sheriff.

His activities in Calcutta were confined to the first half of the nineteenth century and during that blissful period the administration of the law was like the administration of every thing else, free and untramelled by the weeds and restrictions which forever grow around the various ordnances which man, in a state of what he is pleased to call "civilization," is forever cultivating for the benefit of some, and for the restriction and annoyance of

others. When the Sheriff in the discharge of a necessary but disagreeable duty laid hands on any man in old Calcutta, who was blessed with a friend who in turn was blessed with a store of sicca rupees—and many such were here a hundred years ago—it was only necessary for the friend to express in a note to the Sheriff his willingness to accept responsibility for the debt, and the Sheriff was ever ready to restore to his relations any man to whom he had been compelled to extend his care and hospitality.

This was a time in which the word of a man was of some value, and when he who gave it was more surely bound than he would have been, had lots of red or green tape and seals of like colours been used to tie him up legally and effectively.

In this manner Cullen who seems to have been a man with a benevolent heart, was instrumental in rescuing many debtors, but at his own and not at the expense of the creditor concerned. On the 28th February 1825 it would seem a Ball was to be, and was, held at the Town Hall under what is known as the "auspices" of the 87th Royal Irish Regiment of Fusiliers; for then as now Calcutta could boast and was blessed by many who found one of their chief pleasures in the ancient ceremony of dancing. This attraction which is more than an amusement, as the learned are aware, began as a form of worship offered to certain amiable and intelligent gods, and when it is considered how popular this branch of man's devotions is to-day, it is surprising that no

ingenious conductor or promoter has thought and attempted to revive its religious aspect for, if he did, millions would be found demanding permission to take part in ceremonies so much to their taste and liking, that even without the inducement of worship they can be found obtaining apparently the deepest pleasure in disporting themselves to the point of exhaustion, physical if not mental, for so long as others will provide the music or permit them to do so. It may be that it is the god and the ceremonies, not the worship that has changed. In early times the destructive gods were entitled to be considered to a share in any worship and incense that was being offered. To-day Cupid has most of the field at these festivities to himself, and if there be any others, to whom a few crumbs are occasionally flung, they are the few creative deities who have escaped the destructive attentions of modern science and the higher criticism.

The music which was to gladden the hearts and quicken the steps of Calcutta's "fair women and brave men" on the night of the Ball in 1825 was to be called to life by the Band of the 87th, on those instruments which had possibly awakened the echoes in the forests of Nepal, eleven years before, in the ranks of that army which bore Ochterlony to victory and to immortality. Echoes that told the presiding deities, of the coming of other strangers who were perhaps destined to bear the fame of those deities to many western lands, and in doing so acquire

some of the gentleness which clung and which will for ever cling to the sprites of those silent forests and sylvan glades. The Band Master of the "Fangh-a-Ballacs" in pursuance of the traditions of his country and time, had succeeded in getting himself loaded with a reasonable amount of debt and honoured by a decree of the Supreme Court in the popular rôle of defendant. Guile and Cunning it would seem are not always a monopoly of debtors, for a creditor on occasion may employ those gentle arts as well.

The creditor of the Band Master of the Royal Irish Fusiliers was possibly a gentleman versed in the rules of deductive logic from which he arrived at the conclusion that a Band without a master would be dumb and dancers without a Band would be inert, and that to prevent these conditions arising every man and woman interested in the Ball would be equally interested in terminating any act or condition that threatened to bring them about.

The first move being with the creditor, he proceeded to have Gates the Band Master arrested by the Sheriff. The second move devolved on the Regiment and its friends amongst whom was Cullen, and as releasing debtors was to him what harrying the myrmidons of the Supreme Court was to the Mackenzies and Wrights of the period, he proceeded to ensure that the Band of his friends and countrymen should not be mute on the evening of the 28th February 1825.

Gates departs for Fort William to prepare for the event of the evening.

Perhaps you and I dear reader accompanied him there, or met him at the Town Hall that night. If not, we may shut our eyes now and stepping across the narrow stream of 100 years, take our places in the ranks of the dancers or join those who find their amusement in looking at the folly or the happiness of others. As the music swells, we are back in Nepal in 1814 following in the footsteps of the gallant and redoubtable Captain John Shipp, with the inherited ardour of a thousand martial ancestors and pride of race in our hearts, and their untamed and tireless strength in our hands. Across the centuries those ancestors call, and bid us maintain untarnished that fortitude and resolution before which a hundred races and people have bowed and trembled.

The victory won we return to the haunts of peace and culture and in the eyes of our partners behold the mothers of our race.

Transported on, the one or the few more blessed than Richter* may behold for the first time in a hundred lives that first glimpse of heaven (the soul of a woman) and in its light obtain that happiness the quest of which goes on for eternity and will go on till she is found when the universe holds nothing more, for us to desire or to pursue.

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* Richter, Jean Paul Friedrick, He said of music:
"Away, away, you speak to me of something which is my endless life I have not found, and shall not find.

The writer is not ambitious to found a school of theology, nor is he able to escort the reader into the laboratory and demonstrate the truth of this pursuit, and the unbounded bliss of its attainment. But where nothing beyond the earth can be demonstrated it has an equal chance of being true with any other school whose teachings lead us beyond the Skies.

Though this pursuit of 'she' has not been exalted to the dignity of a religion and although there are some of the latter which contemn her divine smiles, and her eternal influence, 'she' has yet been the object of the most potent impulse that has swayed and ennobled man throughout the ages, and happy for him the pursuit will go on till time and life are no more. 'She' is not to be met by merely taking one's self off to the Alps or to the Riviera nor would a voyage as far distant as Japan or Australia necessarily reveal her. 'She' may be found in any of those places or 'she' may not be found at all, for like Richter, millions in their endless lives will not behold her divine face. Like the promised land 'she' is nearly always beyond the mountains, and on these mountains there are no roads or tracks which lead to her abode. But search for her we must and shall, for we feel, if we do not believe, that 'she' exists, and although we often think we have discovered her at last, a few years if not months teaches us that it is the 'she' of another and not our own who has invaded and to whom we have opened our hearts.

This spurious 'she' is then rejected and the quest begins, fresh and alluring again.

Unfortunately for himself but happily for mankind, Gibbon did not encounter 'she' in the person of Necker's daughter. Had he done so, there would have been no talk of bowing to the authority and to the wishes of a parent, nor would we now be possessed of his survey of mankind in the pages of his immortal and illuminating work.

The thoughts that gave birth to that work would have been turned in quite another direction, and although the world would have been much the poorer for this, the author would have been many times happier than he has been. He must therefore live again till 'she' be found, perhaps three thousand years hence. Her advent so far as he is concerned will dispose of any hopes that scholars may indulge in those far off days that another monumental classic similar to that which recounts the Majesty and death of Rome will be born for he who alone is capable of giving it life will be otherwise and more happily engaged. Fame is a cold, an erring, and a changeable thing, uncertain as the winds, as exacting and jealous as a suspicious woman and the fever which she brings leaves those who have felt its breath with many pains and regrets.

Gibbon, when he discovers 'she,' will therefore write no history of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire and scholars in future ages must

await the coming of some future Patagonian who in the eternal quest will discover the derelict that was once Great Britain and for want of a more absorbing subject proceed to relate the career of that fortunate, glorious and stupid people.

Those who love Gibbon, he said he believed there were some, and there are, will wish him something more consoling and precious in his future life than the admiration and applause of mankind. He will not again I hope be doomed to instruct a cold unfeeling world, when if the goal be won he may be permitted to enjoy the supreme felicity of pouring out his soul to 'she.' Did this being more often visit the abodes of men, there would be more happiness and less books strewn along the path of life, for no man in his senses would waste the golden years of life in the service of the world's ingrates, could he devote that splendid period of existence to the worship of a beautiful woman, who alone could feel and understand. Let us give the world the thoughts which our autumn brings, those which come to us in the noon of life should be offered at more holy shrines.

As I have predicted for most of the early Judges of the Supreme Court and the British inhabitants of Fort William, a dependence on the laws of Karma it may not with 'she' in our minds be unprofitable to take a glance at the state, the condition, or the place to which these laws lead and which as the reader knows is Nirvana. To Nirvana

belongs the glory that although every man may interpret it for himself, he is not likely to do so to the satisfaction of another, and hence the never ending attempt to interpret that which cannot have a human interpretation.

Nagasenna says "Nirvana Is," and that is about as close to it as we are ever likely to get. Although it may be found here or hereafter, the only thing certain about it is, that the great happiness to be found there can only be reached when in our countless lives we have divested ourselves of every earthly sin, stain, desire and longing.

In that state a man would be fit for something, being no longer the bundle of baseness and vices which most are here and now. Fit perhaps to reach Nirvana or to meet 'she' with whom, it may be, we alone can pass beyond the portals of that delectable place or state, wherein eternal repose and complete redemption can only be found and won. Let us like that fallen star of the British Political firmament "wait and see."

There are few, if any, Colvins or Cullens to be met with in the haunts where the descendants of the opulent and the great of earlier times find their habitat in Calcutta to-day. Their absence suggests that if these gentlemen were partial to Zenanas and Begums, they did not trouble the executors of Martin to find cloth and shelter for their daughters. They possibly attended to the care of those daughters themselves. A man like Cullen would

certainly have done so and would, like Martin, have been willing to undertake the care of the daughters of others as well. Cullen has not been immortalized in a ghaut or even in a street. Calcutta, so far as I have learned, possesses nothing devoted to his memory, and I know not where he sleeps whether in Park Street or elsewhere. But if the earth lies over him in Calcutta he reposes in good company amongst valiant and honourable men, and what more could any dead man want, even one who is waiting the gifts or the surprises of eternity.

The next to present himself to us is Eneas Mackintosh, the friend of James Calder and those other Sheriffs who were members of the firm of Mackintosh & Co.

How he escaped the office of Sheriff is not clear for he has left many traces of his activities and existence in the record and played more than one man's part in the affairs of the Calcutta of other days.

With the others he sleeps peacefully in the Sheriff's record and he who stumbles across them will always find Mackintosh bearing them company. His firm, Mackillop & Co., was one of the big Calcutta houses which I have referred to in an earlier part of this work, and which in 1840 blew up with the others to the extent of some millions of pounds. His labours here do not seem to have ended in memorials of granite and marble though they have possibly preserved his name in those salubrious

streets and gullies which bound and form the classic environs of Bow Bazar.

The Mackintoshes of that historic district are as likely to be the descendants of Eneas, as of any other bearer of that ancient and honourable name, who has had the fortune to find his way to the golden East and to endeavour though in vain to perpetuate in its pristine purity the rich red blood evolved on the slopes of Loch Lomond in the somewhat different climate and surroundings of the mid-eastern fringe of Calcutta. Here the sun is hot, hotter than it is in Spain,* here many dusky children of old and intellectual civilizations abound, and assert their right to a place in or out of the sun, and as love and nature are ever more ready than man to allow and to urge this right the blood of many Highland and Saxon chiefs has been slightly mixed and browned in the human crucible which grinds and fashions the children reared in the nurseries East of Bentinck Street and Chowringhee Road. A little browning, were other things not neglected, might be something to welcome and not to regret, since its influence would lend some lustre to the eyes, and soften the harshness of the features stamped by the rigid winds and sleet that assails

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* This is suggestive of Wellington's reply to the Commission of Regency when he was addressed with regard to the morals of his army.

"If the Lords of the Commission think that they can march an Army of twenty thousand men across the burning plains of Spain without women, let them come and try it."

the British Isles. But it seems that there has been far too much browning carried on, and that at present neither the compatriots of the ancestor nor the children themselves are particularly pleased with the result. These compatriots believing the stock from which the ancestors sprung to be inexhaustible, have not spent many sleepless nights in tears and anguish, lest the fate which has overtaken the descendants of other Europeans in the East should overtake the descendants of the Mackintoshes, Smiths, and Howards as well.

These descendants have therefore neither been supported nor oppressed. They have been generously left to play the part in the social life of India to which their talents and resolution entitles them, and to find their way to heaven or to hell without interference or encouragement from that benign and generous Government whose most dutiful admirers and supporters they are always proud to be. Any one with even a slight knowledge of the physical geography of the sea is aware how storms set ocean currents in motion, which often land ships on reefs and rocks which were thought to be many miles away. A slight acquaintance with history will teach any one how political currents are set in motion by the storms of war which often land governments on rocks and shoals as hard as those which beset the ship, and which, as in the former instance, were thought to be many miles beyond the horizon.

The reader is aware that in consequence of the late glorious war, very many political currents have been running about and stirring the old bones of this land of gorgeous sunsets, and that it has become necessary to arrest a few of them by a barrier named "Indianization of the Services."

The Government beloved and trusted by the descendants of Mackintosh and his fellows did not, it is true, foresee, nor provide for these currents when they came. For they, like wise men, have dreamed and reposed amid the eternal silence of the Himalayas, that they might return undisturbed year after year to renew their Imperial and mighty labours in the building of new capitals.

What is flesh and blood in competition with such glorious and enduring things as marble and stone? Nothing. Let savages and barbarians dream of full-blooded men with tankards of beer or wine in their hands, and of robust women, not with poodles, but with ruddy children in their arms; but none of these for us. We have long progressed beyond the stage where such gross things can beget either pride or delight. To the Teuton or to the Slav with such gross things, be it ours to beautify this old and venerable land that men may start and wonder in the coming years, and on and above those plains at Delhi in which the ashes of a million dead lie buried and scattered, we will build a poem or a dream in stone and on its proudest dome write in imperishable characters, the immortal and inspiring

name of—whoever the reader wills. While our Empire and Capital builders are at work surpassing the loftiest architectural achievements of the despots of the House of Timour, you and I, dear reader, will turn round and retrace our steps back to the year 1497 and journey down to the southern promontory of Africa, and there cast our eyes on the stormy waters before us, to see if they hold anything that may be of interest to us when we return back to the year 1924. They do, for there in the distance we see three caravels struggling along to round the cape on which we stand, and from their position and the direction of the wind, it is clear that in an hour or so they will be East of this spot with a fair wind to carry them to the North. With eyes and knowledge which in our case may range over three centuries, we can tell at once that these galleys are not Spanish under the command of Columbus. We know them for Portuguese and see Vasco-da-Gama standing aft on the largest, and we also know that he is bound for no less a place than the western coast of India.

Vasco-da-Gama is a dreamer and one who sees and has seen visions. He has dreamed of a wide Eastern Empire, that would immortalize his name and nation and confer a thousand benefits on his own and on other races. In due time he arrived at Calicut, provided materials for Camoens and the Lusiads and later entered the Portals of immortality, for what?

To provide our Sheriffs, Lord Inchcape and Sir William Currie with stewards and "boys" for the ships of the P. & O. fleet in the year 1924.

It is possible, but not likely, that those who are at present in control of India and her new capital may discover a connection between Vasco-da-Gama and those who hand them their tea on the "Mooltan."

If they do they may reflect on the coming time when the swarthy descendants of our Nawabs, and their countrymen will take the place that is held by the Goanese stewards on the P. & O. ships to-day, when Mr. W. C. Chatterjee on his way from Calcutta to America one hundred years hence, either in the air or on the water will call for the boy Smith or Mackintosh from Chowringhee or Ballygunge, when he wishes to treat himself and his friends to something more ancient and more ardent than a cup of tea, or a cup of coffee.

This is a prospect which Empire builders always have before them did they know it. The prospect is not lessened by the building of Capitals though it might be by the building of a sturdy and robust race. But this being a harder and less picturesque task than the building of marble palaces; "Indianization" must go on till the end is reached.

Then the descendants of the British in India will melt into the mass which surrounds them now, and in which every trace of their Western origin

will be obliterated and forgotten. Should fortune befriend them beyond their merits and deserts, their swarthy children may in the coming years survive to dispute with the descendants of the Portuguese the right or the privilege to perform the tasks and duties of menials, on the ships and in the hotels of the future.

When we pass 1840 our mercantile Nawabs are on their last legs and the luminaries who then begin to exhibit their feeble light in the commercial skies of Calcutta are but dim and feeble things, compared with the resplendent planets that blazed in the Bankshall firmament a few decades before.

It would be a profitless task to attempt to rescue from oblivion any of those tiny species of dust, so let us step forward sixty years and see how this smiling city of ours has fared in her choice of citizens, and what she has now to show us in the shape of honourable and generous men. He who may well be set to lead the moderns is that versatile man of many and varied gifts, Sir David Yule.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOME OF THE MODERN SUCCESSORS OF WILLIAM PALMER AND ALEXANDER COLVIN.—MEN WHO DID NOT SIT UNDER THE PAGODA TREE AND DREAM, BUT FOUND THAT GOLD MOHURS ALSO GREW ON THE SLENDER STEMS OF THE JUTE PLANT.

If the acquisition of what is termed "riches" be a test of ability, then Yule would be entitled to a foremost place in any Company composed or directed by men of wealth. During his career in India, he has made himself the master or owner of many pieces of paper which represent a large amount of credit, but how much happiness or satisfaction he has derived from their accumulation is a matter which we need not seek to know. But if what has befallen men in all ages be also true of him, then the happiness was not much and was possibly less than many of those whom he employed derived from the opportunities which he gave them to labour and establish the credit which has made him a rich man. I do not know if Yule has been accused of being charitable; if he has, I am ignorant of the extent to which he has been influenced by this amiable and consoling weakness. But I know that he has provided work and bread for thousands and in so doing has called others to play most of the

game in which he was engaged and as civilization is merely an arrangement to keep men out of mischief, any man who provides others with a task that does this benefits both himself and his fellows.

It is a truth as old as Egypt, that life can give a man no more than food and dreams and that the latter is the most valuable inheritance of man. These dreams are also known as hope and in this guise receives the cold acquiescence of the world which believes and acts as if gold and coal were a good deal more durable and precious than the things of the mind.

It is when a man, rich or poor, discovers that dreams are denied him that he learns their value and the extent to which they influence his life. Those dreams are of the day as well as of the night, they come and go as we will, do we but deserve them. By their aid we may transport ourselves anywhere and speak or dwell with whom we will and perform feats that only a Deva could accomplish. Should we wish to assume the office of king there are none to oppose us, for if there were the power with which our dreams would provide us, we would sweep away in a moment more men than were ever gathered and arrayed on the Western Front, while the mere killing of every German in existence would be a matter so simple that it might be done by the force of a few thoughts. What has riches to set against such power as this? Nothing.

They do not even console a man for the loss of his hearts's blue flame, when she takes herself off with his rival; and although his wealth might enable him to purchase many others, it is only their bodies he could buy or that they could sell, while their minds—here called hearts—the far better part of them, and the seat of their dreams,—are a long way beyond the power of either sale or barter. That mankind in spite of all the accumulated truth of ages, still adopts the pursuit of riches as the chief aim of life, goes for little in a world, in which sanity is not an evident and common attribute.

It is possible that none or few have made as much money as Yule with less talk. He had of course an office for business and during the hours that he attended that place, it was devoted to his commercial affairs alone, and not as a place of entertainment and gossip, for his friends, his brokers and for others. In the interviews which he held, his visitor had done the speaking in any proposal which he had to make, Yule listened. The visitor having been heard, " Yes " or " No " was Yule's reply and the interview was at an end, and another began. In this way jute mills arose, coal mines were dug or extended, flour mills were built to feed the hungry, and a hundred other things set in train which, if they brought money to Yule, brought employment and its value to others.

If he who finds work for others be a benefactor of his kind, then Yule has not been honoured

beyond his deserts by the Knighthood which he shares with others whose lives have been devoted to pursuits which are not likely to burden them with the bays of immortality.

The accumulation of riches is not, as the reader is aware, conducive to the growth and spirit of humility in the individual in his dealings with his fellows. Arrogance is more often the manner or the failing that will be displayed in his treatment of inferiors and dependants and I know of no social law or ordinance in the modern world which provides for the correction of this folly, and which exists to prevent its growth.

Nothing exists to remind a rich man that he is mortal, for the office of censor has died with the Romans. The early laws of that mighty people regarded the life or freedom of a debtor as of little value who might under certain conditions be executed or sold as a slave for the benefit of his creditor.

This was possibly all wrong, for it would prevent the development of that sacred thing called "business" since a man would not lightly take such risks as might lead to the loss of his head or of his liberty. Besides the protection which an institution such as the Insolvent Court affords, it does nothing to increase the arrogance of the debtor and little to injure the financial position of the creditor.

In later times the censor was charged with the correction and the care of the morals and habits of the citizens, but however zealous he might have been, he would not have been likely to instil much prudence and humility in the heart of a citizen possessed of several mules and many bags of gold.

In the middle ages, in the many Eastern lands the possession of riches was not prohibited by the edicts which the various despots were pleased to give for the control of those whom they governed. But their possession was dangerous to the possessor and instead of bringing him the local equivalent of a K. C. S. I., more often brought him a visit from certain emissaries of his sovereign, whose business and departure were hailed not with thanks and smiles, but with curses and bitter tears.

From a hundred platforms in every land the cry and the demand arises for reform in every branch of life, while in Russia most things in the shape of private wealth have been swept away, and in England the human storm swells which demands a national levy on capital.

You and I, dear reader, having lived with the elder Brutus in ancient Rome, with the Scipios in later times, and with the peoples of the East and West during the Middle Ages, can neither find our mental home in Russia nor agree to the British proposal to conscript the wealth of those

unfortunate enough to possess it. But as reform is necessary and insistent what my friend are we to suggest?

Let us pause and think.

I have it. We will take ourselves off to Mexico before the coming of Cortes and his Allies, and see if the Aztecs have anything to teach us by which we might bring about some reforms in our happy sea-born Empire. A reform which, if it does not cure all our social and commercial ills, will teach our merchants and bankers humility, remind them that they are mortal and remove the national desire to handle or control their wealth. You, dear reader, are aware of the ceremony which was enacted every year by the priests of the teocallis in Mexico for the worship of the gods. Not all our readers, however, may be equally enlightened, for like Sir David Yule they may have devoted most of their time to the making of money and not to the accumulation of historical knowledge. For the benefit of such we may draw a brief picture of the annual sacrifice, which might be revived in England or in India to-day with some benefit to all including the victim. The ancient Mexicans, who had many gods, were wise or foolish enough to believe that men should not be allowed to forget how frail and mortal they were. That the god Tezcatlipoca might be honoured and the people instructed in the vanity and uncertainty of human life, an annual sacrifice was offered to this deity

which lacked nothing in the way of ceremonious display. It knocked our display on the Pillory at Lall Bazar into a cocked hat. A year before the sacrifice was to be carried into effect a captive free from any physical blemish or defect was selected as the intended victim; he was to represent the deity, and during the year received divine honours, was clothed in the most costly garments, was attended by royal pages, feasted at the banquets of nobles, who like the populace paid him the honours due to a powerful and living god.

A month before the time on which the victim was to take his place on the sacrificial stone, four beautiful girls were selected to share the honours of his company and his bed.

On the morning of the fatal day he was stripped of his costly garments, bade adieu to his fair companions and escorted around and up the steps of the teocalli, at the top of which he was received by six priests, whose duty it was to carry out the sacrifice. This sacrifice I need not describe but its performance was sufficiently cruel and terrible to impress the multitude as a type of human destiny which often began in splendour, honours and love, and ended in sorrow, despair and death.

To destroy the malignant influence of the banker and the merchant the Soviet Republic has put an end to private wealth, and the British

Socialist proposes the adoption of measures which would have a similar effect in Great Britain.

Either of these remedies or systems would choke and destroy the channels and rivers of trade which in turn would impoverish every branch of the national life and instead of leading us forward to the light of philosophy culture and the skies, would turn us back to the jungle and the cave.

That trade and the arts may continue to go on to their natural and certain goal, it is necessary to reform the merchant and the banker that the energies of half the race shall no longer be diverted in plans and schemes to bridle the activities and power of these men. Here then is the solution which the example of the Aztecs offer us, that our social ills may be cured of the humours which now beset them. With that view the salutary ordinance might be promulgated that henceforth on the 1st of January in each year—we might begin with Calcutta—a merchant or a banker chosen by lot from amongst his fellows should be asked and compelled to yield up his life in the interests of himself, his fellows and his countrymen. The parade ground at Calcutta and the date would offer splendid facilities for the carrying out of the sacrifice in India.

That this might be given the importance and sanctity of a rite and not be regarded as a mere execution that it should have ancient historical and

religious sanction behind it, the Mexican Government might be asked for the loan of the sacrificial stone yearly and unless that Government's friends and enemies alike belie it, the request would be acceded to with delight and the stone* would soon find its way to Calcutta. The effect of this pleasing and effectual ordinance would be this. The object of the sacrifice would be sent to a world in which neither cares nor envy could assail him, and his fellow merchants would become so sensible of the value and effect of humility that their courtesy would make Chesterfield appear a boor in comparison.

Socialists and Soviet Republicans would no longer envy them their wealth and the annual ballot would remind them of their earthly origin and mortality. Trade should go forward by some process more rapid than leaps and bounds, for a man who might, or who lived under the possibility of setting out for the stars on the first day of the coming year would not be likely to hesitate in pushing forward the launching of any commercial scheme or venture, however far-reaching and vast, since its culmination might not effect him in the least. Whatever other bodies of men may provoke the peculiar care and resentment of the present-day Russians, and of our kings and dukes

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* This stone is at present in the Museum in Mexico City and the Roman Catholic Cathedral in the city stands on the site of the great teocalli destroyed by Cortez.

of labour, there are a few in Calcutta who should neither be forgotten nor overlooked when the conditions of the ordinance are being settled for the benefit of our bankers and merchants.

For that few are by the nature of their positions liable to grow even more arrogant and imperious than our merchants and are not only prone to forget their mortality but to feel, if they do not think, themselves, related to those who by all accounts have their place of abode and residence a very long way beyond the clouds.

A particularly dangerous office in this respect is that of Secretary to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club.

In an earlier part of this work I was pleased to pay a tribute to the splendid government and ability displayed in the management of the affairs of this world-renowned and splendid institution—an institution not beneath the dignity of association with the name and office of His Imperial and Britannic Majesty, George V. It is in a measure those abilities, those splendours and Royal Association wherein the danger for the Secretary lies hid. To those, the association with the equine monarchs of the turf, the blazing stars of India's and of other countries' Imperial constellations, those who own horses, and those who do not, the Bookmaker and those who bet with him, and a thousand others all gathered to make the circle complete in which the Secretary stands as the

executive sun which guides the mighty games in which all this importance is assembled. Cæsar probably, Napoleon possibly, and even Marcus Aurelius might bear the weight of this splendour and importance, and each remember that he was still a man, but nothing that exists in India to-day with the failings and the attributes of one could carry such a burden without going mad if he tried to regard his fellow citizens as his social equals and beings revolving in the same orbit as his own He, therefore, of all the autocrats of whom Calcutta can boast—and she owns a few splendid examples —is the one who towers most commandingly in her social skies.

Beside him a mere Secretary to Government, a Magistrate, even a Commissioner of Police or—we are coming to the top—an Executive Engineer, P. W. D., who in the expressive language of the turf "would take a lot of beating"—the latter particularly—are but faint and feeble shadows devoid of that dark frowning majesty that makes a German Emperor or a Secretary to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. The ordinance intended to keep our merchants virtuous and healthy might be extended to the presiding idol at No. 11, Russell Street. But as any provisions which might be made to apply to him would be for his benefit alone, and not intended to embrace all the citizens, the ceremony need not be annual but decadal and need not be treated as a rite carried out on the

sacrificial stone. This would lend the event an importance beyond our intention, for sufficient honours are paid to the Secretary throughout the year by the sporting community, to make it a matter of moment, that these honours should be paid by the entire body of the citizens as well. He, therefore, might be burned, and if the reader agrees, and desires to know how this ceremony should be appropriately carried out, he will find it lavishly portrayed in any of the various works which recount the lives and acts of that amiable and polished gentleman, Henry Tudor, sometime King of England, and his meek and gentle daughters, Mary and Elizabeth.

If this be an honour to which he is not entitled, for it has been conferred on many eminent men including Bishops, then he might be sent to the Andaman Islands with a party of Anglo-Indians to found a home for that wronged and devoted people and incidentally to solve the question of their continued existence in the doubtful and gloomy years ahead. With some of the ability displayed in conducting the affairs of the Turf Club he would probably find this a simple task, and the Government of this ancient land might condescend to envy him the success which he won and which they have so sadly and so often failed to achieve.

In those fertile and tropical Isles it would not matter even if he forgot that he was a man and he might be forgiven for thinking himself and for

assuming the manners and exalted demeanour of a king.

He would be a king in fact if not in name and to us a title one way or the other does not matter.

It seems, therefore, that exile and not burning must, for the present at least, be the *fiat* which will dispose of him. The interests of the Anglo-Indian Community demand this and that those interests might be forwarded; it would be worth while to let even the Secretary of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club escape the care intended for him and for those others whose figures loom so large on the social horizon of Calcutta.

You agreeing, dear reader, let this be done. If our Secretary does not and cannot clean up the Anglo-Indian stable, then it is clear that there is only one home left for this people. It is in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, about one hundred and ten miles from land. Those interested may get a chart and search for it.

The Indian anarchist has done something to remind the Commissioner of Police of the mutability of human joys and grandeur, so he at present needing no lessons in humility may be left to such solace as his dreams may bring when not engaged in more serious and stirring pursuits.

The Secretary to Government having also received the attentions of certain gentlemen—including Mr. C. R. Das—named Swarajists is possibly no longer ignorant of his human origin

and inheritance. He also may be left to the care of those who will often remind him of his earthly limitations and this leaves us with only the Executive Engineer to prepare for the final sacrifice. This, too, need not be annual nor even decadal, for carried out once in fifty years it would have the effect of introducing some measure of courtesy and expedition into the manner and the acts of this potentate, who, however defective in professional skill, is master of the polemical arts that obtain in that world which beholds and is illumined by his personality and importance. The Mexican sacrifice was reasonably severe and the fires of Smithfield were of sufficient intensity to satisfy the most vengeful priest or king. But as both these methods of education have already been assigned to others, it becomes necessary and perhaps a pleasure to find something out of the way to meet the merits and the deserts of such a luminary as an Executive Engineer. We may therefore suggest that he be flayed or skinned.

The reader may have his choice of terms, either of which will serve the end in view, and be as effective in the reformation of our subject as if he were burned, or even boiled in oil.

Having settled these few matters for the attainment of the public weal and virtue, we might speculate for a moment on how the proposed Ordinance would effect the Merchants of Calcutta. Would they go out of business and join the army

or would they clamour for the honour of being the subjects of the sacrifice if carried out on the principles adopted by the Aztecs?

All merchants may have enough to eat, silk garments to wear, and even a motor car in which to ride. But they are not robed in purple, attended by royal pages, entertained as deities at Imperial feasts and worshipped with divine honours. Some of them may have beautiful wives, but not all, and those that have must content themselves with one, at least in the same house, for there is a divorce Court in Calcutta.

The provision of four lovely companions named after goddesses even for so short a period as a month, might set some of our less blessed merchants pondering on the number of drawbacks and advantages inherent in the institution and lead them to wonder or to speculate if a year of divinity with its accompanying joys and goddesses were not better than a period fifty times as long with the hatred of the proletariat and the unwelcome presence of an ugly wife. In spite of the courtesies, dear reader, not all the women in Calcutta are beautiful, nor are they such as to render parting with them a thing as bitter as death. If our merchant may speculate, I must not assume the knowledge of what his conclusion would be, and you who have travelled with me thus far may determine for yourself which he would choose, the shorter or the longer journey to the hereafter.

It is only necessary to return to Sir David Yule for a moment as we pass on. He will not take up more of our time than he permitted others to take up of his, while he was building up that golden mountain on which he possibly then believed happiness and felicity were to be found. Years have rolled on since then, and he may now behold this mountain from the top and not from the bottom. The view is not perhaps as enchanting as he had hoped, and the trees which have grown on the summit of all that he has reared may perhaps bear more thorns and anxieties than fruit and flowers on their branches. He occasionally, I believe, revisits the scene of his achievements and triumphs in Calcutta. When he does so, I am willing to believe that he feels that it was in the struggles that led to these triumphs that the happiest hours of his life were passed, hours that will not and can never return. He escaped the office of Sheriff, perhaps by his own wish, but he was not unworthy to have filled it, and his connection with that venerable institution was close and intimate during the active period of his commercial life in Calcutta. I have much more respect for his brains and heart than I have for his hackneyed title and wealth.

These latter he shares with the worthy and the unworthy alike, but the former are his own and entitle him to a place where able and honourable men are alone to be found. The compliment may

be paid him, the greatest which I know, that he deserved the accident, or the fate which made him the compatriot of Inchcape, Sutherland and Currie and a son of that immortal and glorious land whose inviolate mountains cast their eastern shadows on the cold and stormy waters of the North Sea.

Thus blessed, we may leave him to those dreams which are the better or the worst part of life, and which will be good or bad as the dreamer has deserved or deserves. They are the tribunal in which we are daily judged more justly and unerringly than in any Court that man has yet established.

Contemporary with Yule, his associates and lieutenants in some of his undertakings were Shirley Tremearne and David King. These founded Newspapers, Banks, Jute Companies and many other things of which to tell would have not the least interest for my reader. Where they came from and how they died would be matters equally meaningless and not more important to you. That they are introduced here is because they were intimately acquainted with the Sheriffs, had done something to awaken Calcutta from her long commercial sleep and deserve the short remembrance which their inclusion in the Company arrayed in this work will bring. They were both men of first rate ability and blessed or endowed with generous hearts. If they do not stand forth so prominently as those at the pinnacle of the

various groups gathered here, they were far better than many whom the dictates of truth have compelled me to bring into these pages.

Life's fleeting hour at an end, they sleep deeply and well in the arms and on the bosom of the eternal mother.

I ask no tears to their memory from those who knew them not: from those who did, a sigh will be sadly rendered to that which the writer offers here to their honoured names and memory. Sir Campbell Rhodes must not be left to depend on his title of Knighthood to save his name from oblivion when in the course of Nature's well ordered scheme of existence, he departs to join the immortals in another, perhaps a better, world.

Here we will provide him with associates, many of whom have a reasonable expectation of life for a few centuries, during which his chance of survival may be equally as good as theirs.

I believe he spent a few years with others of our innocent and confiding friends at Delhi—of evil memory—in the ancient and never ending attempt to square the circle. His labours in this direction were directed to the simple task of persuading others, who thought and who believed their interests, ideals, and aims though different to his, that they were only so apparently but were in reality and truth the same.

To gauge the prospect of success in this simple endeavour, one has only to imagine how easy it



Sir Campbell Rhodes, *Kt.*

would be to persuade any of those British soldiers who suffered the hospitality of a German prison during the recent war, that the people of that deeply wronged and kindred nation were, what their enemies said they were not, but what Carlyle and their own writers and friends said they were, the most noble and generous race in Europe.

The observant reader will have possibly noticed how the origin of the British people is slowly changing from a mixture of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic to a mixture of the Celtic and Nordic.

The Anglo-Saxon, it would seem, is steering straight for the shoals of eclipse, and if his present course and speed is maintained, we may discover when we are reborn in London two hundred years hence that we are all direct descendants of Solomon—he of amorous memory—and that chaste and royal beauty, the captivating Queen of Sheba.

The extent to which Sir Campbell and his fellow Knights and Esquires succeeded in convincing the Indian members of the Legislative Assembly of all the good intended for India by the various measures, in whose proposals he took a part, may be seen in the delightful state of political chaos which prevails in Bengal and in other parts of India to-day. He is therefore not going to deserve immortality by any Philippics which he may have delivered at Delhi, for although a man may be forgiven for devoting

some of his time to beating the air, he is not likely to be applauded for it. That others provided the Act and the occasion for these displays, does not lessen the amount of pity which attaches to a man who dances to the music set by them. Indians even, who in political wisdom are mere babies, had no difficulty in estimating the value of all the solemn shams which were produced as the last and greatest of the political Upanishads begotten by the wisdom of those Solons who unhappily were in a position to foist it on this devoted land, whose danger will always be, that able and patriotic men within her borders will be compelled to set in train the dream or nightmare of any group of egotistical and political madmen whom the hazards of party politics on the other side of the world puts into a position to dig up the Administrative oaks of centuries.

If you, my friend, will ponder this subject for a while, you will see how much wisdom there is in our proposals for the good of Merchants, Turf Club Secretaries and Executive Engineers.

In countries where Kings cut off the heads of their Ministers, Bishops and Merchants occasionally, there are no revolts and no democratic movements. It is only when the arrogance and the wealth of those ornaments of society brings no personal danger to them, that the crowd begins to develop systems for changing them every few years, to secure them against the danger of becoming like

those whom we have recommended for the treatment, of old, in fashion in Mexico and Smithfield. All those democratic movements are merely revolts against secured arrogance. If anything great is to be done, one brain must direct the doing, and a nation is not made happier by being ruled by six hundred fools instead of by ten or twenty. Few would pretend that any democracy in the world is ruled with half the order and ability as that which governed the late German Empire. But there arrogance begot respect and promotion and not a journey to Smithfield; and so the Emperor lost his Crown and Empire which he might have saved had some of his Ministers and many of his Generals lost their heads instead.

This is a wonderful world and the most wonderful things in it are heads. They are always getting in their own or in other people's way, and he is a wise man—having the power—who would regard it as a duty to remove them occasionally to places provided for their reception and care.

If Sir Campbell Rhodes has not by his labours at Delhi changed the current of India's life nor added any garlands and happiness to his own, he was at least a brave man to embark on an expedition in such a ship with as needy a crew of idle and worthless beachcombers as ever were scraped together on the Barbary coast at San Francisco. The chart provided for the voyage was like the ship and the crew, a fair illustration of what madmen

are capable, with ink and paper within their reach.

A glance at it will show that taking a departure from Delhi, there is not ten miles of good water anywhere, while reefs are scattered all around in such profusion that shipwreck was certain the moment the anchor "pre-reform" was broken out and catted and the vessel began to gather way under her new foresail called "the Government of India Act" whose number and date does not matter. I hope, however, that when the ship was finally piled up, Sir Campbell's shipmates, if they did broach the grog, had the very common decency to pass on his share, which should have enabled him to see the whole voyage from the shipping of the crew onwards, for the colossal joke which it became and was possibly intended to be. I think he would have been much more usefully employed had he remained in Calcutta, became Sheriff or even served on the Special Jury. I am ignorant of the quality of the wine and food provided at Delhi for members of the Legislative Assembly, but here, with the aid of Peliti, we would have done our best to compensate him, in however small a measure, for the time he devoted to his public duties in Calcutta. He knows them well, having often discharged them.

Here, he has been introduced not that I might add another Knight to the number of those in the Sheriff's record nor to sympathise with him for his

wasted labours on board the ship built and launched by Mr. Montague, but because his amiable and genial personality entitles him to a place in any group of Calcutta's most worthy citizens during the past twenty years.

In our esteem and affection for men, there are many fine shades that run from respect to love, which, though we feel, we cannot easily express. If at either extreme, we may summon a hundred words to portray the degree of our feelings, but where the feeling is midway between these, we will find few words which are not either too cold or too warm to satisfy or paint the thought which we wish to convey to another. It was said of Wauchope, who commanded the Scottish Brigade in the Boer War, and who departed thence to join his fathers in the mists and storms of the Highlands, that "he was a man, beloved of the British Army."

In that sense our esteem for Rhodes will be nearer akin to love than it would be to respect, for our respect may be mingled with feelings in which there is little warmth while our love, whatever the shade, is only incited by natures, whose gifts belong not only to the head but to the heart as well. To say that he is a man of talent or even of genius would be a poor compliment. These qualities and attributes are as common to-day as millionaires, and are often used by their possessor for ends which should bring him closer to

the sacrificial stone than to our love. But Rhodes owns that rare and beautiful thing, a sunny warm heart, within whose influence one may feel how partial the gods can be when they distribute their gifts to mortals. Our respect like our curiosity may lead us to the end of the street, but love will put wings on our feet, and lead us round the world. To think of him is to think of a smiling child in whose presence we may be natural and be a child ourselves.

In him there is no suggestion of that poor vulgar myth, the strong silent man with the square jaw, but rather of Napoleon romping with Balcombe's children at St. Helena, in the game of "Puss in the corner."*

Rhodes' niche assigned him, he may be left in the company of the many excellent figures which I have here collected to do each other honour. He will meet a few of his own temperament, notably Sutherland, amongst them, and I shall have the pleasure later on, when I carry the roll of the Sheriffs down to 1924, of adding two more, Sir William Currie and Sir Willoughby Carey, who will detract nothing but add much to the array of worth and merit which precedes them.

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* *See* "Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon during the first three years of his captivity on the Island of St. Helena: including the time of his residence at her father's house 'The Briars'," by Mrs. Abell (late Miss Elizabeth Balcombe), London 1844, 80

While we are yet in Fairlie Place,* our attention is forcibly directed by the clamour going on, to the knowledge that Lord Inchcape is building himself another house to provide accommodation for the staffs of a few more shipping companies, which it is possibly his intention to absorb. Now, this is not an ordinary house, for Inchcape does not do ordinary things, but it is a blend of the Pyramid of Cheops and one of those soaring structures so common and so popular on the banks of the Hudson River and on the shores of Lake Michigan.

A lump, about a quarter of the mass, has already been adapted to the needs of the British India and P. & O. Companies, but our reason for turning in here is not to admire the lofty and massive grandeur of the halls and corridors of the building, but to introduce the reader to something of much more interest and importance—to a man.

Man, whom Douglas Jerrold is pleased to call a "Pismire," has built and constructed a good many things of various kinds and wonders, but he is still remote from the time when he will be able to construct a thing as wonderful as that little insect whose name Jerrold has given him, and whether the exchange of names does honour to the man or to the ant, we need not here seek to determine.

* Here is situated the offices of Messrs. Hoare Miller and Company of which Sir Campbell Rhodes was or is a partner or Director.

J. W. A. Bell is he who in this latest of Inchcape's projects will interest us more than the project itself, though in its swelling proportions he seems to be as well housed as the Emperor Nero, who like the Chairman of the P. & O. Company had a weakness for structures about half a mile long.

Had ships and not palaces been the vogue in the first century of the Christian era, Nero would possibly have shewn what could really be done in this direction, for of course, like the man he was, he would not have allowed such trivial and sordid considerations as those of finance and dividends to limit the scope of his projects and undertakings.

Bell being housed to his own and to our satisfaction, may be invited to take his place here amongst so many who are, or who have been his friends, and with whom he will feel that the Company which we have chosen for him is as good as that which he could choose for himself, even if he devoted the rest of his life to the task.

Though the partner of Inchcape and Currie, he has not yet been a Sheriff, but as every suitable man in Calcutta cannot hold the office at the same time, he must wait till the hour it choses to come to him. At present he seems to be heading as straight for it, as any man could possibly be.

In the meantime he is wisely or foolishly walking the path at Delhi pursued by Rhodes and many others, for it seems that if Mr. Montague did



Mr. J. W. A. Bell.

not lay the foundations of a new Rome, he gave birth to a Moloch which must be fed with human services and activities that lead nowhere, but will continue till some future Mahmood mercifully terminates its existence by measures as effective as those employed by the first bearer of that name, who turned his attentions to the wealth and helplessness of India.

I have said but little in these pages of the physical and personal gifts of those who follow each other here, since in the physical part of a man, strength is of more importance than beauty. Few will believe this, for there are more strong than there are handsome men and men much more than women wish to be what they are not. It is for the sake of the woman that they desire this, but the desire is as foolish as most of men's desires are. Did they pray for the gift of brains and not for that of beauty, they would be taking the first step on the path that leads to the female's love, for it is through the ears of a woman and not through her eyes that a man must reach her heart if he is ever to reach it at all. If a graceful person be pleasing to its possessor and to those who love him, then our future Sheriff is already blessed, for in Calcutta there are few men so handsome and graceful as he.

His grace is not of that imposing order whose dignity overshadows the personal beauty to which it is allied, but of that warm and pleasing kind, by

which a man lives longer in our affections than he does by any other feature or attribute of his person, manner, or character.

Were it my pleasure or my duty to add a chapter to "the Sheriffs of Fort William" year by year, I would have postponed my tribute to our amiable subject till another time. But as this is the last occasion on which I shall have the opportunity of bringing him here, I am pleased that the occasion permits me to discharge a debt which a man owes to every other, who possesses in his nature, virtues and goodness beyond and above the common order. For these light the paths in life along which we pass in our daily intercourse with others, and not only render our steps safe and sure, but lighten the burdens which we carry as well. Affability, courtesy, and all those soft and pleasing manners which we admire but do not cultivate or practice are as evident in Bell as their opposites are in the character and demeanour of most others, amongst whom it is our misfortune to live. He is one of that few who lead us to pause when we speculate and feel if we do not wish, that mankind might be reformed in the only way in which that is possible, were some chemist with the power and a just appreciation of man's virtues to set fire to the oceans of the earth, and in so doing turn back the human stream to the mists from which it originally emerged, to begin again that march, along whose paths are so plentifully strewn, such

implements of happy memory as axes, stakes, and thumbscrews. Would it be of interest to you, my reader, to be told of the spot in Scotland where Bell was born, when he joined the British India Steam Navigation Company, Limited, and whether his out-of-door amusements are shooting or golf, or both? Possibly not, for this birthplace, those duties and amusements as you know, are not rare.

But what may be told of him, is what he does not share with many others, and which is sufficiently uncommon to be noticed is this, that it would be true of him to say "he is a man." He who thinks that there is nothing rare or lofty in being, or in being called a man, may, like Wellington's Lords of the Commission of Regency, be invited to go out into the world and look for one.

Is there in any land, except Egypt, a climate to compare with that by which Calcutta is blessed in winter, and is there during that period, any part of the day to compare with those two hours, that follow the first gleam of day when the eastern sky is seen across the maidan changing its robes from hue to hue as it heralds the stately and majestic approach of the god of day.

There is not, and it were more than worth any sluggard's while to cut short his dancing in December that he might leave his bed before daylight and come with us up to the memorial to watch the sunrise and behold the scene around.

We will take our stand where the roads cross to the north-west of the building, and turn our faces to the south-east in which direction we can watch both the memorial and the sun at the same time. As his first beams strike the dome, it puts on a delicate sheen of pink like that which colours many shells of the sea, and as the golden orb rears his glowing mass above the eastern horizon we salute his eternal power and glory, with becoming fervour and reverence. In a few minutes the pink of the dome has changed to silver, while victory soaring with expanded wings above the dazzling mass looks once more upon the rising god whom she will daily hail for centuries yet to be. Looking now to the west, we behold the stands at the race-course reflecting the rays of the ascending deity which makes them look like the work of fairy hands in their delicate aerial beauty. Here, too, we are met by other beautiful things training for the coming races, so we will journey up or down close to the gate at the "bend" and watch them as they sweep past with the ease and grace of swallows. As we journey along the road to the west of Curzon's Pile, we pause for a moment to gaze on Hastings looking forth from his marble towers with the pose and dignity of an immortal. We offer our meed of duty and homage to his gentle and mighty spirit and salute the shade of his beautiful and beloved Miriam.

Arrived near the "bend," we are conscious

that we are not the only people who have come to see and who are interested in what is in progress on the training track.

There are many others, some of whom are known by the flattering designation of touts, but in truth this is a loose term or title flung round in all directions and is used in Calcutta to designate many who have no right to this honour. Although it might be necessary to invite a real and not the spurious tout to look upon the early glories of the Memorial, it would not be necessary to ask him to make any effort to rise while the stars were yet in the sky, for true to his tastes and calling, he will always be found under those trees near the tank in the middle of the course, long before the sun himself has thought of quitting his saffron bed. It is notorious that those gentlemen are not clothed in sable nor does the outstanding features and numbers of their Rolls-Royce cars appear in the local news columns of "The Statesman," for in spite of stop watches and Zeiss glasses, winners are hard to "spot" and still harder to find, when you back them.

To the book-maker, therefore, fortune inclines and throws her smiles.

He wears the sables and swells the profits of the great motor car company and takes as the companion of his hard and thorny journey through life, the largest size in blonde womanhood which travel and betting brings.

If she shares his sorrows or losses when he has any, she also shares his joys which often resolve themselves into the wine when it is mellow, with a golden neck cloth around the bottle in which it awaits its opportunity to gladden the heart of some favourite of fortune and his mistress. But death and not length of days lurks in its deceitful taste and beauty, and its sporting votaries are not famous for the duration of their likes.

But the tout, what becomes of him, and why does he continue to pursue a game in which the dice are so heavily loaded against his success? It is, dear reader, because although he knows it not, in his search for winners he finds that which is more precious than champagne or blonde brides—health.

The Calcutta gentlemen of this interesting profession take their stand under those trees morning after morning, for months, year after year and trouble neither the Insolvent Court nor the Imperial Bank with their losses or accumulations. But they exist and seem to defy both death and time, for although owners, trainers, jockeys and horses die and pass away, the tout lives on to show what may be done by a man thoroughly devoted to this absorbing sport.

Lately my steps have not taken me to the trees, but we see them from afar and notice that the veterans still maintain their vigil there, for if an owner or even a jockey be foolish enough to

die at fifty, no tout worthy of the name would think of deserting the trees and the tank at any age under eighty years.

Let me now take a glance at a few of the horses and their riders as they come along, for they are just as much entitled to live here as is Mr. Richard John Edward, our "Jockey" of 1808, or Mayfowl, our champion of 1910 and after. This chestnut horse now coming towards us with two white socks on the near side is Orange William and that gentleman who bestrides him with so much ease and grace, is Mr. Jack Dobie, who has not yet had the pleasure or the satisfaction of riding this horse to victory; but he will ere our Victory on the memorial turns her back on the rising sun during the next South-West Monsoon. Here we have the St. Simon and the Archer of the Indian Turf, whose deeds are easily found and need not be set out or recounted here, but the speed and gallant heart of the horse, the calm deliberate judgment and even temper of the jockey, are worthy of more lasting notice and applause than either are likely to receive in the "Racing Calendar" or in the sporting columns of the "Statesman".

When Aura established and made good her claim to immortality by her victories in the Olympiads, it was the mare and not the rider who was crowned; the latter might ride at any weight possible and convenient to him and he was on her back to show her the way only, for whether she

passed the goal, with or without him, did not affect her claim to be crowned, which was dependent on her passing it first in the race.

In her second year of triumph her rider fell during the progress of the race, but having evidently been trained by some pre-Christian Alec Higgins, the fleet and gallant Aura outpaced her competitors and rivals, raced past the goal well in the van, and after her victory returned still riderless to the Judges, and bent her graceful head before them to receive the wreath which she had so gallantly won and deserved.

The immortal Phidias gave expression to his genius, in a statue of the graceful victor, and although this statue has vanished with many of the glories of Greece, her name and deeds will live forever with the arts and literature of that great people. We, a greater people than they, do not give ourselves much concern about our horses when they are no longer able to earn money. It is true that we have inherited the culture of Aura's countrymen and as a consequence have laid aside the garments stripped from the backs of wild animals; nor do we now entice and feast our females with such tender delicacies as marrow bones, but our superiority to our teachers may be demonstrated by our commercial wisdom, for they like thriftless people spent most of their lives in handing out pieces of unprofitable civilization, while we with more wisdom and prudence are chiefly occupied when not suckling

the unfit in handing out such paying and useful things as bales of gunnies and of jute.

In the race for the Hilliard Plate on the 29th December 1923, those whose interests in horse racing extends beyond the Totalisator and the "Books" had an opportunity of witnessing a contest between Sweet Adare (Dobie) and Flaming Orb (Walker) such as is seldom seen, in any race or on any course, in or out of Calcutta.

It had been predicted, by our friends of the trees and by others, that the race as it developed and progressed would resolve itself into an encounter between those two horses alone, and for once both the mass and the presiding oracles were right for that was what the gods decided.

Sweet Adare, a splendid creature of uncertain and wayward temper, had not endeared herself to either her owners or supporters for, except on rare occasions, she declined to go forth from the gate with the others, and was usually left behind a trembling and foaming mass of nerves and fears.

But now, the gentle hand of her rider, who had not guided her before, soothed the temper of the timid beauty who joined the ranks of her companions at the gate and when the tapes were released set out upon her journey as swift and sweetly as if racing were the only thing in life in which she found pleasure and delight. As the onward rush swept round the corner and into the straight, it was seen that Avasia's Quarryman, Thaddeus's Goldgainer,

and the others were beaten and dethroned monarchs, who would wear no crowns that day, for here our beauty with her fleet and desperate rival, detached themselves from the flying mass, and speeding onward under the impelling influence of the heredity of a hundred gallant sires and dams, blazed along the course, two glorious figures of animated and determined motion.

Side by side the splendid pair beat the turf and disputed the mastery, and if the action of Flaming Orb suggested the faint rise and fall of a bird's progress, that of Sweet Adare was level and direct as the flight of a bee. Conscious of the heart and temper of the horse he rode, Dobie's hands bore no whip to soil the glossy sides and flanks of the delicate and eager lady, who in a final and supreme effort of splendid speed and endurance, flashed past the goal, the distance of her head before her staunch and beaten rival. The crown which she deserved and did not get, belonged in part to her rider.

Could she speak, he would have received more than her thanks, she would have given him her gratitude.

In such a never ending procession do the horses now gallop past, that you have but barely time to glance at them before they are gone, and have little opportunity to notice what progress the champions are making in their training for the grand contest in a few weeks. This pair that are

now following each other are Galstaun's Gaurisanker and Light Jester and in these are centred all the hopes of his sporting spirit to bring him another Viceroy's Cup or two. That light chestnut cantering past, with a plentiful display of white on his hind legs is the hope of his trainer Alec Higgins, for those races in which there is much spoil and some honour to be won. Light Chestnut horses do not often win Viceroy's Cups but you can never tell with such heroes as Eclipse and Blair Athal, figuring in that brilliant colour. But if prudence and knowledge of equinine condition and mentality can do anything to assist Revival in his chances of success in the race of the Viceroy's Cup in 1924, he should not be far from the leader when the goal is reached, if he is not the leader himself. You sometimes find a man sitting in a tub (Diogenes) who ought to have been a King, and you sometimes find a King who should be sitting on something quite different to a throne. But these things are, and perhaps they may be right, not wrong, for as everything throughout the Universe from a spec of mud to the sun, from the brain of Cæsar or Shakespeare to a grain of sand on the shore is composed of positive and negative charges of electricity and of nothing else, it would seem that our touts under the trees are just as well and as usefully employed as is the Captain of one of Sir William Currie's P. & O. ships in conveying seven hundred worthy British Citizens, male and female,

with their fortunes and their hopes, to the rugged shores of England.

Were it otherwise and were the affairs of a beggar of less importance than those of a King, then Alec Higgins would be much better employed in selling jute or building ships and in owning instead of in training race horses.

The intelligence requisite to build a ship or to sell enough jute to load her, is not of a very lofty order and Higgins has more than enough brains to perform either of these feats without endangering his health. But perhaps there is more knowledge required to make a good trainer than there is to make a good jute man and this may be the reason why there are so many bad trainers and so many good sellers of that prolific commodity on which not only the welfare of its merchants depend, but on which depends also the existence here of trainers, horses, cups and stakes, and a lot of other things as well. Till now, Higgins has had to content himself with the training of lesser stars than Flaming Orb or Sweet Adare, but if his luminaries are not of the first magnitude, those entrusted to his care shine with more brilliance than others of equal density in Calcutta's equinine skies.

His wisdom might be assumed from his relationship with the sharer of Sweet Adare's triumphal crown, for when he sends forth a horse with a hope and a chance of victory, it is Dobie

who takes his place on the back of the sleek and expected goldfinder.

That dark horse passing us now is Aborigine, the hope of Mr. T. M. Thaddeus, whose kindness of heart is evident in the well nourished appearance of the horse and the companions of his stable. These fellows are much too fat, and should be asked to eat less and gallop more, for bones and muscle are always better than blubber when a horse sets out in a race to discharge some of the debt which he owes those who feed and pat him.

But Thaddeus, the most gentle and amiable of men, has had his share of victory even if there is more sugar than vinegar to be found in the mangers of his fortunate quadrupeds, and he has had the satisfaction which a good man always feels who is kind to everything around him, and who desires no gain or crowns won by the sufferings and punishment of other things including horses.

This group, which is now about to present itself, is educated in a school in which the master is very fond of mixing equinine wisdom with the food and instruction on which his scholars are fed and educated.

The name of this master is Mr. J. D. Scott ; he keeps an academy for race horses and is by common consent the Nestor of all who have any dealings with race horses in Calcutta to-day.

He is seldom expected nor does he often display his wisdom and cunning in training a horse so

young and so well, that even a broker could prepare him for a race and win it.

It is when a horse is no longer young, when he is broken by the hardships and ignorance amongst which he has lived and has failed to get closer to the winner than last, for years, that he is a fit object for the skill and care of Scott, to whose institution he is welcomed as one still possessed of potentialities which will result in achievements whose rewards will keep himself and his companions in oats and comfort during the soft and idle months of the South-West Monsoon. The youths whom Scott attends and who claim his instruction and his care, go forth as a matter of course and victory comes to them as a thing of right, but year after year his veterans also take their places in the fray and hand out surprises with as much regularity and pleasure as a grocer hands out tea and sugar.

A horse may be young, aged, or old, when fortune leads or guides him to the home where Scott and his interesting family dwell, there time will stop, and if his age be remembered for a few years it will soon be forgotten, but he will present himself year after year to do battle in the familiar arena to the wonder of hundreds who with long racing memories are unable to recall the time when he first offered himself for honours and criticism to our friends beneath the trees and to the sporting public of this happy city, Calcutta. It is time to take ourselves off, but ere we go let us have

a look at those chaps coming along the straight past the memorial. There is no mistaking that first fellow for he is Flaming Orb whom we were pleased to see tasting the bitter cup of defeat last December. Still, he is not an unworthy foreman and if he does not get too much sugar or too many caresses, he is yet a gentleman who seems content to live without such tender care and attentions. The institution in which he finds a home is not conducted on principles of affection and sentiment, and the crowns which he will be expected to win are not those of bay and laurel. They are made of China leaf whose value may be ascertained by a reference to the financial columns of the very paper in which an account of the race in which he engages will be met with. In the age of the sacrificial stone Mr. Thaddeus would probably have had a better chance of survival than the owner of Flaming Orb, but in Calcutta in 1924 his chances of winning the Hilliard Plate or the Metropolitan will not in any way be influenced by his virtues, nor by the affections which his horses receive.

Robinson, who in ages that are dim and passed, found his duty and his amusement in catching golden crowns in races allied with Cooch Behar and Viceroy's Cups, now finds an equal duty if not an equal pleasure in preparing horses for others to go in search of these alluring and welcome things. The quest, it seems, is seldom fruitless and any tears that may be shed in consequence of its result, do

not fall from the eyes of those who so often look upon the satin coats of Flaming Orb and Silver Saint.

Divested of sentiment, and regarded as a means of winning races, Robinson's care and management of horses is as complete and as effective as any training could be, but as sentiment enters into all things and places, even into hell, it is doubtful if half the just pride and satisfaction is felt in the victory of his horse by a man who runs him for money alone, as is felt by one who not only runs his horse for money but loves that horse as well.

Some of the immunity from the steps and the fingers of time, which attach to Jack Scott and his horses, also seem to belong to James Robinson. Many winter suns that he has beheld have risen and have set across the maidan, and many more are likely to look down on his toils and his triumphs for his star of life still blazes as brightly in the ascendent as it did thirty years ago.

Scott and his horses are not immortal and the time will come when they too must depart and others must to them succeed. The reader gifted with curiosity, or with youth and memory, may return to the "bend" twenty years hence, where and when he will possibly find that Mr. Robinson is wearing with some grace the mantle which in other years dignified and distinguished the professional accomplishments of Mr. J. D. Scott.

That sun, which we saluted two hours before, is now urging his chariot with swift rapidity along its ascending path, and the horses which we have watched are returning to their homes where either sugar or vinegar awaits them. We will follow their good example and take ourselves off too, but with feelings that the joys which we have offered our sluggard are not, in our invitation, so glorious as they have been in reality. But yet a moment, ere we go let us look into the Paddock and see if we can discover amongst those collected there any friends or acquaintances of the Sheriffs of Fort William.

Our quest is short, there are several, and the reader will possibly be pleased to be introduced to a few. Mr. H. C. Edmondson one of the Stewards of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club may for many reasons, be the first to claim our attention, not only as the partner of Dowding and Carter but as the friend of Watson Smyth and the racing heir and successor of A. A. Apcar. To these very amiable and gifted men he is in the direct line of succession. He inherits through them not only an interest in the last of the convict ships, "Maharajah," a seat on the tribunal which watches over the professional morals of Dobie, Hutchins, Parker and their fellows; but a tradition which will tax a few of his virtues to live up to. Till now he has carried the burden which this tradition imposes, with a reasonable measure of ease and success, for the Turf Club

is still a splendid and a far famed institution, and the path which Carter trod lies straight before him, at the end of which is seen the Office of Sheriff and, what? Perhaps immortality, but more likely a dreary existence at Bath amongst those extinct and lifeless ' suns ' who have exchanged the sceptre of an Indian Province or the sword of Justice of an Indian Court, for the fascinating attractions of a gold club.

Martin spent a few millions to perpetuate his name, Edmondson more fortunate will find remembrance in the heritage which he now enjoys but does not abuse.

When his modest and retiring colleague, Kenneth Campbell takes himself off to the sylvan spots which nestle in the shadow of Ben Nevis, Edmondson and Evers will then be presented with the occasion of making the Club for ever famous by presiding at the first gathering which will confer the Crown of Martyrdom on the Secretary of the institution, as suggested elsewhere.

Evers would possibly find such a function to his taste, for he is credited with a weakness for infusing life into any dry bones that may be lying around even if they be in the cupboard of the Turf Club, and of thinking that it is not more foolish or improper to tell the truth on a Race-course than it would be to tell it anywhere else.

I believe his primitive and refreshing simplicity in this direction had sometimes astonished the

Stewards of an age that is remote and distant now; that it has made him a Steward instead of making him something else is a tribute to himself and to the Club which he at present does something to nourish and sustain. There is another Steward here, Mr. Justice Newbould of whom it is not necessary to say much.

Belonging to that large and numerous family which included or includes Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Thomas Richardson, and Sir Hugh Walmsley, he will have a place in some of the stray annals of this sun-splashed land, till his modest countrymen out of sheer love for its aggressive children take themselves off in a body to demonstrate on the links around Bath the superiority of golf as an amusement to that of growing cabbages or ruling empires. Newbould like Gresson would have made a fit companion for Alonzo Ojeda being blessed with the activity of a squirrel and the tireless energy of a greyhound. He is sure to find himself at the top of the handicap in that new state of existence which is to be, when he and the members of his service will put aside the frivolous worries of law and Government and address themselves to the serious pursuits of health and exercise. These four Stewards are all closely related to the Sheriffs, and the first three have often shared their hospitality. Not at the dictates of a writ of Habeas Corpus as they might have done had they lived in Calcutta a hundred years ago but as Voluntary

Guests and Special Jurors engaged in the pleasing task of terminating the existence of people who lacked the resolution to terminate their existence themselves.

Here in the Paddock is also to be found Mr. C. N. Douetil, one of the "rocks" on which the Turf Club rests. He of course has been a Steward and is at present engaged in winning cups of various kinds through those of the heir to the despots of Simla, and the Royal Patrons of the Turf Club have up to the present approached him no nearer than to present themselves in dreams.

I will not predict for him a declining existence on the golf links around Bath, nor anywhere else, although the rough grandeur of East Africa would possibly be more to his taste than the tame and languid respectability of Somerset.

He has got the reputation; he possibly deserves it, of not being on the Turf only for plunder, but chiefly for the satisfaction which all true sportsmen feel in the victory of their horses. Like Apcar, a race horse to him is not a mere gambling machine of flesh and blood but also a noble and sensitive creature worthy of being petted and loved.

His stables, like those of the Nestor of the Indian Turf* are not a shambles but a retreat in which Midensis or Killua might dream of something softer than whips and spurs.

* Mr. J. D. Scott.

The morning is wearing on, so we will take our departure finally with the strings of horses returning eastwards after the gallops.

How few we meet as we journey towards Chowringhee Road, and yet there is not, in all the world at this hour and time of the year, a spot where a healthy mortal more deeply feels the thrilling happiness of being conscious and alive.

He who brought me to the Race-course this morning is Mr. J. C. Galstaun, for having reached him in what I have to say about Calcutta's prominent and amiable citizens, I was naturally led to start off from the "bend" around which both Galstaun and his horses have so often swung. That I paused at the memorial is incidental, and because it was on my way, for like our keen eyed friends under the trees who watch so much and see so little, I do not take my morning walks abroad in a Rolls-Royce motor-car for several reasons, including those of finance and health. I believe Galstaun reached or found his way to this stately city in his early youth, that the trunks which bore his treasures were not heavy, nor did they contain much ivory or precious stones, nor were the bands which bound them composed of any metal which bore the faintest resemblance to gold. The climate of Calcutta is, for many months of the year, not good, but it seems to be better suited to Galstaun's physical, mental and commercial health than Armenia which, if it breeds and nourishes its native

children, is not less kind to that polished gentleman the Turk, who has found his way to that devoted land in sufficient numbers, to render everything connected with it, bloody, horrible, and tragic. For such activities as Galstaun has bestowed on his fellow citizens, they have made him princely gifts of gold and diamonds, houses, and race horses and other petty things which most men pursue and in which they evidently find delight. Fortune such as this is apt to make a man proud, and certain gentlemen in that interesting land known to all, including emigrants, as the U. S. A. are reputed to be actually so, but this must arise from trans-Atlantic ignorance, for there is nothing much to be proud of, in anything that has been bettered and surpassed many times in other and in former years.

A friend of mine, one with whom I have spent many hours, began life in the ordinary way and found his first employment in the duties of a slave.

He later took to the then doubtful but sometimes remunerative profession of arms, and made himself a general, but not satisfied with even this, nothing would suit him, but he must make himself something like a king, and so to gratify this weakness he became an emperor and the master of the world. In this exalted office he managed to live for some years, but it was evident that a man of such wisdom, ability, and personality could

not stop here nor did he, for having wound up his affairs as an emperor, he took himself off to Salona to spend the rest of his days in the more useful and more important task of growing cabbages. This man was the Emperor Diocletain who, again, in the language of the turf, "put up a record" that neither the millionaires of America nor the worthy owner of Gaurisanker are likely to lower for a few years to come. The emperor was not only great but he was modest, and as he showed no trace of pride, Galstaun may be excused for not being proud either, while he may be regarded as a very unfit subject for sacrificial honours when the Mexican stone is set up in Calcutta. In a busy life he has thought of much and has done many big and many little things, from winning Viceroy's and Prince of Wales' Cups to building structures which rear their heads high in Calcutta's skies, and which for want of better names are called "chambers" or "mansions." He has launched a hundred schemes for a hundred different people and has kept all sorts of men employed from engineers, masons and miners to trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, attorneys and barristers. There has been no pause in his activities, for he was born to be forever on the move. His fortune has been shared by many others, since he has been instrumental in finding work and employment for hundreds besides himself. What has he had out of it all? That which our friends under the trees have had, the pleasure of losing his

money and of finding health. The touts, it would seem, have all the advantages which an owner may have, without the trouble of buying and feeding horses, but there must be some to do the buying and feeding or the game would stop and the tout would be compelled to take to commerce and possibly lose his health by becoming a millionaire. With others, Galstaun has generously provided our friends with horses for many years and has no doubt had some satisfaction in seeing them win races, but if the pursuit of riches alone had been his aim, in life, he probably would have been one of the richest men in Calcutta, where he would most likely have died ten years ago.

Having won a few more Viceroy's Cups he will, I suppose, be gathered to his fathers and his debtors and be there forgotten.

This is the reward that a man gets and possibly deserves, who has done some good to others. Those others are not likely to write Lusiads to express their gratitude, and that he has infused some life into the dry bones of many things in Calcutta will bring him far more envy than tears.

There are occasions when I am not reluctant to assume the prophetic office, and the consideration of what is likely to befall Galstaun's memory offers me one that I may embrace without a blush.

In this city he has set his townsmen many examples in what might and should be done by such as are endowed with energy and life.

There are many other things which a man might build besides houses, and if they do not bring him money, would be less expensive and more interesting than a racing stable. He might build a few monuments and he might begin with the Race-course or with something connected with it. I am aware, and I remember, the lordly attributes of the presiding deity of this great institution, but with the prospect of burning oil, a trip to the Andamans or even with less forceful persuasion he might so far forget his grave dignity as to persuade his Stewards that the Race-course is far from being complete in all respects just yet, and that there remain a few things to be done before it is worthy of all our boasts and of all we wish it to be.

My ignorance of Galstaun's weaknesses extends to the knowledge of whether he shares with most others the desire to be remembered. If he does, I have in an earlier part of this work set him a task whose completion will preserve his name in Calcutta for a few centuries, by suggesting that he would be doing something more than ordinary by having a statue erected to the memory of Mayfowl and if the Stewards of the Turf Club lack the imagination to have it erected on the Race-course, it would not be impossible with so many sites at his disposal for Galstaun to provide a suitable site himself. Should he undertake the task he will find many helpers.

I am willing to believe that in his connection with the Race-course and the markets of Calcutta, he has not shed all the national attributes which once made Armenia a venerable and a great country.

Should any of that ancient inheritance still be his, let him not seek counsel from those who control both the Calcutta markets and the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, for the press of Mr. C. R. Das and Mr. N. C. Chunder will tell him how much our Imperial progress and greatness is suffering to-day, for the want of a little of that imagination which is one of the rarest gifts of the gods.

No one, it seems, has any title to remembrance in Calcutta unless he has been a Governor or Viceroy, many of whom were very poor creatures, but Galstaun may break this vicious circle, for if he has deserved well of Calcutta, let him lay her under the further obligation by teaching her how to honour men and horses a hundred times more worthy of fame than many in that procession of great and of feeble mortals which have passed across the stage of life in India during the past one hundred years.

Divine imagination and your sweet sister memory, ye bring me back the pleasing and happy recollection of him who was all that a poet, a scholar and a cultured man might be. Gentle as a woman, graceful as a Rorchester and learned as a philosopher was Sir Robert Watson Smyth and although



Sir Robert Watson Smyth, *Kt.*

nature intended him for a poet and fate made him a merchant, he preserved in the not exalted atmosphere of the counting house the amiable and gentle manners of a priest of Isis.

Like Rogers the Banker, poet and the friend of Byron, he cultivated throughout his commercial life his undoubted gifts of letters and of scholarship. Acres of verse have been written by men who were not poets—Macaulay will serve as an example—and hundreds of poets have lived who never wrote a line, but if Sir Robert has mercifully spared his contemporaries the poems which he wrote or might have written, it was modesty and not lack of merit which prevented their production or concealed the evidence of their birth. Amongst all whom it has been my pleasing task to bring before the reader, there is not one, with the exception of Sir Stephen Sale, who more deserved and who more incites those feelings so near akin to love, as this noble and honourable man.

The friend and partner of Dowding and Carter, and one who seemed to be as certainly destined for the office of Sheriff as any man could be, he yet managed in some unaccountable way to be absent from Calcutta at times when his presence in the city would have given the Chief Justice an opportunity of adding another honourable name to the long roll of those who figured as Sheriffs in Calcutta.

In feeble health he did not escape that maelstrom set in motion by Montague (suggestive

name), for it drew him, like others worthy of a better fate, into its vortex, and whirled him into the fatal influence of Delhi, where he possibly ceased to remember or to hear the voice of wisdom or sanity or to feel that there was still a world of reality beyond the city of illusions in which he dwelt. Since man in his upward or onward march left his cave and took to the woods and hill-sides, as places more suited to his dignity and more favourable to meditation than his early home had been, he has thought of many things and he has discovered many others amongst which there are a few realities and perhaps an equal number of truths. These have been spread broadcast over the earth and taught in all languages with the result that man regulates his conduct and his course through life by principles exactly opposite to those taught in the home and in the schools. Amongst those truths there is none greater than that "one fool makes many" and Mr. Montague's "Reforms" are a good proof of this and an illustration of how readily folly finds votaries even amongst intelligent men. Could virtuous helpers and knowledge enable and sustain a dubious cause, the pinchbeck parliaments in India would not die, since so many able and honourable men were eager and willing to devote to them much of their time and lives. But what India wants is not parliaments but sympathy, and a recognition of her greatness and virtues in a sense more real than pious

platitudes which are often more better than insults.

Will you come with me to Puri—I will not invite you to Kalighat—and will you there bow down with me before the pure and gentle "Lord of the World" Juggernauth and burn your offering of incense before his ancient Shrine? Will you marry the best of your sons to the virtuous and bewitching daughters of Hindusthan, and your daughters to the brothers of those dark-eyed beauties? And will you treat their offspring better than you have treated the Anglo-Indians? It is a graceful piece of courtesy to say that the women of India are faithful, virtuous and handsome, but that is only a tribute and a duty which every intelligent man is expected to offer and to discharge, who seeks the hospitality of this venerable land.

The tribute may be an act of politeness and nothing more, or it may be an expression of a man's feelings and of his heart, and we may doubt or believe him from our knowledge of other things besides what he says, but if he not only praises the women of India but goes many steps further and marries one of them, he would then give us conclusive proof of the sincerity of his tribute and his praises. I have no desire that you should answer my questions, for they will answer themselves, not immediately but in the coming years. Where races mingle they must fuse or fight, and sometimes in unfavourable circumstances they will

do both. But the rôle of conqueror and conquered has never endured for long because it is foolish and wasteful, and sets no store on the fact that men are not in satire but in truth pismires, mere insects crawling over the earth and that what is injurious for one cannot be good for the others.

I am not ignorant that there are elements in India and in other lands, with whom the various branches of the higher races cannot and will not mix their blood, for reasons and principles much higher and better than those of pride and sentiment, but as an artist could no more paint a great picture with only one colour whatever that colour might be, than nature could make a great people from any selected group in the world, fusion must forever take place in any nation that would be saved from stagnation, decay and extinction. The reader will consider for a moment the miracles wrought in the inanimate world by grafting, and in birds and in cattle of all kinds, by selection. Were nature left to pursue her own paths, there would be no Orange Williams and Gaurisankers racing in Calcutta in 1924 and no memorials for us to admire while waiting for the champions to join battle. In that remnant of the great Persian nation—the Parsis—we may witness the fate of a people who have endeavoured with much, perhaps with fatal success, to preserve the purity of their race and origin, and in the Jews we may behold a race which, fed by many racial streams, has preserved its religion and

identity in fifty different lands. Of the Persians there exists only one type and that perhaps not beautiful, while there is no longer one but several types of Jews from the swarthy but handsome children of Palestine to the blonde and less handsome type of Russia and North-Eastern Europe. Midway between these the perfect type is found.

Byron has said of Italy that she has "the fatal gift of beauty" but to the Jews, this gift has been not fatal but redeeming, and has preserved a race which but for it would long since have joined the Medes and Babylonians. The Jewess, most divine and beautiful of women, with all the wisdom and prudence of her people, has stood in every age the defender and the custodian of Israel's sacred fires and the preserver of the spirit and glory of her race.

From her soft dark eyes a hundred generations and emotions look forth, and in them are focussed the music, the dreams and glory of other times, of which she is the expression and the child.

Throughout the ages men greater than kings have sued to kiss her feet and have bartered their souls for a touch of her gentle hand. In her smile there is hope or despair, in her caresses heaven or death.

He who deserves her may pity the lot of a king, he on whom she frowns might claim the sympathy of a beggar.

To her alone is entrusted the holy duty of preserving and bearing sons and daughters to sustain and swell the numbers of her ancient and redoubtable race, for be the father whom he may, every child of hers inherits the tradition and the blood of Israel, but not so the children of her sons unless the mother of these children also be the daughter and offspring of a Jewess.

She is the most devoted and passionate of mothers having, during a period seventeen hundred years of persecution and hell, been taught to defend her children and her home with the tenacious constancy of a panther and, where her generous devotion could no longer shield her beloved offspring, she has gladly shared with them the welcome pain and torments of a cruel and bloody death.

Her long and terrible ordeal has quickened her intelligence and added depths to her splendid eyes, in which those whom she loves may see the reflection of that superb devotion which has guided and sustained her through the ages, and has made her the crown and ornament of womankind.

When we come to look at our feelings for our scholar and poet; we have no doubt as to their degree of warmth, nor need we pause to select the language in which they can be best described and expressed.

Not all the impassioned speeches that any lover ever made to his mistress could say more than those

simple words "I love you," not all the panegyrics ever pronounced could say more of a man than that he was good and honourable and we loved him, so we may say of Watson Smyth without any shade of qualification that we loved him for his courteous and noble personality and esteemed him for his talents and virtues. Let us believe that his pious labours to immortalize those gallant hearts whom Calcutta sent to death and honour in the War, will bring him remembrance with their imperishable fame.

We salute their memory and his. In the names that follow, the reader may discover a few of those who live in Calcutta to-day and if he has felt the balm of fifty North-East monsoons, he will remember many others who are now scattered over many spots and places on this old relentless and happy world: and others still, who having gone through their last interview with the greatest of all physicians are now the equals of dead kings or deceased millionaires. George Chinney and his fellow Jurors, the Justices of the Peace and others of the early nineteenth century, will not object to receive into their company these Calcutta Citizens who saw that century's close, and although the writer has the most profound respect and the liveliest esteem, for the men of 1808, he knows that Sir James Horne and Walter Davies to select but two, were their equals in all that ennobles and dignifies the most lofty type of manhood.

This asserted, and the reader informed that Sir James was Gresson's partner in the firm of Jardine, Skinner & Co., and that Walter Davies sold diamonds in Old Court House Street, let them with the others go down to posterity or to oblivion, where in either case they will find many friends and playmates.

Sir James Horne.
Sir William Ironside.
Sir Archie Birkmyre.
Sir Percy Newson.
Sir Alexander Murray.
Sir Thomas Catto.
Walter Davies.
J. D. Nimmo.
J. B. Strain.
H. C. Begg.
C. C. Kilburn.
W. H. Cheetham.
John Gemmel.
Robert Knight.
Paul Knight.
J. C. Shorrock.
G. G. Anderson.
E. J. Marshall.
A. S. Gladstone.
H. R. McInness.
G. R. Cheetham.
John Hay.

J. A. Kinnison.
H. M. Ross.
C. C. Gulliland.
W. Girard.
A. Simson.
Dan Currie.
Norman McLeod.
N. A. McLeod.
J. G. Dixon.
R. L. Morgan.
Peter Swan.
H. S. Ashton.
W. D. Kilburn.
S. Moran.
J. Turner.
H. Elworthy.
W. L. Thomas.
J. R. Bertram.
E. Henry.
Duncan Mactavish.
A. J. Ker.
H. T. Otherwill.
D. A. Campbell.
G. Apcar.
Andrew Glen.
P. E. Cameron.
J. E. McCullock.
A. A. Lyall.
F. G. Mayne.
B. K. Finnimore.

G. Lyall.
D. Morgan.
G. Norman.
T. B. C. Overend.
J. J. Meade.
J. A. Moyes.
F. G. Wallis Whiddet.
F. G. Clarke.
Geo. Henderson.
T. Traill.
H. W. Boyd.
H. G. Tomkins.
W. S. J. Willson.
W. O. Grazebrook.
C. H. Wilkie.

Sir Darcy Lindsay.
E. G. Dixon.
R. C. Caw.
J. B. Lloyd.
G. Kingsley.
H. S. Ashton.
Sir Hubert Carr.
G. A. Ormiston.
R. Bazley.
J. Mein Austin.

Alastair Cameron.
J. H. Fyfe.
O. S. Martin.
C. F. Hooper.
R. McPherson.
T. L. Martin.
T. W. Dowding.
T. E. Cunningham.
M. A. Hughes.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TEMPLE OF MAHABODI AT GAYA.—ITS ANCIENT SPLENDOUR AND ASSOCIATIONS, NOW IN THE CUSTODY OF A HINDU MONK OF THE SECT OF GIRS, HOSTILE TO THE MEMORY AND RELIGION OF BUDDHA.—BUDDHISTS SEEK IN VAIN TO HAVE IT RESTORED TO THEM.—GOVERNMENT OF INDIA NOT AMBITIOUS TO IMMORTALISE THEIR JUSTICE IN RESTORING IT TO BUDDHISTS.

In an earlier part of this work I had occasion to speak of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, the Judge and Magistrate of Behar in 1815, and in doing so I had to follow, in imagination, the steps of those who sought in vain to reason with that wayward and violent ornament of the East India Company's service. I can see again, Lieutenant Aylmer extending his hospitality to the Sheriff's Officer, providing him with a pony and armed men, to go forth as if to battle, with a man, who in any land but this, would have received something darker for his conduct than the frowns of his weak and tolerant masters. In following the party to the Judge's house our path winds round an ancient and majestic ruin which in other times beheld more splendour than Mr. Mackenzie has been able to

assume even while acting the part of a "Petty King," for this is the spot on which the Bo tree grew and the ruin is the venerable Temple of Mahabodi. It is with this Temple and not with the Judge and Magistrate that we shall concern ourselves in this chapter, and this said, we proceed to see how it has fared both before and after the period in which we have met Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, H. E. I. C. S. The reader will observe that if the letters H. and E. are struck out he will have the designation of those modern blazing stars, who have succeeded Mackenzie and his companions.

In that part of Behar known to scholars as Buddha-Gaya and immediately beside the spot where the Bo tree grew under which the Prince Sidhartha obtained enlightenment and Buddhahood, Asoka erected in the third century B.C. a Temple dedicated to the Lord of Peace and Compassion. Six centuries later, another Temple was built on the side of that which the enlightened piety of Asoka had dedicated and this Temple still rears its hallowed and imposing mass: a monument and a tribute to the love and to the devotion of more than a hundred generations of Buddhists, who had lived and laboured to civilize and soften the manners and the feelings of that headstrong and violent animal, Man.

The India of the centuries during which this Temple flourished in all its stately grandeur, was

a very different thing to the impoverished, ignorant, and jarring medley of castes and sects, which is known as India to-day. Unfortunately for this Buddhist civilization and splendour, it took no account of the hordes of savages which dwelt beyond its frontiers; and when that tide of barbarism, which had rolled with such disastrous consequences from the Tigris to Vienna on the North, and to the Kistna on the South, had reached the zenith of its rise, the glories and the culture of Buddhist civilization in India were submerged beneath its destructive flood. Whatever Hinduism may have suffered at the hands of those vandals, it was against Buddhism chiefly that the full force of their venom was directed.

Buddhist Temples were destroyed all over India, Bhikkhus were slaughtered in thousands, and one of the noblest faiths yet promulgated for the salvation and happiness of man, was driven from the land of its birth to seek in others, a refuge and a home. Buddhism neither preaches nor expects revenge. The followers of the gentle and enlightened Buddha may well leave this degrading sin to their enemies, but justice is something to which peoples as well as individuals are entitled, and the time will yet come when the wrongs of the past will be righted.

For centuries the Temple at Gaya, deserted and neglected, became a ruin forgotten by its enemies and perhaps by its friends. A Savite Monk settled

in its vicinity in the early part of the eighteenth century, and this individual, it seems, obtained a grant of the land adjacent to the Temple from the Mahomedan ruler who then controlled the destinies of Behar, but the Temple itself was not mentioned in the instrument.

The King of Burma in 1877 undertook to restore the Temple with the permission of the successor of our Savite friend of the Eighteenth Century, the successor in question having laid claim to the edifice. The Government of Bengal also took a hand in the matter, objected to the way in which the Temple was being repaired or spoiled by the Burmese, carried out the repairs themselves and finally placed it in the charge of an officer of their own choice.

Perhaps the Government's solicitude for the Temple arose from political and not from artistic reasons, since the Buddhist States of Asia were then unknown factors of the future; one of which was to become the victim,* and the greatest† of the others the Ally of Great Britain. Having got the Temple restored, with a Government Officer-in-charge and the Mahant recognized by Government as a kind of Malik, the tangle is complete. It should have gladdened the hearts of those old British administrators who in many lands were doing their best to reduce everything to the state of affairs

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* Burma. † Japan.

which prevailed in the Island of Persee Comee, in which it was impossible to tell, "which was the son of the gardener, and which was the heir to the Throne." One*Government Official informs the Mahant that the Temple is his (the Mahant's) property, and one of the Secretaries to the Government informs the Collector of Gaya that this was merely the personal opinion of the officer who said so, and that it was in no way binding on Government. But whoever it belongs or does not belong to, the Buddhists, who were seeking to recover possession of the shrine as the natural and religious heirs of its founders, were treated as people who had no right to the Temple at all. In some indirect and obscure manner it was very learnedly suggested in some of the judgments in the "Buddha-Gaya Temple Case"* that the Buddhists might recover the Temple by invoking the aid of those cheap and rapid working Tribunals, the Judge at Gaya, the High Court at Calcutta, and His Majesty's Privy Council in London, but there was no hint from any quarter that the Government of Bengal or the Government of India considered

* In 1893, certain Buddhist Monks brought an historical image of Buddha from Japan. On attempting to instal it in the Temple, both they and the image were hustled out of the place by the Mahant's men. The parties to the assault were tried by Mr. D. J. Macpherson, who sentenced them to a month's imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 100. On appeal to the District Judge, the sentence was reduced to the fine only and on appeal to the High Court, the conviction as to the fine was also set aside.

it any part of their business or their justice to restore the Temple to the Buddhists, although they had spent thousands in having repaired it, and rightly regarded themselves as having complete control over it.

Meanwhile the Mahant converts the image of Buddha, which stands within the shrine, into a Hindu deity by dressing it up in a red robe, or in a suit of fantastic garments and daubs its brow with lime or clay to make it appear a real 'true blue' Hindu image. And so the farce goes on. The Mahant's right to the Temple is precisely that of an heir or the assignee of a burglar who had murdered the original owner, and the Mahant's title to be in Gaya at all comes through the spoilers of Buddhism in India.

The British having destroyed the power of those barbarous plunderers, the Mahant's title goes the way of the Moghul Emperors, and it reverts to the conquerors. But those conquerors have never given themselves much trouble or thought above such simple matters as Buddhist Temples.

Were the question at issue one of commerce, gold mohurs, or trade, then our Britons would be seen in all their national glory, arraying their experts, marshalling their economists, calling for statistics and scattering blue books around like autumn leaves. Their commercial conscience would be so deeply affected that few monsoons would fertilise this fabled land, ere our friend the Mahant

would be relegated to the obscurity which he certainly deserves, and from which he should never have emerged but for the idle whim of a fanatic.

While the Mahant continues to regard himself as the owner, the possessor, the tenant or what you will of the temple, it is not likely to bring him much profit or honour so far as Buddhists are concerned. While it remains as at present, Buddha-Gaya is not likely to recover much of its ancient glory, whereas in Buddhist hands it would probably become the greatest religious shrine in the world. Englishmen in the mass are not famed for their flights of imagination, and were there nothing more behind the question of the Temple than what is known to the world; then, they may also be fairly accused of being as stupid a people as could be found anywhere, and ill deserve the smiles and the fortune with which the gods have blessed them. Some years ago, in the Viceroyalty of Lord Minto I believe, the major portion of the Ashes of the Buddha were discovered in Asoka's Stupa at Taxila. These Ashes instead of being taken to Gaya and interred in the Temple there, amidst the scenes in which the life of the Buddha was passed, were permitted to be removed from India to Burma by Buddhists no doubt, but nevertheless beyond the spot which must always remain for Buddhists the most venerable on earth.

It is not necessary to invoke the shade of Byron to tell us what Gaya might have again become, had

the Buddha returned to its sylvan shades there to repose forever on the spot where grew the Tree which he loved so well. These Ashes would have conferred both honour and fame on the British name, whose deeds and grandeur would have lived in association with them and would have been remembered thousands of years after that Empire has been numbered with things that are passed.

If, however, there was behind this seeming stupidity and ignorance, the cold calculated intention of keeping the Indian Buddhists out of the shrine at Gaya lest its returning glory should become a focus for the hopes of Far Eastern Buddhists, and a centre of intrigue for the militant sons of Japan who bid fair to extend their sway over much of the Continent of Asia. Even then, the stupidity is not lessened. It is probably increased since it was intentional and not, as we suppose, innate. It has been dinned into the ears of the world, on every conceivable occasion, that Great Britain is the greatest Mahomedan power on earth, since India contains seventy millions of Moslems. The boast or the assertion would be much more intelligent if it were proclaimed that the United Kingdom is the greatest Hindu power in the world since its Hindu subjects number two hundred and thirty millions. There are likewise several millions of Buddhists lying around in various parts and corners of the Empire, and although they are far from being the most noisy element in the population, they are by no

means the least important of the lieges of their very lovable monarch George V.

The world has witnessed the birth, the life and the death of many Empires, many religions and many civilizations. None have been so noble as those which had their birth in India.

They have survived those of the past, and they will survive those of the future.

That very courteous and polished gentleman, Mahmood of Ghuzni, having plundered and ravaged the wealthy and teeming cities of India to his own and to the satisfaction of his chivalrous followers, was possibly of opinion that in despoiling the Temple of Somnauth of its celebrated gates, he was doing an act that would redound to the glory of his name and to the salvation of his warlike and immortal soul. But this glory was destined to travel much farther than he could have foreseen, since it was ultimately to find its way as far north and west as the British Isles. The people of these Isles were likewise fated to find their way as far south and east as India and their coming while full of hope and redemption to the presiding deities at Somnauth was dark and threatening to the stolen glory of Mahmood's tomb.

Could this barbarian have looked down the centuries and beheld what was to take place on the 8th and 9th of September in the year of Christ 1842, the vision no doubt would have chastened the pride with which he beheld the spoils of India when they

reached his mountain stronghold in the 13th century.

And could the slaves and companions, who laid him to rest in that imposing tomb, have also beheld what was to follow, even they would have learned something of how vain and fleeting are all the triumphs and trophies won from the spoils and the tears of others.

For he and they would have beheld Ghuzni blown to the skies by the Engineers of Nott's avenging army on its way to Cabul and he and they would have seen the tears and heard the lamentations of the fakirs who wept and watched at his tomb; while, under the protecting bayonets of Her Majesty's 40th Regiment of Foot, the gates of Somnauth were torn from their alien surrounding and they began their return journey to India. More merciful than Mahmood and his barbarous hordes, the humanity of Nott forbade him to visit upon the weeping fanatics the punishment which they possibly deserved, and which it would not have been unjust to inflict.

In contempt they were left to such sorrow and regret as their savage bosoms might feel. Was it in anger or in mercy that the gods refused to endow man with prophetic vision?

The hero, the statesman and the idol of to-day is the harmful and destructive fool of to-morrow.

Were the acts of men to be reviewed and judgment passed upon them not earlier than five

hundred years after their deaths, how many would be remembered for anything beyond their follies and their crimes?

Were Bismarck not the great man which he was in 1870, many of the wrongs which were then committed would never have taken place, and the world would have escaped the ruin of agony and blood which it has lately been its misfortune to undergo.

Whatever, experience may teach man as an individual; it does not seem to benefit him much as one of a hero or as one of a nation. Age after age we see the same follies and the same wrongs repeated with the same destructive consequences. So universal is this weakness on this vice that a man who would not steal a penny to save himself from misery will suffer misery to any extent and would rob heaven itself of its treasures were that possible, that those treasures might enrich and adorn the altars and the cities of his own people. Neither he nor they are satisfied with the embellishments and the arts that he and they are capable of producing to enrich their country's Valhalla. No, the Valhallas of others must be made to contribute if possible.

Thus we behold the sad spectacle of the mighty and humane Napoleon despoiling poor fallen Venice of her few remaining glories which, had they been permitted to remain in France, would have been a source of shame and not of pride to the people of

that gallant nation. In a like effective but less combative manner a presumably cultured and intelligent Englishman sets out to rob or buy from helpless and penurious Greece* some of the mementoes of her ancient greatness and while those who admire those relics, the so-called Elgin Marbles in London may be sensible of the genius which gave them life, their admiration will be clouded by a blush for him who bore them from their native home, a land that had given birth to a thousand heroes and philosophers from Thales and Miltiades to Plato and Aristotle to whom civilization is indebted for much of what it prizes and treasures to-day.

The conversion of Justinian's famous Pile, the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, into a mosque by Mahommed II and the erection of the mosque of Omar on the site of the Temple of the Jewish nation at Jerusalem are two of the outstanding wrongs of the past which are pregnant with tears and tribulation for future ages. Were the Church of St. Sophia merely a Christian Church and were the mosque of Omar merely built on the site of a Jewish Temple, the world, including Christians and Jews, might long since have forgotten their existence. But the disturbing fact that St. Sophia is The Church of the Eastern Christians and that the mosque of Omar stands on the site of Solomon's Temple will keep that Church and this Temple green in the memory of millions, till the fullness of time proclaims, as it has often done, that

neither Omar or Mahommed II were one yard in advance of Mahmood and Bismarck as prophets. Had they been, Omar would have found another site for his mosque and Mahommed II would have left St. Sophia to the heirs of those who built it. At Buddha-Gaya, if we do not encounter a wrong as great as these, we will be face to face with a great piece of folly which reflects but little honour on those to whom the perpetration of that folly is due. Arguments of a kind might be advanced to condone the wrongs of which we have spoken, but no contention that would not insult our reason could be pleaded to justify the handing over of Buddha's Temple to the control of an obscure sect of Hindus, hostile to his religion and to his name. Mahmood could say that he wanted the gates of the Temple of Somnauth to adorn and embellish his tomb. Omar and Mahommed II could silence argument, if they could not silence justice, by asserting that they desired the site and the Church as places of worship for themselves and for the followers of the last and greatest of the Prophets. But whatever reason the Government of Bengal might condescend to give for their decrees or orders, the not very laudable arrangement seems to have been made that to keep Buddhist influence out of Gaya the Temple was in some unknown manner handed over not to either the Anglican or Roman Catholic Bishops of Calcutta, but to a Hindu Monk for whom or for

whose religion that Government had probably the same amount of respect that it had for the beliefs of its forefathers who found their religious zeal satisfied and exalted in the worship of those grim old deities, the immortal Odin and Thor. Religious fervour or fanaticism has sometimes expelled one god from a Temple to clear the way for the worship of another, but I am ignorant of any other case in which a political motive alone was the one that determined the possession of a world-famous Temple such as that as Bodh-Gaya. It is the glorious boast of Buddhism that in its worship, in its observance and in its propagation, it has never been stained or soiled by a single drop of blood. Nor has it converted the Temples and the Churches of others. Nowhere do we find Buddhists in possession of such, and certainly not of St. Peters nor of Westminster Abbey, the site of Solomon's Temple nor the mosque of the Caaba at Mecca, much less of the shrine of Hinduism at Benares. And yet in 1921, with a beautiful disregard of all the laws of propriety, we find their own famous shrine in the possession of a delightful set of Hindu gentlemen in the persons of those cultured and urbane Saivite Monks.

It is possible that the race amongst whom most of the Buddha's votaries are found is physically the most redoubtable and virile of all races to-day.

In an age of poison gas and aerial torpedoes anything that is wrong is also possible. Should, for any reason, the Mongolian race ever break loose

from its moorings and sweep into the Pacific and into the other oceans, the self-denying and gentle peoples of Europe, America, and Western Asia, those peoples will perhaps find consolation in the assurance that those of them who are not robbed of their lives will certainly not be robbed of their Churches, their mosques and their temples.

Man in his supposed wisdom but in his actual stupidity is forever trying to stereotype everything with which he is brought in contact. This absurd and foolish desire leads to such things as fashions and a lot of social ordinances which seeks to convert the race into a herd of sheep.

And that the thoughts and the beliefs of mankind should run in one groove, missionaries are engaged in many lands in endeavouring to make the religions of mankind conform to one and the same pattern.

But Nature, more wise than man, both for his welfare and for her own glory, has decreed that diversity shall be the Law of the Universe and of every ponderable thing. Since she has never fashioned nor will ever fashion any two things alike, man will seek in vain to destroy the interest that life could only give in a world of different races, varied thoughts, different colours and different beliefs of all kinds, religious, social and domestic.

Were man in all lands what man would have him be, the same, life would be a very

dreary business, indeed, and the world would just be fit for Saivite Monks to live in, but not by much, for others.

Like many great things which we regard with pride or sorrow, Mahabodhi possesses like the great Pyramid of Cheops a life and a literature of its own which promises to grow more luxuriantly in the future than it has done in the past. Though it has had the distinction or the tribute of being described by many scholars from many lands during the past sixteen centuries, it still awaits the coming of one who will do for it what Proctor has done for Egypt's colossal monument. When this is done, the fact will possibly be made clear that a Monk of the obscure sect of Girs was not the fittest custodian that could be found for the Temple of Mahabodhi. The Magistrate of Gaya in 1895 has done much to add to its literature, and although his judgment in that year does not overstate the case in favour of the Buddhists, it will stand as a tribute to the tolerance and the enlightenment of a people of whom he was not an unworthy representative.

In this judgment he remarks that the defence, from certain admissions made by the complainant in his Journal, must have felt that they had realized the wish of the worthy who exclaimed "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book." But there are other ways in which this wish might be realized as well, for he who accepts or occupies an office in

which he will be called upon to write or to deliver a judgment will find himself in very much the same position as he who undertakes the task or the duty of an author. We are content that this should be so, and since there were others besides the Magistrate who delivered judgments in this famous case, both he and they may fairly be judged by their judgments and some idea of their ability and tolerance deduced therefrom. The laws which Mr. Macpherson administered compelled him to discuss without a smile whether the Temple of Mahabodhi was, or was not, a Buddhist shrine, and if the worship of that faith had been carried on there in ancient and in recent times. He found affirmatively on both these points which would have an analogy in an enquiry to determine if St. Peters at Rome was or was not a Roman Catholic Christian Church and if the rites of the Christian religion had been carried on there in former and in recent times. Mr. Macpherson's liberality and undoubted ability do not unfortunately enable him to overcome the insular influence imposed by the narrow limits of the country which had the honour of giving him to the world. The hypothetical cases which he puts forward at the close of his judgment are the one of a small Anglican Church on an estate in Scotland and the other of a small mosque in an Indian village.

Here we see the influence of his early Scots environment. Had he been a son of Rome or a man

of that mental mould whose vision embraces the Himalayas and Ben Nevis at the same time, the search for his hypothesis would have led him a good deal farther than it has done, in fact it would have led him to some of the chief religious shrines and cities of the world.

In some of these he would have been free to construct an hypothesis which would have been clear and decisive, and had he taken an imaginary journey to Jerusalem like ours to Gaya, he would have found all the materials which he wanted waiting and ready to hand.

Here they are. Were the Church of the Holy Sepulchre handed over by the Turks to an obscure and bigoted Jewish Rabbi hostile to the Christian faith and name, whose servants or disciples had full and undisputed power to bedeck and daub the emblems of the Christian worship, collect and appropriate the offerings of Christian pilgrims, while the generous Turkish Government paid for the repairs and the upkeep of the Church, then the analogy of Jerusalem and Gaya would be complete and we would have the conditions established under which the Buddhists are allowed to worship or meditate at Mahabodhi. It was said officially before 1895 and it has recently been officially repeated that Buddhists were and are still allowed to worship in the Temple at Gaya. Think how the world would acclaim such tolerance and justice, were Christians allowed to worship under those conditions at

Jerusalem or Rome, and were Mahomedans allowed a similar privilege at Mecca.

Our analogy is also complete in the factors which compose it. There is the foreign conqueror, the Briton or the Turk, the relations of the Christian to the Jew and of the Buddhist to the Hindu. But unfortunately, again, both for the Magistrate and the Buddhists, law and usage have little to do with such a question as that of this Buddhist Temple.

Legislators have never provided for such a case and even if they had, it would be a very poor law indeed, the Medes and the Persians being dead, that could not be made to establish two or a dozen different things did political expediency, for any reason demand or require it. Withal, Macpherson's judgment stamps him as a man not unworthy to rule on the sacred spot where the Buddha lived and found enlightenment.

Buddhists who have long memories, who are patient and can wait, be the period one of ten or one of ten hundred years, till justice be done, will always remember with gratitude and love the name and the acts of D. J. Macpherson.

He was a son of justice and will be remembered in Gaya centuries perhaps, after the British Empire has passed away. The judgments of the District Judge and of the two Judges of the High Court at Calcutta will be welcomed by historical students interested in arriving at an estimate of the mental

calibre of the Indian and of the Anglo-Indian Judge during that period of profound social repose which hung over India from the Mutiny to the Marne. The Judge at Gaya, one of whose qualifications, no doubt, for admission to the Indian Civil Service was his skill in horsemanship, impresses one as a gentleman who would have been much more at home and in his element at the head of a troop of Marine Cavalry than he was when engaged in the dull and monotonous task of determining whether or not Buddhists might be legally assaulted and disturbed while engaged in meditation at the Mahabodhi Temple.

Of the High Court Judges little need be said. Their judgments in the case are not likely to be carved in brass as a challenge to the great lawyers of the past or as an inspiration to those of the future.

It may be sufficient to observe that in person one was a small, delicate æsthetic Brahmin while his judicial brother was a tall robust jocular Scot, qualified, no doubt, like the Judge at Gaya to ride to hare and hounds. Their judgments do not waste much valuable time in vain flights of historical scholarship, for our Brahmin was possibly much more concerned in his dreams of Devas than he could be in the Temple case while, his genial sporting brother might be expected to find his mental pleasures not in abstract questions of history, religious rights and observances and dull

uninteresting law, but in the pleasing occupation of trying to "spot" the winner of the race for the Viceroy's Cup. Such is our fate when we write books or deliver judgments, for often in so doing we tell the world much more about ourselves than we intend. If Talleyrand's dictum be true, that tongues were given to us to conceal our thoughts, it is equally well established that pens were given to betray them. Well for us and for posterity is it, that these judgments will not go thundering down the ages to confound the Buddhists and to comfort their guileless enemies. They have long since died into a faint and piteous whisper and would not now be heard, but for their association with more brilliant, able, and holy things. During the past few years, owing to what we are pleased to call "The Reforms," the Indian Civil Service has been brought very much into the Political "Limelight" both by its enemies and by its friends. By the former, in their contention that this service has always stood for privilege and oppression and that it has retarded the commercial, social and political development of India. By the latter, in the assertion that it has been a bulwark of justice, progress and freedom to the teeming millions of this renowned and ancient land, and that it has always been, and is now, the rock which has sustained and to which is anchored the British Power and Dominion in India. Whether or not the British Power will survive the Indian Civil

Service, is an enquiry with which I am not now concerned. It probably will and for a long time, but as three of the four Judges who began and who finally determined the Buddha-Gaya case in 1895 were members of this body and as all the other luminaries who revolved around the case, such as Commissioners and Lieutenant-Governors past and present, were members of that service as well, it will not be foreign to any article relating to Bodh-Gaya to take a look at these gentlemen from the short distance of twenty-six years and see what impression they make on us to-day.

It may be said in advance that the fame of the Scipios and the Cæsars would seem to be still secure and will neither be rivalled nor challenged by the glory of the Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal. In the obscurity of a British village to which retirement condemned them, it was probably to mediocrity and not to the virtues of Cincinattus that their Parish Councils were indebted for the humble Municipal labours in which our former Governors were usefully engaged. I know not if those labours have been rewarded by such honours as it was within the power of the Councils to bestow, but occasionally one of those Governors, more fortunate than the rest, has had the distinction of having his name conferred on a pilot vessel or a wind-swept sandbank to immortalize his administration and his services to Calcutta and Bengal. One of the qualifications for admission to the Indian

Civil Service was, as I have said, a candidate's ability to ride a horse. This, of course, followed the examination and was not rewarded by marks but was possibly prescribed as a test of physical fitness, since many of the members of the service would often be called upon to spend much of their time in the saddle. But you cannot go riding horses half the day without being influenced by the life connected with them and this influence is far from being the most suitable in shaping the mind of the Judge. With the horse would also go a gun which would be certain to lead to shooting and this again would not be helpful in fostering those calm unruffled reflections which should accompany a study of justice and law. But whatever else that service was and is, and however much or however little it has retarded or has contributed to the establishment and glory of the British Raj, it has never yet been accused by its enemies nor credited by its friends with having been influenced or guided by the divine light of imagination.

Poets are not solicited to seek admission to its ranks and its syllabus does not contain any subject in which the imagination is invited and encouraged to spread its splendid wings. And yet Byron would certainly have made a better Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal than any of those who have ever graced that important office. Had he been at the head of the Bengal Government in 1895, the Buddhists would not in 1924 be still

seeking that which long ago should have been restored to them without any seeking at all. Looking across the narrow gulf of a quarter of a century, we dimly behold those civil servants whom we met in 1895 divested of all those official trappings to which alone they owed the seeming importance which they then possessed. The impression which we entertain of their ability need not now be told or at length discussed, but it is not high nor such as we feel, for those rare and noble spirits as in various ages have laboured in the purple or in sackcloth for the welfare and happiness of man. Time which hides the blemishes of man and removes the scars of nature, will in a few short years bury the memory of our erstwhile Commissioners and their fellows in the void and in the silence of an eternal oblivion.

The lack of imagination so obvious in the administration of India during the latter half of the 19th century became reduced to the formulæ "Do not disturb existing arrangements." We meet this everywhere in official orders and correspondence, during the above-mentioned period. Like "in the margin" and "I am to say," it became an official fetish which pervaded the language and the edicts of the official world from the gorgeous and resplendent satrap on the opulent throne of Hastings at Belvedere to the humble Superintendent in the Secretariat or in the Department of Public Works. It was a solution

for everything. The Temple of Mahabodhi could hardly therefore escape its potent and far-reaching influence; nor did it. For we find that even before the institution of the case in 1895, the then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, on the question of the possession of the Temple being brought to his official notice, pronounced the doom of the Buddhists in the awful words of the formulæ quoted above.

At the trial* this ukase was also, amongst others, one of the weapons produced from the armoury of the defence to confound and silence the pretensions and the claim of the Buddhists.

With the exception of the Magistrate, every individual who had anything to do with the Temple both before and after 1895, from the Lieutenant-Governor downwards, seem to have been in a woeful state of ignorance in regard to its size. Not only is it an imposing thing in brick and stone, but it is also a monument overgrown with sentiment to so vast an extent that it influences the thoughts and incites the love and fervour of millions in many lands.

What was said of St. Sophia and of the site of Solomon's Temple applies with tenfold force to the Temple at Buddha-Gaya. Were it merely *one* of many Buddhist Temples, it might never have been heard of. But it is *the* Temple of the Buddhist world and as such is much too large and too

* *See* The Buddha-Gaya Temple Case.

important to be overlooked and treated as if it were a cheap museum or a thing to be bestowed on an importunate mendicant. One may easily forget amidst the scenes of a continent the beauties of Loch Lomond or the rugged grandeur of the Grampians. The oceans and the Himalayas are less likely to escape our memory.

To those who believe in the doctrine of Karma, a few hundred or a few thousand years are not too long to await the coming of justice even in a thing so dear to them as the Temple of their Guide and Instructor. Its site, its associations and the memories which cling to it proclaim that it will not and cannot be forgotten. Every man of sentiment who is a lover of justice and humanity, be his religion what it may, would love to muse and dream amidst the placid sylvan beauties of the scene where the Lord of Compassion lived and meditated. No wrong such as this can endure for long. It will not perhaps be usurping the prophetic office to predict that sooner or later, be the circumstances what they may under which it takes place, this Temple must and shall be restored to the possession of those who love and revere it. Eternal change, eternal evolution by which the Universe is preserved and sustained call man to activity and action and proclaim that life and motion are but parts of the same thing. In the grave which is assured to all there will be a period for rest and repose ere we pass onward to renew again the endless chain of

life. But while here, let us not be content to sit with folded hands awaiting death or another Mahmood to destroy us not for our sins, but for our fatal inactivity. This is addressed not so much to Buddhists as to those who govern and defend this favoured land of ours to-day. Here there is much to be done, much time to be recovered and many tasks performed not unworthy the genius of a great people.

Will you perform those tasks? Or will you like cravens with thoughts alone of proportionate pensions desert and abandon a heritage which the gallant Nicholson died to defend. The preservation of this trust is not all a matter of the security of gunnies, piece-goods, and exchange. Its ideals embrace other things besides these. Other things of far greater value, such as justice, sympathy and fortitude, with that complete religious and mental freedom under which the mind of man may soar to the stars and attain like the Buddha supreme and final enlightenment. Here in this fabled land is Nature's chosen home for the acquisition of those mental attainments and virtues which make of man a fit companion of the gods.

That these should continue to be defended against foes within or without this golden realm, is a duty which our ocean Empire owes to philosophy, to civilization, and to the world.

Sasangka of evil memory, is, after a period of fourteen centuries, not forgotten for his oppressive

and barbarous activities in the Temple in the year 600 A.D., for Mahabodhi, like the laws of Karma, will preserve while memory endures the names and the acts of its enemies and of its friends, who is there in India to-day having the power, who will do something to ensure that when the epitaph of the British Empire in India comes to be written it shall not be in the words of that formulæ of bitter memory, vain regrets, and lost opportunities, "DO NOT DISTURB EXISTING ARRANGEMENTS."

No one it seems. For after years of petitions, prayers and entreaties from the Buddhists of Burma, Ceylon and India the petitioners have only got this far, that the Government of India will not interfere between them and the Hindus but will generously leave them both to settle the question of the Temple as best they may or can.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VARIETY OF OLD DOCUMENTS IN THE RECORD.—LETTERS FROM THACKERAY'S MOTHER AND FATHER AMONGST THEM.—DESTRUCTION OF THE RECORDS FROM 1774 TO 1800 BY THE ORDERS OF PLAYFAIR, IN 1896.

For many reasons, including the changed conditions of society, the establishment of other courts, changes in the laws, and, in fact, changes in everything, during the past century, not only has the modern Sheriff almost vanished from the record, but most of Calcutta's citizens have vanished from it as well.

A hundred years ago the procedure in laying hands on a debtor's (he might be a Baronet or a scavenger) property was simple in the extreme.

It simply consisted of sweeping up everything visible which he possessed and carting it off for sale and disposal at once. In this way all sorts of documents, from bills-of-lading and price lists to letters and leases, found their way into the record, and here they remain till this day. Amongst these are letters from Thackeray's mother and father.

They were not brought to the Sheriff's office as the result of a seizure of the goods of the novelist's parents, but as the result of the seizure of the goods of some other person who lived in the same house. As a proof of how thorough the

seizure was, the Sheriff's "Catchpoles" not only laid hands on the chattels of the judgment-debtor, but removed the carriage of Mrs. Ann Thackeray at the same time. This led to her acquaintance with the Sheriff, who restored her property forthwith. No document of any kind that ever reached the Sheriff's office seems to have been destroyed. Everything was preserved, from the most trivial personal or private note to the largest and most important official document.

This being the case, what follows will be read with the deepest regret by every student of British rule in India.

In December 1895, Mr. Patrick Playfair, of the firm of Messrs. Barry & Co. of this city, was appointed Sheriff of Calcutta. This appointment was the greatest misfortune that ever befell the historical records of this city. He deserves a place beside Erostratus in the Roll of Fame, or beside Jhengis Khan who thought that the easy way to improve a city would be to burn it down. Playfair's advent to the Sheriff's office was signalised by a tour of the various rooms connected with the establishment, amongst which was a large dark room at the back in which the records were stored. Portions of them were in almirahs, parts on shelves and other portions of them were lying on the floor. There were the old records; the records for the previous twenty years were kept in the outer office rooms.



Sheriff - 1920

When Playfair beheld the mass of documents which confronted him he expressed the opinion that these should be "settled" and put in order, and for this purpose the best thing that could be done would be to sort out all those previous to the year 1800 and destroy them. There might then be room enough left for the rest. It did not occur to him to find out what the documents were which he proposed to destroy. He was evidently of opinion that they were only a mass of old writs of no value; but had he known that old things, which in their youth were little prized, become of the greatest value and interest with time, he might have left those old things alone as a hundred others had done. However, the task of sorting them out for destruction was by no means an easy one—in fact, it was so formidable that the clerks of the office were unable to undertake it and perform their duties at the same time. Some one outside the office had therefore, to be engaged for the task, which was undertaken by a Eurasian clerk. His instructions were brief and precise. They were that he would sort out all documents previous to the year 1800 and burn them. Room would then be found for the remainder. He was to receive Rs. 50 a month for his labour. The main part of the old records was stored in a large almirah capable of holding about two tons weight of papers. The writer was then a young man who had recently joined the Sheriff's office and had no sort of control over its

affairs. He saw the clerk sorting out the old papers, but, like Playfair, had no idea whatever of their nature.

Years later, when the control of the office came into his hands, he began to read the records; it was then, for the first time, that he realised what had been destroyed. The clerk was then still alive, and, on being questioned, informed the writer that the old records contained diaries of the early Sheriffs' letters and orders of all kinds from the Governors and others, which in his opinion (he had glanced at them), were of much interest, but, being a poor man with a wife and several children dependent on him to support, he did not conceive it to be his duty to go beyond his instructions, which were sufficient for him. Macrabie is supposed to have written an account of the execution of Nuncomar, though he does not seem to have published it. Impey's son who published his father's memoirs, doubts this (Chapter IV) and affirms that if Macrabie did make notes at the time of the execution, they were embellished by Francis and certainly not published or made known until twelve years later, when Sir Gilbert Elliot (Lord Minto) purported to read them when he was impeaching Impey. Stephen, however, says that even before this, but after Macrabie's death, the supposed original minutes, made three hours after the execution, were published in *Hickie's Gazette* in 1871. However this may be, it is more than probable that any

account of the execution which Macrabie may have written would have been left by him amongst the records of the Sheriff's office.

The Sessions calendar was certainly in the record, and, had this been preserved, it would have gone far to have proved exactly where Nuncomar was executed.

Two months were spent by the clerk in picking out the rarest jewels of the record. For the period 1775–1800 was certainly that in which the most important documents were likely to have come into existence. But the record being vast, some of the treasure escaped. At length the sacrifice was ready, a ton or more had been sorted out for destruction, and these precious documents, which could have told us much of Calcutta under Hastings, were taken from the court to the maidan and given to the flames.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT.—IMPEY, HASTINGS, MACAULAY.

Had the Supreme and High Courts at Calcutta been located in the centre of an active and throbbing civilization instead of being fixed amidst a people whose ideals all led to contemplation and repose, it is possible that some Anglo-Indian scholar might have done for the Chief Justices of Bengal what Campbell has done for the Chancellors of England.

He might have written their lives. Many of these Chief Justices were men whose ability and character entitled them to a place amongst the most eminent of their countrymen, but, as they were merely engaged in a task at which the Briton is most competent, such as the administration of justice or the ruling of subject peoples, posterity is not likely to know more of them than the names they bore. What Impey, Chambers, Anstruther, and Russell were as men is lost beyond recall. The hand of a son cannot be the impartial instrument that could delineate the portrait of a father, however just the son might seek to be. The character would be too highly or too dimly painted, and while he could not censure, he dare not praise.



Sir John Anstruther, *Bart.*, C.J., 1805.

But if we are to judge Impey, by what he said and by what he wrote, the picture which he presents, to our minds, is that of a just and an honourable man. A person reading Macaulay's "Essay on Warren Hastings", were this essay his only means of informing himself of what took place at the trial of Nuncomar, would receive the impression that Impey alone presided and—that the revenge of Hastings might be gratified—condemned an innocent man to death.

In the annals of literature it is perhaps impossible to find a more deliberate libel than this, and our astonishment is incited when we reflect on the mildness of the censure to which Macaulay has been subjected by those who, since his essay appeared, have controverted both his facts and his conclusions.

The reader is, of course, aware that Impey's three companions of the Supreme Court and a Jury of twelve citizens of Calcutta were present at the trial, and this in itself would ensure that no amount of bias on the part of the Chief Justice would be sufficient to convict Nuncomar, did the Jury not believe him guilty. But Impey was far from being biased, as the record of the trial most clearly shows. Nothing could be fairer than his address to the Jury in summing up the case.

All the probabilities in favour of the prisoner's innocence are well and logically put, and the man who, in the face of this, could write of Impey and

Hastings as Macaulay has done, has forfeited all claim to respect or credence, and must be styled a romancer at least. (Thomas Babington) Lord Macaulay, born in the year 1800, must have reached mental maturity about the year 1835, when we find him in India. How long his Indian Penal Code or his share in its production will keep his name alive, we do not know, but possibly it will not survive that of Justinian and his Institutes nor the fame of the celebrated lawyer Papinian.

Here, if ever, was a man who has presumed to exercise the office of a historian! Whose work may be classed as romance at best and as confused and unfaithful legends at worst.

In endeavouring to portray the feeble and impotent Dutchman, William III, as a hero and as a statesman he has shown the true value of his work and judgment, better than any critic could hope to do. He beholds a mere continental barbarian and thinks he has discovered a god; he sees a great and an amiable man (Hastings) and is sure that he is in contact with a cunning and remorseless criminal, whose cold and relentless heart is dead to every tender feeling of pity, of justice, and of humanity. We, who are in a position to behold him at a distance of one hundred and fifty years, will see the great author of the British power in India as a man endowed with a tender and a loving heart. A man whose fame will grow with the passing years and who was—when



Sir Richard Garth, *Kt.*, C.J., 1875—86.

contrasted with his traducer's hero—what a blazing sun is to a pallid moon.

It will need no future Amrou to destroy such productions as the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Time will consign to the oblivion which they deserve, those pieces of doggerel so modestly thus named by their author.

When a lawyer takes to poetry, he gives his critics some indication of the literary acrobatic feats of which he is capable, and certainly the mental atmosphere resulting from the compilation of a Penal Code could hardly be the one most favourable for the writing of a set of verse on ancient heroism and virtue.

The elder Brutus, had he seen them, would not have been likely to have had them carved in brass as a guide and as an inspiration to the youth of the infant republic.

But the work involved in the production of a Penal Code might well be a qualification for the writing of the essay on Hastings. Perhaps it is here that we may discover how it was conceived, for it could not have been the result of historical research. The time will come when every Englishman who preceded, who has followed, and who shall yet follow, Hastings in India, with the possible exception of Clive, will be forgotten; but his will remain forever the life and the figure around which the thoughts of the student will crystallise, when

two thousand years hence he thinks of the British Power in India.

If Macaulay is then remembered, it will not be for his genius as a poet, his ability as a lawyer, or his veracity as a historian, but for the reason which leads us to remember Bobadilla, when we think of the discoverer of the New World.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE HIGH COURT.—SIR BARNES PEACOCK, SIR RICHARD COUCH, SIR RICHARD GARTH, SIR COMER PETHERAM, SIR FRANCIS MACLEAN, SIR LAWRENCE JENKINS.

As the High Court is but a youthful institution, having begun its career as recently as 1862, the traditions of its first and third Chief Justices are still a living memory, while those who have held this imposing and honourable office since the time of Sir Richard Garth were, and are, well known to many of their contemporaries who yet reside in Calcutta. While yet these traditions linger, and before they die, it may not be unprofitable to give them at least a parting glance before we bring this work to a close.

Tradition affirms that Sir Barnes Peacock, the last Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the first Chief Justice of the High Court, was a man of exceptional ability and character. He appears to be best remembered for his trial of strength with the Government of John Lawrence and for his having married a woman about a third of his own age.

All sorts of people might be found to measure swords with a Governor or even with a King, but

the number of those who could be found willing to embark, on equal terms, on a matrimonial cruise with their grand-daughter's playmate, are only to be met with amongst those who are either great philosophers or great fools.

Ordinary men shun the seas over which these voyages are undertaken. What he was as a man is no longer remembered, but that he was a great and an eminent Judge is beyond dispute or doubt.

Of Sir Richard Couch tradition says nothing, which is possibly good negative evidence that he was at least a good man. But his successor, Sir Richard Garth, seems to have been a man of a much more positive kind, who, during his sojourn in this city, provided much material from which tradition might weave, and I believe, has woven, many pieces of tapestry of many hues, all of which bring before us a man of great intelligence and of a kind and noble heart.

In the ultimate he is credited with being a man of flesh and blood, endowed with all the strength and all the shortcomings of his race, which fitted him to take an active part in life as he found it, which, however simple it looks, is something that only a person in possession of complete manhood and much ability can do. He was free from all pedantry and from all those weak and foolish pretences by which men endeavour to deceive those with whom they are brought in contact—believing that they are something which they are not. Pride



SIR WILLIAM COMER PATHERAM, *Kt.*, Q.C.

for him was something that did not exist, he was as high as Mount Everest above this contemptible sin and, like most great men, he was endowed with the simplicity and the benevolent feelings of a child. A wise king, who had the interest of his people at heart, should compel them to get drunk at least once a week. The most dangerous thing that a race has to fear is that of becoming too good or too respectable. This is the stage which always precedes decline and decay, and in the peoples of India and China we may behold the effects of this goodness (called domestic and social virtues) when practised for long ages.

If the Roman people required a censor to regulate their lives and morals, the modern world may soon require another for an opposite purpose and for an opposite reason.

Sir Comer Petheram, the next inheritor of the throne of the Impeys, was and is a man who had every right to complain of the hard partiality of fortune and of fate. They fixed the most active period of his life at a time of profound repose. His learning and his ability as an advocate and as a judge were of a very high order, but they were small in comparison to those which he would undoubtedly have exhibited had his life been cast in a period of turmoil and change. Nature intended him for the construction of foundations, not as the conductor of rites in the completed edifice.

He was wasted on the nineteenth century. In those of the seventeenth or eighteenth he would have been much more at home. He was of that class or type to which such men as Cromwell and Rhodes belong, and that he did not found an Empire or destroy a dynasty is much more the fault of fate than his own.

He encountered no revolution to aid him in giving expression to his natural talents, and hence he is now certain to die a retired judge when, like Napoleon, he should have died a retired emperor or like his potent father the Lord Protector, as a king in everything except in name. In Sir Francis Maclean, the next Chief Justice, the type is reversed. There could be no Charles I nor Louis XVI to trouble his dreams, since his character was made up of all those traits which find expression in reverence for the things which he finds established, and which are to him the guiding principles of conduct and of life.

With lofty mien and haughty dignity, he sought to impress the multitude with a sense of the importance and sacredness of the power which controlled and sustained the honourable office which he held.

Like all men, he wore a mask; and as this mask is always worn on State occasions at least, those who would have judged our Chief Justice by this would have been much mistaken in their estimate of his real character. On the mask of Sir Comer Petheram we behold the calm, deliberate and placid



The Hon'ble Sir Francis Maclean, K.C.I.E., K.C.

smile, which may indicate a St. Xavier or a Voltaire, but when the soul looks forth in that luminous and expressive eye, we see the gleam of the strength and resolution which lurk within and which at other times might have brought him to a block or to a throne.

On the mask of his successor is perched that haughty gloom which forbids any approach to those lighter and smiling moods, which men will often feel and express, even in the presence of a king and sometimes in the presence of death itself.

For this he was neither held in respect nor in veneration by many, who wrongly concluded that this austere mien betokened a proud and an unsympathetic man.

They judged him wrongly, for the opposite of this was the truth, since, behind this cold and haughty mask, he concealed a heart as just and as tender as that of a virtuous and gentle woman.

In Sir Comer Petheram we have a pronounced type of Norman Englishman, in Sir Francis Maclean an equally unmistakable Highland Celt, and in his successor we may consider the kind of man that the mountains of Cambria can and does produce. Sir Lawrence Jenkins, with all the strength of character so pronounced in the face and bearing of our Norman, is much more of a scholar, and possibly his equal as a statesman. He is in all ways more affable and courteous than his predecessor, and a man who would be equally at home in the Camp,

the Senate, or on the Bench. He possessed the combative qualities of his race in a large measure and, like Byron, was an adept and devotee of the fistic art, which, in his youth at least, he practised with unvarying success. If the office of Captain in the Hampshire Militia was not an unsuitable school for the instruction of the future historian of the Roman Empire, it is not improbable that the position of light-weight champion at Oxford was something of equal help and importance, in shaping the mind and the character of the future Chief Justice of Bengal. The mask which he wore did not conceal his benevolent and generous heart. These amiable virtues were written large enough in the expression of the features and particularly in his kindly smiling eye, and that he was neither unworthy of the great office which he held nor of his place in the brilliant and learned ranks of his predecessors, is the greatest tribute that could be paid to his ability and to his memory.

The writer must here interpose that he has little veneration for an office, but a great deal for a man. It is not, by far, his respect for the office of the Chief Justice of Bengal which has led him to discover so many superior men in those who have adorned this important position. He knows little of what the earlier Chief Justices were beyond the few glimpses which come to us from the confused records of that past. But he is confident that had some of these 'Chiefs' held the office of Governor-



Sir Lawrence Hugh Jenkins, K.C.I.E.

General in India, the British Empire in Asia would now be either far north of the Himalayas or far south of the island of Ceylon.

CHAPTER XXX.

SIR STEPHEN SALE, SIR RICHARD HARINGTON, AND SOME OF THEIR WORTHY SUCCESSORS, SIR LANCELOT SANDERSON, C.J.

Amongst the many who have held the office of Puisne Justice of the Supreme and High Courts there were possibly some in the former, and there were certainly many in the latter, who were the equals of their 'Chiefs' in all except official position.

To every scholar the name of Sir William Jones will be familiar, not only as a writer and as the translator of the "Institutes of Manu," but also as the contemporary and the companion of Sir Robert Chambers and Mr. Justice Hyde. In his work he has built his own monument which will endure while libraries and students continue to exist. From the former Judges of the High Court we may select the names of Mr. Justice Sale and Sir Richard Harington, as types of those who have made this Court the first and greatest tribunal of its kind in Asia.

Mr. Justice Sale will be remembered by his contemporaries as an able advocate and as a just and an honourable judge.

He will be dear to his friends as a man of rare and stainless virtue whose nobleness of soul it would be hard to equal and impossible to surpass.

It is seldom that any man inspires in us the love with which we regard a child or a mother: that love which is akin to devotion, and is only felt for those beings who seem to be above their fellows and compatriots.

But he inspired it as few have done. His virtues were all those of a man, but so tempered by the goodness of his golden heart, that by many he was deeply and sincerely loved as one whose like would never again be found. That country, which brings forth such sons as he, is not doomed to speedy destruction. In no age nor in any nation has his type been excelled. Nature occasionally makes such as he, but without a mould. Could she do so in the case of the many instead of in the case of the few, then there might be some hope for mankind and reality might yet be born, from what has ever been, and must ever continue to be, a dream.

A virtuous son has sometimes been worthy of a virtuous father, and this has often been the highest tribute that could be paid to his acts or to his memory, but here the tribute would be due to the sire, for few men could be worthy of such a rare and beloved son.

Sir Richard Harington will neither claim nor incite our love. He will command instead our esteem and our admiration. Descended from a long line of statesmen and warriors, he inherits the traditions and the blood of that famous family whose deeds and exploits illuminate and dignify the

varied chapters of England's history for the past eight hundred years.

This heritage stamps him as the man of breeding, in thought, in demeanour, and in conduct. He is as calm and courteous as a Crichton, but as firm and inflexible as those stern ancestors who, with unshakable constancy and resolution, fell with the small but graceful and mighty Richard, in defending the Crown of England against those barbarous hirelings and ignoble traitors, on the fatal field of Bosworth.

Shakespeare has not thought it beneath his dignity to traduce and blacken the character of the fallen "Hunchback."

But posterity has already begun, and will ultimately complete, the task of sweeping away those malignant falsehoods and libels which have stained and reviled the memory of the redoubtable and gallant Richard III.

If a man will not for himself believe or hope in transmigration, let him hope in it for others that the rare and gentle attributes of such men as Sir John Woodroffe, Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee and Sir Thomas Richardson, may return to grace other Courts in other times, and spread again the spell of their personalities around their happy contemporaries and companions. Here were three men, who would have adorned any country and any age. Not in the classic times of Greece or Rome, am I able to picture any son of those glorious States who beside

either of those three judges, would have appeared a giant either in intellect or in culture.

Woodroffe was all that brains, education, and inclination could make a man, a being almost without a visible flaw. Mookerjee stands forth with the majesty of India's thought and scholarship on his brow, the High Priest of all her Brahmins, and the chief of her scholars and sages. He dominates her sons and children as the Himalayas dominate her sunny and fertile plains, for beside him there was none in the land of the Vedas who would not deem it an honour to brush the dust from off his feet. Richardson all grace and courtesy was a fit companion for these or for any of those finished and noble grandees which Scotia has sent forth from Crichton to Inchcape to spread the glory of her name and the greatness of her sons in a hundred lands remote from her own frowning splendour.

The most delicate scruples need not make a writer hesitate to offer his tribute to men, who though yet alive, are no longer in India, but it is with more diffidence that I speak of some who yet feel the power of an eastern sun, and carry on the tradition begun with the coming of Impey and his companions to this land of hopes and visions in 1774. The fact that the material which has provided me with the mental pictures embodied in these pages, had lain undisturbed for over one hundred and forty years without anyone having had the

curiosity of turning it over to see what men and what incidents it embalmed, leads me to the reflection that another century or two may elapse before another writer undertakes a similar task to that on which I am now engaged, in which case the present Judges from Sir Ewart Greaves to Mr. Justice C. C. Ghose may not escape oblivion if they be not invited to join the varied and respectable company gathered and conducted here. If the names of some of the early Chief Justices are not yet forgotten, a few are or have been very much mixed or confused, and to even a Judge of the High Court at Calcutta at present it is possible that the names of their official predecessors Sir William Dunkin, Sir Henry Seaton, Sir John Franks, and Sir William Grant are not so familiar as they would be had fortune, instead of elevating them to the Bench, bestowed on them a post in the Sheriff's Office and a taste for ancient times and documents. For the benefit therefore of posterity, I may permit myself a hurried glance at some of the Judges of the High Court to-day, but with the restraint that one must indulge in speaking of a man who stands on the same side of eternity as ourselves. It is possible that there are men in the High Court to-day who were not unworthy companions, and are not unworthy successors of Richardson, Woodroffe and Mookerjee, but this, dear reader, must not here be said except in a vague and general way.

But as to think of Woodroffe or Richardson was to think of grace and courtesy at the same time this will bring us Sir Hugh Walmsley, who was and is more alike in mien and character to Richardson than he was and is to any other Judge in the High Court.

Both members of the Indian Civil Service, they have done much to leaven the mass whose besetting sin is neither modesty nor humility. For their sakes, I am almost willing to forgive them their Mackenzies and their Wrights the weakness for display and swagger which was perhaps a national characteristic and not an attribute of the Indian Civil Service alone.

There are many men whom we would not alter, even if we had the power, and there are others whom we would turn around a little, or to whom we would add a torch of character here and there, or from whom we would knock off a few chips to bring the figure to our satisfaction.

We will do this for Sir George Rankin after which we will have a nearly perfect model or something approaching Sir John Woodroffe. On many of those who appear before him in the guise of barristers, I believe he wastes a good deal of needless courtesies, a little of which might be fittingly reserved for others who come not bearing the wrongs and the woes of injured clients. We will just add to his own the least touch of Woodroffe's stately grace and manner, and our

subject will be fit to take his place with the immortals.

We will leave Sir Ewart Greaves as he is, for it would be a pity to add or to take anything from him. He is just a good rugged type without pretensions to more than simple honesty, virtues which perhaps are all too rare in an age of sham and sensation.

Mr. Justice Buckland is to the Judges what Mr. Jackson is to the Bar, a man impatient of verbose humbug. He wastes no valuable courtesies on dull and stupid bores nor is he more willing to err with senior pleaders who talk nonsense than he would be with a junior in a like position.

Discharging the functions of an honourable office, all are alike to him, and it must be the justice of a man's cause, and not the person or the merit of his advocate which will incline the scales of justice towards him in the Court where justice sits in the person of Mr. Justice Buckland.

Half the intercourse of modern life is make-believe, and this is and must be particularly true of the mixed society which exists in India.

There is much pretence, many smiles, but little sincerity; and many men are treated with seeming respect who deserve little but contempt.

Buckland, I believe, has sufficient independence of character and enough devotion to honesty to render him proof against such moral cowardice, and he is possibly a reversion to that frankly

honest type of a century ago who believed and felt that it was better and more honourable to go out and fight an enemy than it was to waste time and dignity in trying to placate him.

An excellent Judge, his presence in the High Court brings to its atmosphere that purifying breath of cold and healthy candour which reminds many that life is made of harder things than smiles and pious wishes.

A few dozen Bucklands to assist our Colonels, might be able to induce India to return to a state of repose, and in so doing relieve the Secretary of State of the importunities of the members of Sir Hugh Walmsley's service in their clamour for retirement and proportionate pensions. I have reserved the last place, here set apart, for judges, that Mr. Justice C. C. Ghose might come and occupy it, not because he is the least or the greatest, but because we love him the best.

Machiavelli will have it that it is better or more profitable to incite the hate or the respect of men, than it is to beget their love. This might be good counsel for an Italian Prince of the 14th century, but would be cold and stupid if offered to any of fortune's happy children to-day. From one of these our love can no more be withheld than our feelings can be controlled. It is in the presence of these that our lives are enriched, and the burden of our existence lightened and made easy to bear. Mr. Justice Ghose carries the proof of fortune's

favours in a handsome face and person, a cheerful and happy mien, which reminds us of a sky in which there are no clouds or storms, and in which the sun for ever shines. From the knowledge that such as he and Mookerjee owed their birth to India, a philosopher seeking inspiration at Gaya and not at a Western Arsenal, may indulge the reasonable and consoling hope that the unity and redemption of mankind is not all a dream, and that the East may yet awaken the West by the beams of a light more glorious than those of the Sun.

It is with some diffidence that the writer approaches what yet remains to be said of the last Chief Justice who will take his place in this work. Were productions of this kind more common than they are, he would not only be pleased, but he would be happy to leave to another the task or the pleasure of writing what may well be said of Sir Lancelot Sanderson. When, like his predecessors, he has passed from the stage which he now occupies, to the calm retirement of some English village, amidst such scenes as Diocletian found at Salona, from which not all the tears and all the prayers of Galerius could recall him. Or, to that further stage which lies beyond the praise or the malice of man. But these productions are few. Our city is singularly backward in such works as portray her life and progress from time to time, and, so far as the Sheriffs are concerned, they are not likely to find another chronicler for many years to come if

ever. These reflections and the knowledge that a few fleeting years will close the careers of all who play their part in the life of Calcutta to-day has been the reason and are my excuse for speaking of the present Chief Justice at all. But where nothing good or laudable can truthfully be said of a man while living, silence may always be observed, and this would have been the course which the writer would have pursued had his impressions been other than what they are.

Law and justice are often much confounded but do not always mean the same thing. What Sir Lancelot Sanderson is, and his predecessors were, as lawyers, I neither know nor care. It is not for this that they are, and that he will be, remembered and entitled to our veneration and to our esteem. Skill or knowledge in any art, craft, or profession, may beget our respect and may be vital to the individual in the battle of life, but we will no more reverence a man for this than we will for the shape of his head or the proportions of his stature.

But he to whom the gods have given a noble heart is always he to whom our affection will be given as well. A man's skill or knowledge is something that belongs to and most intimately concerns himself alone. But his acts and character react on his fellows, and it is for these that he will be despised or loved. If this nobleness of heart be then man's highest attribute, Sir Lancelot Sanderson will find an equal and a lasting place not only beside the

'Chiefs' from Impey to Jenkins, but amongst those other noble and capable men who have made the British Empire in India the glorious and the splendid thing that it is.

The terms "capable," "strong," "vain" and "learned" are those by which Peacock, Petheram, Maclean and Jenkins have been distinguished. Not by the writer, but by a hundred others, whose voice and whose pronouncements are for us the voice of the people, which is also the voice of God. This voice, which is never silent and is never at rest, has also found for the present Chief Justice an epithet, and, in the term "Just" the reader and Sir Lancelot Sanderson's contemporaries will determine how well or how badly this word portrays their own estimate of his manner and character. A man who sits upon a throne, or who occupies the Judicial Bench, will find a critic in every individual who appears before him. In the reverence which the King or the Judge beholds, he does not see how he is being judged while he judges the cause or the acts of others.

Their judgments, unlike his, are not pronounced in open Court, but they are whispered in solitude to the winds or told to the stars, and these luminaries whisper them back to the larger world which lies outside the Bench or the Throne and that larger world finally determines whether the King or the Judge is a good or is a bad man. Hundreds of these suitors and critics have sat or have stood in



Sir Elijah Impey, *Kt.*, C.J.

judgment on Sir Lancelot Sanderson and their judgment is this, that beyond his courtesy and benevolence he is a man incapable of any act to which the most delicate and the most scrupulous sense of justice and honour could object, and that, like Marcus Aurelius, it would be impossible for him to do or think a conscious wrong. To the worth of a judge there could be no tribute beyond this.

It is one of the jests or ironies of life, that we seldom find a man engaged in the task for which by nature and aptitude he is fitted and was intended.

Many cobblers make bad boots, who might have made good verse. Many bad doctors would have made excellent soldiers were they not engaged in destroying their fellows in a safer and less dangerous way. Many lawyers would be more at home on the stage than at the Bar, and hundreds of indifferent Judges would be more usefully and congenially employed as partisan politicians. In the exalted and dignified office of a Judge, there are few who do not endeavour to be just, where neither the interests of themselves, their friends or their country is at issue in the cause, but there are fewer still to whom justice is more than all these, and dwarfs in comparison or in competition every consideration of country or of self.

At the hands of most men it is necessary to plead, to sue, and to beg for justice, because this goddess, thing or principle, is not so common, so cheap and so natural as we believe till we have

occasion to seek it. But sometimes on the judgment seat a man may be found before whom one need not beg, except in courtesy, but demand that it be done, and he will allow that claim, for justice to him is as sacred as life, and he who has right on his side must prevail though other things if not the heavens were to fall. Epitaphs of all kinds are applied to all sorts of men and even judges do not escape this general labelling, and although a dozen other terms and descriptions are often used, it is seldom said of one that he is a "Just man." And yet no title could be so high and worthy for one who blamelessly holds the scales of Justice even between his fellow men. Sir Lancelot Sanderson is such a man, at his hands Justice may be demanded, and were virtue as spectacular as sham or expediency, this would keep his name and his Justice in memory long beyond the short and fitful span which embraces the duration of a man's life.

Whatever fate may be reserved for Britons whose lives and acts are confined to the cold inclement regions of North-Western Europe, those who wander to this land of sunshine and spices must or may partake of the inheritance which Karma begets in the home of the Upanishads and the Vedas, or in the home of him, the most sublime figure of all, the Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.

If such return to fulfil their destiny in the endless chain of life, it may not be impossible that the acts and the thoughts of those who were present

as Judges—and of some of their successors—at the birth of the Supreme Court in 1774, have brought them back to the High Court a century later to resume again their age-long task which shall not end till, in the struggles and the purification of a million lives, they reach the state where peace and redemption is found in the eternal bliss and repose of Nirvana.

Thus in Sir Comer Petheram we may discover Sir Elijah Impey, while Mr. Justice Hyde may have met us again as Sir Francis Maclean. Sir Robert Chambers will lose none of our admiration and respect when we behold him as Sir Lawrence Jenkins, and Sir Lancelot Sanderson will not blush to be told of his relationship to the virtuous and amiable Sir Edward Hyde East. Sir Charles Edward Grey, Sir Francis Macnaghten, and Sir Henry Seaton have yet to return to Calcutta.

When they do, they may discover many changes in the "City of Palaces," but none in the tradition and in the justice of that Court which they knew in the early nineteenth century, and that to which they will return in the twentieth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BARRISTERS OF THE SUPREME AND HIGH COURTS OF FORT WILLIAM.—LITTLE TRACE OF THEM IN THE SHERIFFS' RECORDS.—THEIR FAME BUT A FLEETING THING.—J. T. WOODROFFE, SIR GRIFFITH EVANS, LAL MOHAN GHOSE AND WILLIAM JACKSON.

Though teeming with evidence of the life and affairs of Calcutta's citizens of all kinds for more than a century, the Sheriffs' records are almost as bare of anything relating to the Barristers of the Supreme and High Courts, as if those astute and interesting men had passed their lives and underwent their labours in a place more remote from the Maidan than the veiled Cities of Tibet or those of Central America. Occasionally a stray letter may inform us that Longuville Clarke bore the toils of an Advocate in the Supreme Court about the middle of the nineteenth century and the printed records of the suits and appeals, relating to the scattering of Claude Martin's millions may inform us that the Mayor of Lyons and some of Martin's relatives had their legal interests protected and maintained by W. H. Tinney and J. L. Knight, while R. Spankie, Chas. Wetherell, Wm. Horne, W. W. Follett, Fred. Pollock, James Wigram and E. I. Lloyd stood

forth to assert the right of the Honourable East India Company to share in the distribution of the previous metals which the prudent care of the lover of Lise and the protector of Colonel Harper's daughter Sally had collected during his adventurous and romantic life.

It is probable that the Advocate of the Supreme Court in 1832 did not require so many gold mohurs to move him to action and interest as would be required in the High Court to-day to incite the solicitude of Mr. S. R. Das, Mr. L. P. Pugh, Mr. Langford James or Mr. N. N. Sircar in the claims or in the wrongs of an innocent and defrauded suitor. Yet seven Advocates, to uphold a right or a privilege, could only be expected in a cause in which the heirs of the Moghuls and the thrifty soldier were engaged, neither of whose treasure chests had their lids and bottoms very close together, for both were deep, and carefully filled.

It was from the chest of the latter, however, that the inducement would be drawn in the shape of gold ingots or gold mohurs to keep those followers of Erskine in fealty and good humour during the lengthy trials and appeals that arose out of the distribution of Martin's estate, and could he have foreseen how much of his spoil would find a resting place in the Supreme Court, he might have devoted not a portion, but all his wealth, to the luxury and welfare of his beloved Lise and her gentle and youthful companion.

In recent years, J. T. Woodroffe, Sir Griffiths Evans and Lal Mohan Ghose, shed the light of their talents and abilities in the atmosphere of the High Court, while William Jackson, at an age beyond the common duration of life, still adorns the Bar of that institution. Woodroffe, with a profound knowledge of the law, had the tenacity of fate and the resolution of a strong man engaged in a holy cause, and doing battle for others. Not eloquent but slow, deliberate with a fixed pursuit and objective.

Evans, equally learned, was cast in a lighter and more graceful mould, but was equally tenacious and successful. The class of oratory for which India is famed is seldom heavy or moving, but in Lal Mohan Ghose, she produced a man whose type was solid and convincing, and whose eloquence far surpassed any other of her sons who ever sought fame or applause on any Indian platform.

Sleep was not likely to touch the eyelids of any man who listened to his speeches or pleadings.

They were solid things of harmony and knowledge delivered with impressive force and fervour. But there was one man in India who surpassed Ghose in the art and in the accomplishments of the Forum, and that man has the fortune or the felicity of being still alive, he is Mr. William Jackson. It takes a combination of a few rare and varied gifts and qualities to make an orator and a few more joined to these, to make a great man.

In the first, brains, eloquence and voice are required, and when character and personality are joined to these, we have a great man. Jackson is of that type of universal genius who would be at home and be master at any thing and anywhere. The Court, the Senate, the Race-course or the Battle-field, would be all the same to him, he would shine and lead anywhere.

I do not know if he has ever turned his attentions to sculpture or painting, but if he did, it is probable that he made a success even of these. The writer has listened to the periods of a few men who bore a reputation for eloquence, including Lord Curzon. But their art or gifts were poor and feeble when compared to the blazing and brilliant eloquence of Jackson, such as the notes of a Music Hall artist might bear to the swelling glories of Caruso. Gifted with a voice of splendid timbre, the eloquence of Jackson began like the opening notes of an organ, it then flows on with the even and stately grace of a river, no word twice repeated and no trembling or hesitation for a word or an idea.

Every sentence perfectly formed, every word of that sentence delivered with its full sound and inflection, which made his utterances things of harmony and beauty. Had fate not consigned him to the prosaic, if lucrative calling of an advocate at Calcutta, his eloquence in other lands might have served to begin that revolution of which Sir Comar

Petheram was so much in need to help him up the steps of some vacant throne.

With all these gifts, with an independence that scorned everything petty and mean, nothing would do the presiding deities of destiny, but they must send Jackson to the High Court at Calcutta at a time when there was a fairly large crop of fools and place-hunters to be met with on the Bench or Benches before which he was doomed to plead.

The political expediency which makes a man a Judge because of the colour of his skin or his connection with some sect or religion, had put those Solons there, and not any legal knowledge or fitness for an office which only the most worthy and gifted may fill with credit and respect.

Of the contempt with which he regarded these placemen he made no disguise. If he could not infect them with the germs of reason, he had the satisfaction of exposing them for the creatures they were, and when on one occasion the friendly suggestion was made to him that he would probably succeed on appeal, he retorted that you did not necessarily increase the value of a Court by multiplying the number of fools on its Bench. Through all the ages the greatest aristocracy which has existed is the aristocracy of brains.

You may forget the courtesies due to the Duke of Montebello, to His Grace of Devonshire, and to come nearer home, to His Lordship of Reading.

But you must not overlook the worth and genius of Johnson, Burns, Byron, Burke, Sheridan or Jackson. If you do, your neglect will not go unpunished, for the skin of genius is thin, is sensitive to slights or to neglect, and possesses a memory more sharp and long than that of a creditor or a lover. A former Chief Justice of Bengal in a forgetful moment confounded the merit of Jackson with the humble ability of the mass of Advocates who appeared professionally in his presence. He forgot that even a Judge must treat the children of Minerva with more consideration than they would treat a mere King, so when Jackson took himself out of Court it was with an impression on his mind that was to bear nice instructive fruit for a Chief Justice later on. No man acquainted with Jackson's impatience of fools and pretence would dare present to him without permission any man, be he whom he might, for his hand like that of the Douglas is his own which will never be given but as an expression of esteem and respect.

The occasion came at length which brought the Chief Justice and Jackson to the same gathering, either at one of those stupid and eternal Indian garden parties, or at some equally distressing function does not matter, but whatever the party was, it found the Chief Justice in a more amiable frame of mind than on the day which saw him turn the lightning of his judicial displeasure on the leader and most able man at the Calcutta Bar.

Sensible of Jackson's resentment, the Chief Justice regarded the hour as a fitting one in which to make amends, and with a sincerity which not even the former could doubt, advanced with extended hand to do so. Our advocate who seemingly could not forgive in a Judge what he would not overlook in an Attorney, chose not to see the intended action, but moving aside turned his back on the proferred hand of the Chief Justice of Bengal.

That Chief Justice, dear reader, was no ordinary man, but even able men continue to learn as they pursue the happy shaded roads of life. Sometimes at the hands and from the conduct of fools, but more often from lessons taught by men as able and as resentful as themselves. A man more brilliant and more honest than his fellows, is not expected nor supposed to collect much love or respect from those whom he instructs or pushes aside.

But Jackson is a man who stands so far above his contemporaries both in ability and character that he is by reason of his position beyond the envy of those who surround him either in a professional or in a social sense.

We do not envy those who dwell in the clouds or in the stars.

He is "the dear respected Chief" of the Bar and with his passing the last of those blazing stars which shone in the legal sky of Bengal during the 19th century will have fallen, and those whom he leaves behind at the Calcutta High Court will look

not on his like again for such as he leave no successors.

Not all the intellect of Greece was collected at Athens, nor was all the genius and ability of the Romans gathered in the City of Romulus nor even along the banks of the Tiber.

A few of the mighty lay scattered here and there throughout the various cities and provinces of the Republic and the Empire, and strange as it may seem, not all the mental splendour of the British Commonwealth is at present revolving around the city on the banks of the Thames, in or out of Westminster or Whitehall. A few even have journeyed as far East as India, and of that few William Jackson, by right of mental inheritance, might easily claim to stand at the head. Fortune or choice has made him a great advocate, but Nature, more partial, made him a great man.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SHERIFFS FROM 1921 TO 1925.—A SMALL BUT WORTHY GROUP.—FIT COMPANIONS FOR THE BEST OF THEIR PREDECESSORS.

In the preceding chapters of this work I have glanced at some, I have discussed a few, and I have introduced many men whom worth or accident has brought here, and in adding to the number the name of Sir William Crawford Currie, I will provide them all with an excellent companion, if I do not bring them, a chief, a master, or a King.

He whom Currie most resembles amongst his predecessors is his amiable compatriot Sutherland, and if Nature never made two characters alike, she almost accomplished this impossible feat, when she turned her deft and experienced hand to the fashioning of minds suitable to the persons of those rare and estimable men. At an age around or verging on forty, Currie has the rare and happy fortune of being still a boy, and finds the duties allied to the management of the Calcutta branch of the great shipping combine, the P. & O. and B. I., a matter not of toil or labour, but one of pleasing interest and relaxation.

Were he a man of the exploded "strong silent" type, with the mythical "square jaw," he might by



William Crawford Currie, 1922.

now have many useless furrows on his brow, and the affairs of his company tied up in many bundles of knots, but being an open-hearted sunny boy, the trifles of life relating to ships or continents are to him as the toys and bubbles of childhood. They may be, and are disposed of without the burning of much midnight oil, for the gods delight in smoothing the paths along which their favourites walk, and journey. Along these paths abundance of flowers and wreaths lie spread and those who walk them, are forever engaged in plucking those flowers and gathering this wreath, for what ? To bestow it on those, whose paths are strewn with brambles, which pierce and torture their naked feet.

In yielding to the dictates of generosity, it is possible that Currie neither felt nor deserved the pleasing glow which animates those whose hearts move them to acts of kindness and consideration for their less fortunate fellows, because, being a Scotsman, he could not by all the laws of fable, humour, satire and national reputation have had any right to those soft and warm feelings.

If the reader is not surprised, he may be pained to learn that there should be found so many generous Scotsmen both in these pages and in Calcutta, and that in spite of self-assertion, a virtue in which the children of England and of Ireland are singularly deficient, not all the generosity and genius existing in Great Britain or in India is to be found amongst

those who were born south and west of the River Tweed. The reader's pain will be deepened in the discovery that the success which attends the cold-hearted children of Scotia in competition with the innocent and guileless sons of the sister states or kingdoms is not all due to the deliberate and sinister cunning of the Scottish character, but to such common and trifling traits as constancy, integrity and social virtue.

Scotsmen make no boast of these, because they are natural and pass unobserved, for it is only amongst a people where they do not exist, that generosity and kindred traits are claimed as attributes of the national spirit and character.

In a pilgrimage generously strewn with thorns and roses, shaded by lowering clouds and brightened by the cheering beams of many suns, I have had the felicity of wandering in many lands, of meeting many men, and of sharing or purchasing their hospitality.

Standing at the end and looking back along those roads and years, and at the crowds which pass and throng them, I am pleased to reflect on my wanderings in Scotland, and on my intercourse with her sincere and hospitable children of whom it may be truly said, that our esteem for them is deepened by time and to know them long is to love them well. The writer has not the honour of being himself a Scotsman, so his tribute to a gallant and noble people may be paid without a blush, for they like a great

nation do not praise and glorify themselves but are content that their character should be painted by enemies or by strangers and not by themselves or by their friends. For themselves they make no claim to be the greatest colonists, the greatest administrators or the greatest anything else amongst the people of the British Isles. But they are the undoubted equals of the others in administrative ability and far surpass them in prudence and judgment. They have penetrated to the most remote spots on earth, and have an ability approaching genius in adapting themselves to the manners and habits of any people in the world. They beat their relatives the Irish as Cannibal Kings or Rain Makers, and as Nawabs or Sultans they are several times the girth of the earth ahead of their English rivals who wither and die if removed for long, from any of the various tracks which lead to the comfort and luxury of home and London.

The genius of the Scottish race is positive, not negative like that of their cousins south of the border, for before the latter had done demonstrating mathematically and logically the impossibility of doing anything, the heir of the kilt and bagpipes would have several new jute mills disturbing the slumbers of the dreamer for the time being at Government House or would have added a few "Mooltans" to the P. & O. fleet that the various official somnambulists on their way from India to their icy isle, should, in added comfort and assured

repose, recover on the seas of the East and the Mediterranean, the health and energy expended in the gold and purple task of ruling with the help of a few hundred thousand bayonets that docile and feeble thing called India.

But while the official autocrats continue to boast of ruling this old romantic land in name, the Inchcapes, Yules and Curries with no assertion or swagger more threatening than a smile, will continue to rule it in truth, and to find food and labour for many thousands of its weak and helpless children. For those raw and innocent British boys, whose dreams are turning their thoughts to this land of spices and beauty to-day, the fiat or the hope has gone forth that the Hughli may return to its source and as the Mackenzies and the Wrights swaggered and ruled in the past, they may rule if not swagger in the coming years.

But this my innocents may not be, the spell is broken and cannot be restored. Things less common and human than feet of clay have destroyed such imposing things as gods, and whatever future there may be for the British Army and for Scotsmen in India there can be none for you ye chosen and devoted few. In your persons you must pay for the sins or the privileges of your official fathers if not for your own and the payment will be extracted in the pleasing pastime, which every political scavenger may now with safety indulge in traducing and



Sir Francis Macnaghten, 1827.
From Chinnery's Painting in the High Court.

baiting the fallen and defenceless members of your erstwhile august and lordly body, the Civil Service of India.

I have suggested in an earlier part of this work that the Government of India might be turned over with profit to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. Here when your case grows desperate, you might invoke the aid and the good offices of Inchcape, and Yule, who besides other things, might teach you to forget that you were Kings and to remember that you were men, who with a smile and perhaps a bottle of "old Scots" might still continue to rule, to kiss any good-looking girl that came your way, and like children of your blood and race, knock the head of any troublesome politician against the wall, nor like a timid woman value or fear any questions asked or any oratorical flames enkindled in those delightful low comedy theatres, the Councils of India. If you will come with me to Fort William in 1832, I will introduce you to Captain Macnaghten who, although an excellent fighter, wrote sweeter and better poetry than any member of your service has done in one hundred and eighty years, and did not my consideration for the feelings of the reader forbid; I might quote you sufficient of his verse whose use would enable you to move and win the soft and gentle heart of any of your susceptible and dreamy-eyed countrywomen.

Scholarship and the kingly office are not incompatible with smiles and wine and a readiness

to knock a fool's or an idiot's head off even if he is a politician.

Julius Cæsar was a man possibly as great as any member of your service, and you know that he was equal to taking a hand at anything from drinking, speaking, and writing, to fighting and kissing Egyptian Queens. He would make a respectable model for the Indian Civil Service to-day, and could you catch a little of his fire, you would not tremble and cry for proportionate pensions when confronted by Mr. Montagu on one hand and Mr. Das on the other. Strife and danger, if they came, would be welcomed as presenting the opportunity to indulge in something more exciting and stirring than listening to weary nonsense or adding other monuments to those already mouldering in the graveyard cities of India, something more worthy of a people, who have practised if they have not preached that eternal struggle is the salutary scheme of Nature for getting rid of the dead and cumbersome things, including nations which having played their parts, she desires to have swept away.

Cease to be enamoured of this ancient game, and the hour of your departure is upon you. Should you be given to dreaming of things beyond your district, you might remember with satisfaction how Churchill beheld with a smile the hands of the clock point to the hour of 12 on the night of the 4th August 1914 when he knew that his sleeping country

was at length committed, to something more invigorating than the monotonous debates of the House of Commons or the wild and desperate game of cricket. Like Hannibal and Scipio Africanus, Winston's political usefulness perished by the way, and he enjoyed the common experience of seeing, if he did not feel, the ingratitude of a people whom he had done something to save from a fate which they possibly deserved. But here he is in good company and need not blush, but feel the satisfaction which is rightly his, in that he did not despair of the Empire, but cheerfully saw her embark on an adventure in which there would be plenty of agony and death, but also a reasonable amount of justifiable pride and undaunted resolution.

It does not matter if Currie does not take his place in bronze on the maidan amongst some of the pigmies already there, and whether his name survives the hour of his sojourn in Calcutta or not, matters even less.

We will believe for him if he does not believe for himself, that his thoughts and acts will go on living for ages during which he will often behold, with pity, the vain endeavours to immortalize some of his petty and stupid contemporaries, whom a few short years will sweep into that oblivion which mercifully hides the millions of other fools, who preceded them.

Like his, our thoughts will not die, but will have their consequences in far and distant years, when

that baseness of thought and purpose which constitutes the public acts of many men to-day, will have been destroyed and a State composed of honest and able men will have been founded, above the wrecks of those social atrocities which are called nations to-day.

In that hour and in that State, our amiable Sheriff will hold a position of a little more dignity than of an M. L. C., for the consequence of the thoughts which many entertain of him now, will then have made him the chief of that State which is to be. Like Sutherland, he not only reflects some honour on his country but he deserved to be one of her sons. To a scholar conscious of what this means, who sees the noble and mighty galaxy of Scotia's chiefs and geniuses down the ages, the intrepid devotion, the courteous mien and graceful attributes of her favoured children, no honour could be greater than to be deemed worthy of an inheritance such as this. The philosophy of the West would make our immorality depend upon others, that of the East makes it depend on ourselves, and here we will choose the latter as being most in accordance with equity and justice, and with the eternal and inflexible law of Karma. To these, let us resign William Crawford Currie and let his virtues be our best assurance that the good and generous thoughts which have been and which will continue to be born in his life will go on living for countless ages, after the last Sheriff of

Fort William has, or has not proclaimed the end and the termination of the British Empire in India. When I turn to Mirza Mahommed Ali Nakey, the Sheriff who succeeded Currie in 1923, I am back in a moment in the early days of Caleb and Amrou, and those intrepid Lieutenants of the early Khaliffs who carried their victorious arms and the precepts of the Koran over the Countries of the degenerate East, and over some of those in the rude and barbarous West. Ali Nakey possessed all the gentle simplicity of a hero, free from the arts of guile and cunning, which belong to the mart and to modern civilization, and which are so carefully cultivated all over the world to-day. Though living in the present century, he was a man of other and of more heroic times, in which personal worth was of more value than commercial skill in getting the better of others.

In his presence it was easy to understand the Mahomedan conquest of India, for he furnished us with an example of what his forefathers were like, before the climate and luxuries of Hindusthan had sapped the simple virtues and martial ardour of the tireless soldiers of the Crescent. The sword is a splendid instrument to effect a conquest, the scales of Justice can alone sustain it. Like Fink, Ali Nakey will possibly have no natural successors, nor any one worthy of deriving inspiration from the example of his blameless and virtuous life. But he will have official heirs in his office of Sheriff

as worthy as he himself has been of Macnaghten, Sutherland and Currie. I pay him the tribute which he so well deserves in linking his name with theirs.

I will leave Caleb in Syria, and Amrou in Egypt, and return to Clive Street in Calcutta in the twentieth century, for it is the atmosphere of this century and of that street that we required to obtain any just appreciation of Sir Willoughby Carey, the successor of Ali Nakey in the Office of Sheriff. If the latter takes us back to the seventh century, the former will convey us with ease into the middle of the twenty-first, for while our descendant of Mahomedan Chiefs would think the best way to treat a mountain that lay in his path would be to walk or drive round it, Carey would be sure to see in it a nice object through which to bore a tunnel, or on which to erect an aerial railway. One would have little difficulty in convincing him that all things were made to be altered and not to be let alone.

He finds his business, perhaps his pleasures in moving things from where they are to where they were not, and I believe he lately demonstrated to an innocent Viceroy what consequences might be expected to arise from moving so common a thing as coal from the place where Nature laid it in Bengal, to some other place or places in which she had been so stupid as to put oceans or sandy plains. The conception that a horned animal grazing on a



Sir Willoughby Langer Carey, *Kt.* 1924.

prairie might be completely and remuneratively removed from that plain in tins and in bales was his, but one that he did not carry out. If, instead of cattle, he would develop this idea on men, he would solve many problems, racial and commercial, and possibly build himself a monument as enduring as that which Timur erected with the skulls of his enemies, for whatever dispute there may be about the number of cattle, most are agreed that there are far too many men.

The late war was an unsuccessful attempt to reduce their numbers to comfortable proportions, but perhaps the canning and powder process would be more effective. Sir Willoughby can have the writer's thanks in advance, for anything he thinks it worth his while to do in this direction. So far as honours are concerned, he has already done enough to ensure their coming and their continuance. Should he find himself in the company of Inchcape and Cable some day at Westminster, he will have done something to establish the belief that the Office of Sheriff at Calcutta has become as sure a stepping-stone to the House of Peers as that of the Sheriff of London. I have made several attempts in these pages to delineate the character of a man in a word, and here one springs readily to the mind, "cheerful."

This trait is so evident in Sir Willoughby Carey that it pervaded all he did, and even in his generosity you would remember that he was

cheerfully so. But under this cheerful exterior there is quite another man, one not easily denied anything on which he had fixed his heart and his wishes. When he has obtained them all, we will hope that they will not bring him regrets, but like Byron believe "that pleasure is no hope and happiness no dream."

In "The Sheriffs of Fort William" there is not a name which designates a better type of man. We would not alter or add anything to him in person or in character, and this is something which candour does not often say of any but the best of their kind.

Our esteem and respect are his, and in the names of Bankier and Pickford let us consign him to their splendid company. There is only one more Sheriff who will ever trouble these pages, and having disposed of him the Roll having added to it the name of David Ezra, may be rolled up till the endless round of life brings us back again to Fort William in a few hundred million years. You, my reader, will observe that I am in no hurry to return and have allowed myself sufficient time not only to find my way back to the earth, but to ensure that there will be plenty of old documents ready to hand by the time that I return. Those who have watched the growth and the changes in Calcutta during the past thirty years, may not at the same time have observed how much those changes were due to the enterprise and commercial



David Ezra, Sheriff, 1926.

genius of the Marwari residents. But for them, the Briton and the Bengali might still be engaged in the pleasures of dreams and slumber, and it is due to the Marwaris to say that it was they who woke the others out of their sleep, and stirred them to some semblance of activity and life.

Sir Onkarmull Jatia has the honour of being a member of this ancient and versatile people. He has the further honour of being a partner of Sir David Yule. Yule has the pardonable right to give himself credit for sharing with Cæsar, Napoleon and the present Chief Justice—to mention a few—the ability to discover worth or talent wherever it exists.

Jatia's partner is known in the Bazar at Calcutta as the "White Marwari". He has possibly got more than enough brains to appreciate the compliment, if he deserves it, Insolvent Courts need not disturb his slumbers during the remaining period of his life.

The "Commercial Morality" of the Marwari, like that of the Japanese, is neither honoured nor applauded by the innocent traders of other countries who are unable to get the better of them, and did not the Marwari's religious scruples confine him to India, his commercial ability would soon perturb the mercantile strongholds of London and New York. In all the world, there is no trader like he. The Jew and the Armenian have earned a reputa-

tion as merchants; and in many lands they are entitled to this reputation still.

Calcutta has seen them routed and driven into exile by the Marwari, who in the course of a few years, will have swallowed up everything save a few hardy Scotsmen who may hope to survive.

The Marwari, dear reader, if you know it not, is a man of ancient lineage with centuries of learning and culture behind him, which you may observe if you look at him for a moment. He is humane and charitable to everything that lives, and extends his solicitude and care to old and helpless animals in the same manner that he would extend his care to men.

In the guddee of a Marwari at Burra Bazar, some years ago, the Sheriff made a seizure and locked up the place of the debtor. It was discovered by some of the debtor's neighbours later on, that there were some pigeons confined in the debtor's room, and lest those birds should die of thirst, these neighbours came to the Sheriff and told him of the pigeons, and paid his Officer his fee to go and release them. If, beyond looking at the Marwari to discover some traces of his breeding, you had the curiosity to learn something of his character, then instead of asking his commercial rivals to paint it, go and obtain it at first-hand from himself by a little intercourse with him and his people. You will discover that beyond his charity and



Sir Onkarmull Jatia, *Kt.*, 1925.

humanity, he has a very keen sense of humour and a very joyous heart. He is prudent, a man of good judgment, with a keen appreciation of the different values of honesty and deceit. The duration of your intercourse with him will not lessen your respect for his virtues, and you will conclude with the writer that the place he occupies in Calcutta is not undeserved.

To these social virtues, Sir Onkarmull Jatia unites a taste for literature and art.

In this respect he owns a finer culture than his partner, who seemingly would rather contribute to the building of ten Jute Mills than to the production of one book, while our Sheriff can find a pleasure in spending thousands in the purchase of objects that others may find a pleasure in gazing upon. Let him discuss with Yule the relative values of pictures and factories. Each would possibly learn something from the other.

Sir Onkarmull is the third Marwari to hold the office of Sheriff.

The others, Rajah Sewbux Bagla and Sir Hariram Goenka, possessed like him that smiling courtesy which seems to be the birthright of all their countrymen. Should any of these in the coming years find their way to London and to New York, let them be instructed before their departure to teach the poor barbarians of these cities, not only the rudiments of trade, but the more important

rudiments of grace, politeness and culture. They need these lessons badly.

A Sheriff of Calcutta has something to live up to in the splendid tradition of his office. Sir Onkarmull Jatia is not unworthy of the honour which this implies.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ROMANS.—THE BRITISH IN INDIA.—THEIR GENIUS FOR GOVERNMENT.—WHAT INDIA OWES TO THEM.—WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO INDIA.—LORD RONALDSHAY.—THE BUDDHIST VIHARA.—THE COMING RACE.—CONCLUSION.

In the earlier part of this work we had occasion to speak of what Schopenhauer has to say of boasting, and as the race or the State is but the individual multiplied by many thousands, the national characteristics which we find in him may also be looked for and will be found in them. Were this vanity or weakness less pronounced than it is in mankind, it might have long been discovered where the strength and the greatness of the British people lay. It lies in their genius for government, and hence they are extremely modest in any claims which they may occasionally make of their well-known talents in this direction. Few peoples have been able to govern themselves, fewer have been able to govern others.

In all the ages preceding the last few centuries, the Romans will justly claim the distinction of being the only people who could be said to have had any genius for government. The conquests and agonies which the world underwent at the hands of the various nations of antiquity or at those of

modern barbarians, semi-civilized or savage, could not be said to constitute government in any true sense of that elastic and much abused term.

But even under the Imperial and tolerant Roman Power there was little attempt to extend to conquered peoples the liberty which the Roman claimed for himself.

His justice, however, was something that he gave to all, and which he had done much to secure by providing that he, who abused it, should not escape impeachment and trial, however exalted his position or his office had been.

The flight of those proud eagles, which had spread their wings from the Rhine to the Tigris, had, unfortunately, for themselves and for the world, always been over the lands or the homes of peoples incapable of any system of government, save that of the sword. In Eastern or Western Europe and in Western Asia, the hordes which the legions encountered were fit for little beyond strife or bloodshed.

The world was thus not likely to benefit much by the coming of the Romans, since they were not likely to discover any seeds of philosophy or science hidden in those prolific but barbarous lands.

When the task of Rome is accomplished and she takes her place beside the Empires which preceded her, night descends upon the world again and the barbarian returns to his feuds and



Sir LANCELOT SANDERSON, *Kt.*, K.C., C.J.

massacres. The world once more awaits, in tears and in agony, the dawn of another and a brighter day. But what was denied to the Scipios and the Cæsars was reserved for the descendants of those sea-rovers whose ships first grounded on the shores of India.

Here was no wild, barren, and rugged waste, peopled by barbarous Jarls and savage Jutes and Angles, but an ancient, sunny, and fertile land, where silk and gold and diamonds grew. These, India offered in abundance to those who would bring her strength and would teach her those arts of government and justice which once were hers, but which she had long forgotten.

In turn she would teach her protectors and instructors her own profound and sublime philosophies under whose guidance civilization might receive its last and rarest blessing, and mankind in many lands might be taught to walk that noble path and to see the resplendent light which illumined her ancient knowledge. This compact, unspoken or unwritten, has perhaps been faithfully kept.

To India, Britain has given the best and the most disinterested service of many of her most worthy sons.

She has given impartial and equal justice and possibly much of her love.

The valour of her arms has kept secure a gentle and a cultured people, and has given them the

protection which their own feeble and disorganized strength could not insure. To India she has likewise given that knowledge of the arts and sciences which do so much to sustain and nourish the physical part of man.

In return India has given her religions and her philosophy, which are her soul. In their sublime teachings the descendants of the wild Angles and the Jutes in every land may be taught to take another step forward along that bright and beautiful path which leads to eternal peace and repose amidst the splendour and the glory of the stars.

Here, then, is something to boast of. History does not furnish a similar example of ruler and ruled, and from this alliance the world will derive a hundred benefits of which at present we but only dream.

At a time when institutions of more importance than hotels are being opened, it is fitting that another Governor of Bengal should again be in evidence as the leader in these laudable tasks.

More fortunate than his predecessor, he has had the honour of opening a temple instead of opening a hotel.

In so doing he has laid up for himself a store of good Karma which will bring its reward when he re-appears on this earth, a hundred or a hundred thousand years hence. It would be at least a heresy to predict or affirm that the British Empire in India will ever come to an end.

Whether it will do so or not, it will possibly not survive Buddhism, which, after a period of two thousand five hundred years, continues to be a beacon of consoling hope to more than a third of the human race.

When the Majesty of Rome was at its zenith, the eternal city extended her hospitality and freedom to "all the gods of mankind" and, in doing honour to the Buddha, Lord Ronaldshay has conferred an honour on his country and on himself. It is in such acts that we discover the true wisdom and genius of government.

The Governor of Bengal was proving his own and his country's title to rule in a clearer and more unmistakable manner in opening this Buddhist Vihara than he will or would be in opening one hundred Legislative Councils.

That Vihara will still be standing when those Councils will have been for centuries forgotten, but the time is remotely distant when British tolerance will cease to be remembered, since it will outlive our fleeting might which is now our proudest boast.

Those arts, these things, and that knowledge which civilization, devotion, and science have so laboriously and painfully brought into existence may henceforth be beyond the destructive reach of any future barbarian.

But should another Attila arise to sweep into oblivion and ruin those things which now we prize, the Vihara will still preserve the name and the

office of the present Governor of Bengal and of those whose pious generosity and zeal has brought forth this graceful structure.

That edifice was erected to the honour and to the memory of Him who was not the least among the great Teachers and the great Lovers of mankind. Endowed with sublime knowledge, He saw how life goes on from age to age for countless millions of years, and that man, ever struggling upwards, will ultimately attain its end and crown in complete and eternal repose.

Buffeted here and there by his ignorance, by wars, and by wrongs, man continues to suffer and to bleed, but, like the plant or the eagle, he for ever seeks the light and the sun.

What to Time and Nature are a few or many millions of years? Or, what those puny and vain regulations by which we endeavour to fetter and to chain the man who is the father of him who is yet to be. The airplane and the motor car have made the world a tenth of the size which it was before.

Beneath the influence of these fast-speeding heralds and apostles of evolution, progress, and change, the world will grow smaller year by year, till, in the coming time, boundaries and national distinctions will disappear, and the coming race shall be the product and the blend of all the tribes and nations that war and struggle on earth to-day. That far-off time may not see the last of brandy or the end of war, but it will come.

Neither you nor I, dear reader, will be here to hail or to regret its advent.

In the foregoing sheets the writer has merely glanced at the record and picked out what he deemed a few interesting items here and there. As was said in the beginning, it would entail the labour of a lifetime and would demand the writing of many books to do anything like justice to the documents which are still in existence.

A trifling object in the hands of a sympathetic individual may speak eloquently of the past and of those who were responsible for its existence. In reading this old record of the Sheriffs it is easy to recall the days of old Calcutta and in fancy or imagination to live with those whose hands and brains were the factors to which those old papers owe their being. They recall the lives, the hopes and the loves of thousands who, in this city on the banks of the Hughli, consecrated its streets, its houses, and its Maidan to the memory of three generations of Britons such as neither England nor India shall ever behold again.

If ever a princely people existed, it was here, and then.

They carried to Calcutta the hopes of thousands and in many lands thousands turned their thoughts and their sighs to Calcutta because of those who had gone forth to India's distant land. Around this city have centred countless hopes, countless tears, and countless dreams that were

never in this world to attain fulfilment. Here for the first time the British found a field of action worthy of a great Nation's genius, and here were laid the foundations of that glorious Empire which will ever remain the envy of others and the boast of those whose inheritance it now is. When, like Rome, this Empire passes from fact to history, it is in our resplendent and queenly city, adorned by the genius of Foley, whose work (1) shall not perish while civilization lives, that the traveller and the historian will seek to learn what our predecessors have been. They will wonder how any group of men could be found capable of deserting her to live amidst a mass of ruins, whose every association was barbarous and perverse and devoted to decay and extinction. One need not be a poet to fall in love with Calcutta and dream of her glorious future. But he who is insensible of her charm, and merely sees in her situation and grandeur a mart for profit and trade, deserves no place in the inheritance of those noble and able men who laid the foundations of her fortune and greatness and beheld the glorious promise of her youth. Of all the Viceroys Curzon alone seems to have been the only one who, knowing her past, was conscious of what she is yet to be.

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This work, which has amused some of my leisure hours for the past few years, was begun

(1) The statues of Outram, Hardinge, and Canning.

with the primary object of embalming the Sheriffs of Fort William, for, however unworthy some of them may have been, the greater number, by far, were men of whom any nation might well be proud. I close it in the hope that its publication will save what remains of the record from the vandalism of future Playfairs, and I offer it as my tribute of affection and esteem to this fair city in which, amidst my musings and my dreams, I have had the happy privilege of living and sharing the pleasures and the sorrows of her splendid citizens for the past one hundred and forty years.

Roll of the Sheriffs of Fort William from the Foundation of the Office, by Royal Charter in December 1774.

Alexander Macrabie, 1775.
Samuel Montague, 1776.
William Wordsworth, 1777.
Sir John Richardson, 1778.
Sir J. H. D'Oyly, *Bart.*, 1779.
Alexander Vanrixtell, 1780.
Hervert Harris, 1781.
John Hare, 1782.
Jeremiah Church, 1783.
Robert Morse, 1784.
Phillip Young, 1785.
Stephen Cassan, 1786.
Edmund Morris, 1787.
William Lawson, 1788.
John Wilton, 1789.
William Orby Hunter, 1790.
Charles Fuller Martyn, 1791.
Anthony Lambert, 1792.
William Smoult, 1793.
James Dunkin, 1794.
Levi Ball, 1795.
Ralph Uvedale, 1796.
Francis Macnaghten, 1797.
James Vanzant, 1798.

Walter Ewer, 1799.
James Brice, 1800.
Edward Thoroton, 1801.
Henry Stone, 1802.
Edward Benjamin Lewin, 1803.
Richard Fleming, 1804.
Stephen Lapramaudye, 1805.
Henry Churchill, 1806.
Jas. Archibald Simpson, 1807.
William Fairlie, 1808.
Jas. Archibald Simpson, 1809.
Patrick Moir, } 1810.
Robert Cutler Fergusson, } 1810.
Josias Dupre Alexander, 1811.
John B. Birch, 1812.
George Saunders, 1813.
J. H. Fergusson, 1814.
Charles D'Oyly, 1815.
J. W. Fulton, 1816.
E. C. Macnaghten, 1817.
G. Templer, 1818.
Patrick Maitland, 1819.
Herbert Compton, 1820.
George Warde, 1821.
James Calder, 1822.
William Hay Macnaghten, 1823.
Robert McClintock, 1824.
William Hay Macnaghten, 1825.
William Prinsep, 1826.
Trevor John Chichley Plowden, 1827.

Browne Roberts, } 1828.
George James Gordon, }
James Calder, 1829.
Thomas Bracken, 1830.
Nathaniel Alexander, 1831.
William Melville, 1832.
George Money, 1833.
J. Higginson, 1834.
William Hickey, 1835.
Richard H. Cockerell, 1836.
Thomas Holroyd, 1837.
James Young, 1838.
James Young, 1839.
Thomas Bracken, 1840.
William C. Braddon, 1841.
W. H. Smoult, 1842.
Adam Frere Smith, 1843.
James S. Stopford, 1844.
John Beckwith, 1845.
J. P. McKillingen, 1846.
Adam Frere Smith, 1847.
Charles Hogg, 1848.
Robert Stopford, 1849.
James J. Mackenzie, 1850.
R. M. Reddie, 1851.
John Defell, 1852.
F. Bellairs, 1853.
Thomas Caird, 1854.
R. S. Palmer, 1855.
John Huchison Fergusson, 1856.

Henery Edward Braddon, 1857.
John Huchison Fergusson, } 1858.
Henery Dundas, }
William Fairlie Gilmore, 1859.
George Brown, } 1860.
Claude Hamilton Brown, }
John Cochrane, 1861.
David Cowie, 1862.
Stuart Gladstone, 1863.
John Phillips Thomas, 1864.
Henery Dundas, 1865.
Seth Aratoon Apcar, 1866.
Henry Crooke, 1867.
Charles Frederic Burgett, 1868.
James Rome, 1869.
Phillipus Astwachuttor Cavorke, 1870.
James Richard Bullen Smith, 1871.
John Cowie, 1872.
Thomas Maltby Robinson, 1873.
Manakjee Rustomjee, 1874.
Digumber Mitter, C.S.I., 1875.
James Richard Bullen Smith, 1876.
John Francis Ogilvy, 1877.
William Joseph Curtoys, } 1878.
Edmund Charles Morgan, }
Edmund Charles Morgan, } 1879.
Elias David Joseph Ezra, }
Robert Steel, 1880.
George Francis Mewburn, } 1881.
Walter Ewing Crum, }

Durga Churn Law, 1882.
Robert Miller, } 1883.
Nawab Syed Ashghar Ali Khan Bahadur, C.S.I., }
Henery William Irvine Wood, 1884.
George Elphinstone Keith, 1885.
George Yule, 1886.
Sir Alexder Wilson, *Kt.*, 1887.
Mahendra Lall Sircar, M.D., C.I.E., 1888.
Joseph Elias David Joseph Ezra, 1889.
Henry Blois Hawkins Turner, 1890.
Shahzadah Mahomed Furruck Shah, 1891.
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